March 1994

WHY DE LA HOYA PICKED GENARO HERNANDEZ

The RING

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Rocketing Into Prominence
MICHAEL BENTT AND THE HEAVYWEIGHTS FROM NOWHERE

POSTCARDS FROM THE KRONK
The More Things Change ...

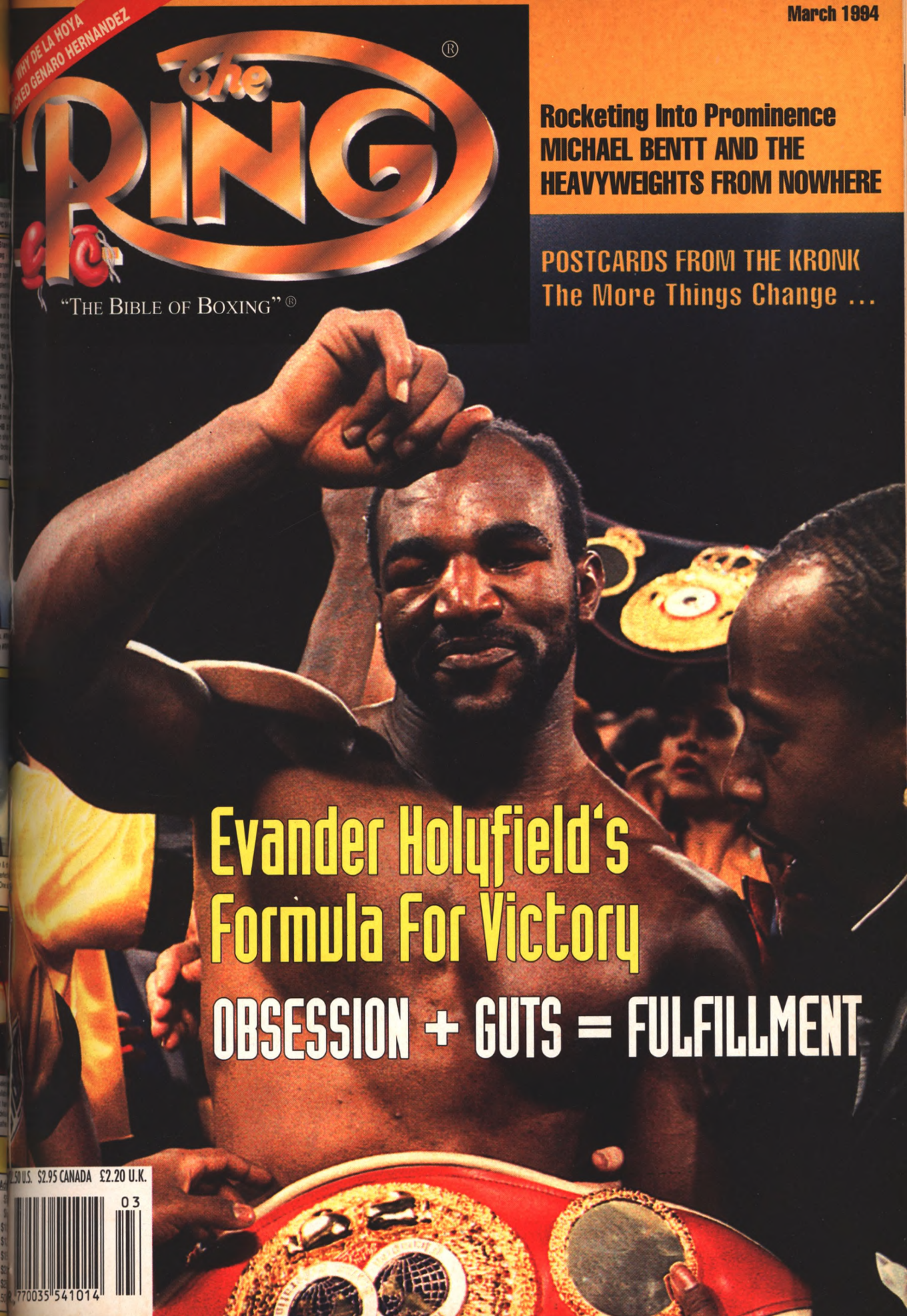

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Photo by Chris Farina

Photo by Teddy Blackburn

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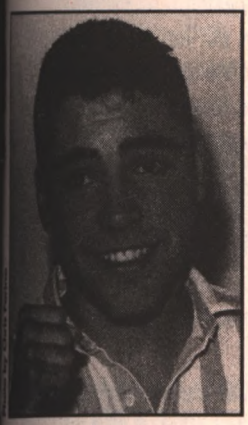

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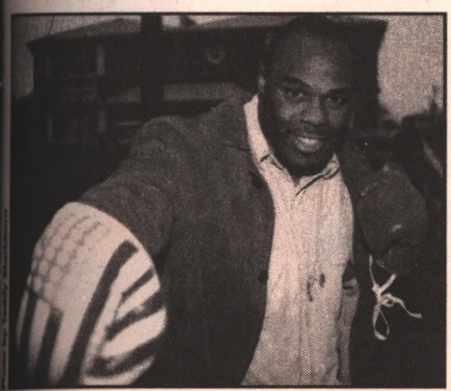

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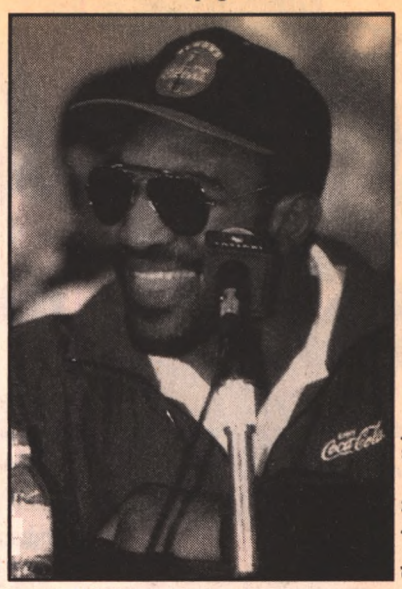

Photo by Nasser Kahn

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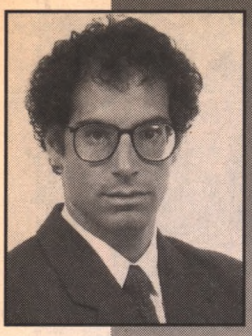


Ringside

I try to be upbeat about boxing. Believe me, I try. But it's become so very difficult, sort of like manufacturing a smile during an IRS audit of your taxes. Why should I feel good when ...

Nobody cares about boxing? Just before Thanksgiving, Jack Fiske, the dean of fight writers, called to inform me that he was unemployed. The *San Francisco Chronicle*, for which Fiske had labored so admirably for 42 years, decided his column was no longer needed. Fiske accepted a buyout. Who needs a boxing writer, anyway? The *New York Post* still hasn't replaced Mike Marley, and judging by the space he's given in *USA Today*, Jon Saraceno might as well be the beat writer for curling. And it's not just the print media. When was the last time one of those all-sports radio stations fielded a call about the Sweet Science? It's sad when only fight fans are curious about someone like Oscar De La Hoya.

Riddick Bowe, a superstar-in-the-making and a fighter with the potential to transcend the fight game, fails to reject the challenge of Evander Holyfield, whom he had already beaten (and almost knocked out)? Don't get me wrong, Holyfield is an exemplary champion. But in the long term and the big picture, Bowe would have been a far more valuable titlist. If you think "Big Daddy" was a bit soft, both figuratively and literally, for the rematch, you have to conclude that maybe these guys make too much money for their own good. Or at least for *our* good.

It takes an asinine stunt like "Fan Man" paragliding into the ring to secure Holyfield-Bowe II some extra ink? Something I'm curious about: When it's convenient to rip Holyfield, your favorite boxing writers reach for his throat. But when "The Real Deal" does something extraordinary, like win a fight that 46 of 48 writers picked him to lose, you read precious-few columns about his courage, determination, or faith. Is that because style sells over substance? Or because boxing writers don't like to be embarrassed?

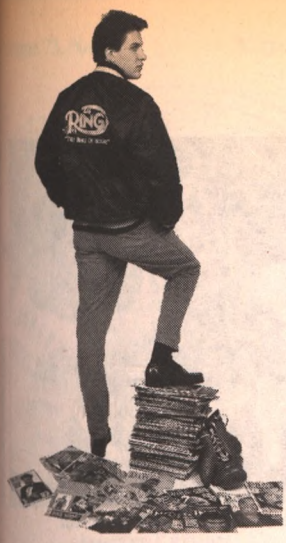
Boxing's image has sunk to an all-time low and promoter Bob Arum mocks the indictment of Ray Mercer with his tasteless commercials for Mercer-Jesse Ferguson II? "For the good of the game"? You hear that about baseball, but never boxing.

Quality champions—*American* champions—like Charles Murray, Kennedy McKinney, and Genaro Hernandez reign in virtual anonymity? If you're reading this magazine you're probably a fight fan. Probably a pretty *serious* fight fan. You know Murray and McKinney and Hernandez and dozens of other fighters like them. But have you ever stopped to think how faceless these fighters really are? They don't appear on national television, they aren't featured in *Sports Illustrated*, and they don't do cameos on MTV videos. Tomorrow's fighters will develop. It's tomorrow's fight fans I'm concerned about.

Bowe and Benn? Sorry, it's Beavis and Butt-head.

Steve Farhood
Editor-in-Chief

GREAT HOLIDAY GIFT IDEAS



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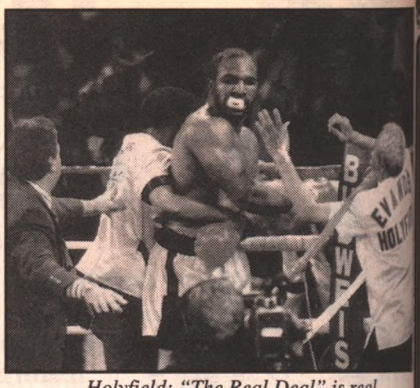

Holyfield: "The Real Deal" is real

SO REAL

At a time when boxing desperately needed something positive, Evander Holyfield reminded the world how wonderful the sport can be. In regaining the heavyweight title with a well-deserved decision over Riddick Bowe, Holyfield restored some class and dignity to the ring. His performance was full of guts and courage, the exact qualities we look for in our champions.

I doubt Holyfield's victory will convince the experts to view him in a different light. But I'm sick of hearing about how "The Real Deal" is a dull, boring champion. Would you rather have a flamboyant heavyweight champion who can't or won't fight? What Holyfield is is real, and that's more than enough for me.

KARL CASSIMIR
Houston, TX

We welcome your letters, which may be edited for reasons of space and clarity. Send your comments to Come Out Writing, The Ring, P.O. Box 956, Ft. Washington, PA 19034

KING CARBAJAL

Michael Carbajal deserves to be acknowledged as the best boxer, pound for pound, in the world. With Pernell Whitaker having beaten Julio Cesar Chavez (at least unofficially), that's not likely to happen. None of the experts are willing or daring enough to consider what would happen if Carbajal were matched with Whitaker at the same weight. Remember, Carbajal can finish a guy with one punch. And he's the best entertainment value in boxing. So if magazines like yours really want to make a positive contribution to the sport, put "Little Hands Of Stone" on the cover.

PATRICK D. LAUGHRAN
Attleboro, MA

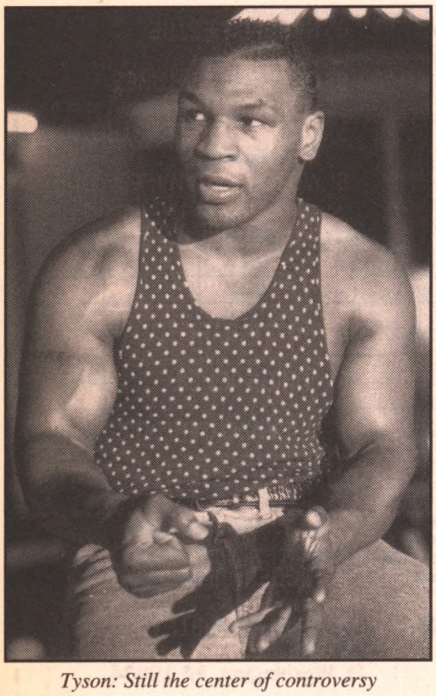

Photo by Marc Morrison

Tyson: Still the center of controversy

"IRON MIKE" GETS THE INK

I enjoyed your cover story, "What If Mike Tyson Had Never Gone To Jail?" (December 1995). There were some things, though, that just didn't seem right. First of all, there's no denying that Evander Holyfield pounded Riddick Bowe. In fact, had he been a hard puncher he would have knocked out Bowe. Therefore, Tyson probably would kayo Bowe. If Bowe ducked Lennox Lewis, do you really think he would have fought Tyson?

Secondly, you did not give Holyfield enough credit. Buster Douglas took a lot out of Tyson, and in the Razor Ruddock fights, Tyson was hit with shots he would previously have slipped. Holyfield's accuracy and combinations would have had Tyson reeling.

DAVID MAGUSSON
Hialeah, FL

Bet you guys have a ball telling us how disgusting it is for Bob Arum to sell us Tommy Morrison. Tim Tomashek. Or how sick it is for Rock Newman selling us Riddick Bowe vs. Michael Dokes and Jesse Ferguson. And it's easy pickings to tear apart Jose Sulaiman and Don King. But you seem to have no problem using a convicted rapist to help sell your magazines. It's been two years now and Mike Tyson still keeps showing up on your covers. There are plenty of quality fighters to write about. You don't need scum to sell your product.

JEFF B. HAWKINS
Boston, MA ■

Volume 73, No. 3 March 1994

The RING

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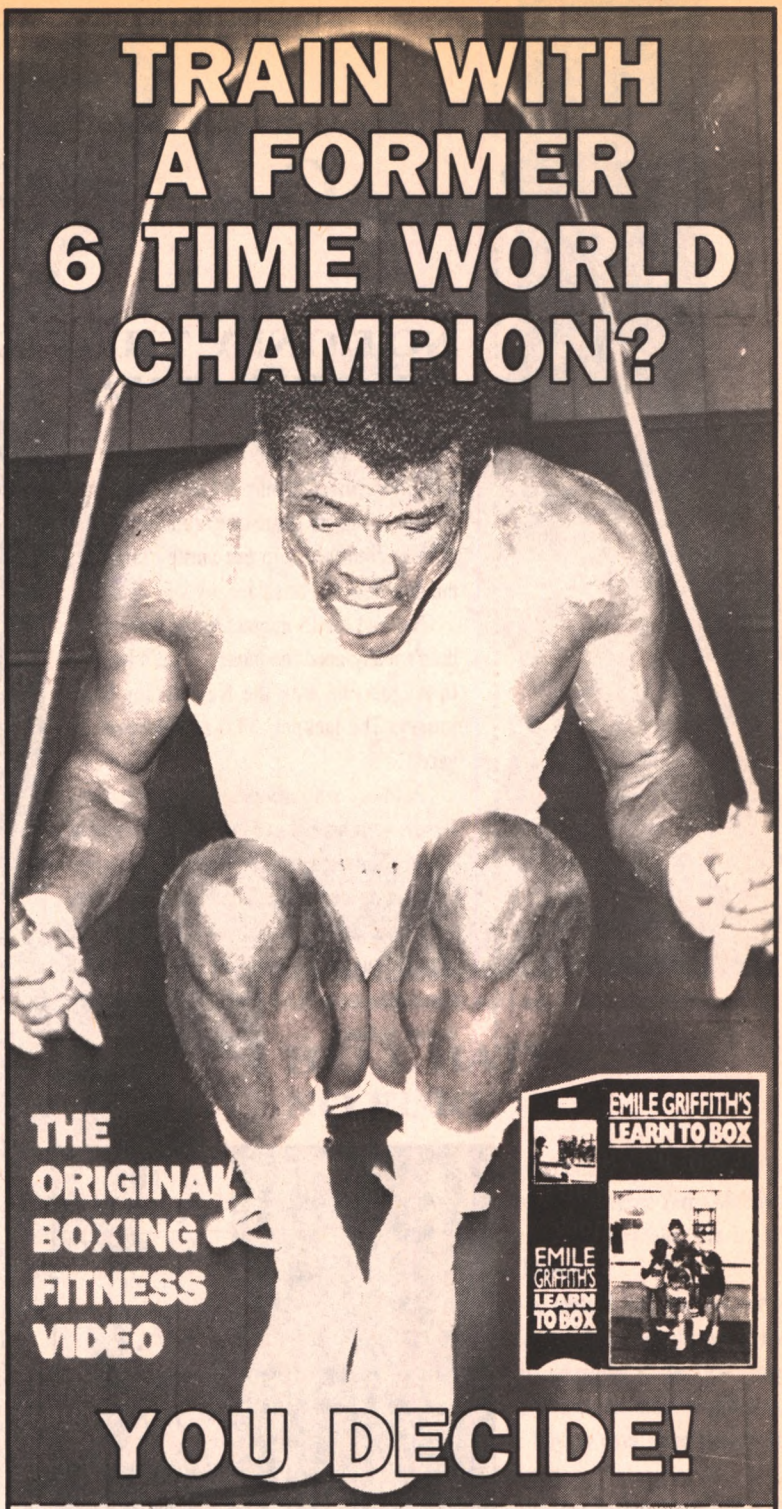

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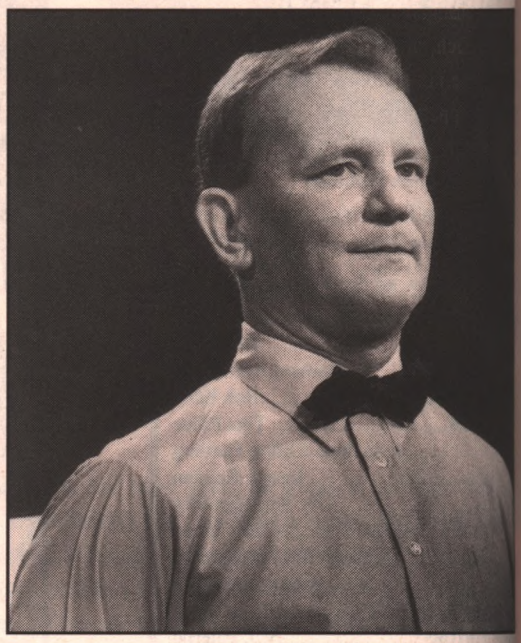
Round One

NOT ONLY THE FIGHTERS ARE MILLIONAIRES

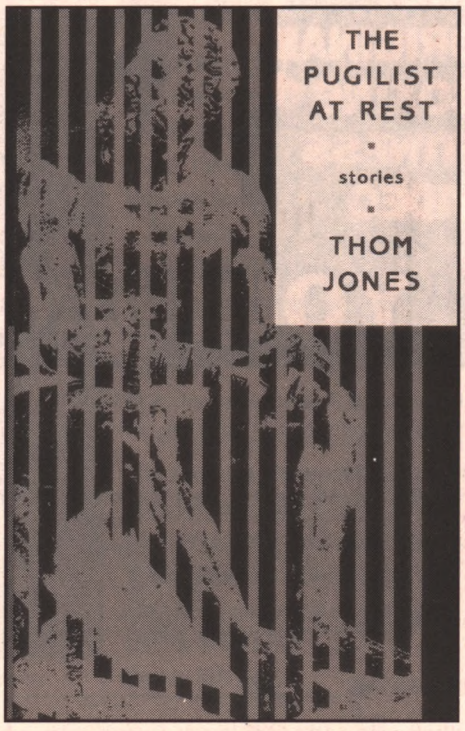
When asked what he'd be paid for working cruiser champ Al Cole's defense against Vincent Boulware, referee Robert Palmer couldn't help but smile. "Sixteen-hundred dollars," he said.

Not bad for 15 minutes work. But Palmer didn't really need the money. That's because in August, he won the New Jersey State lottery. The jackpot: $8.6-million over 20 years.

Palmer, who lives in Ventnor, New Jersey, with his wife and children, worked as a warehouse manager for an electrical contracting company. That's right, *worked,* not *works*. Shortly after hitting the lottery, he retired. But he'll continue to climb through the ropes as a third man. The tip money comes in handy.



Referee Palmer: Money is no object



THE BOXING BOOKSHELF

After more than 150 amateur bouts, boxing finally caug up with Thom Jones; he suffered a brain injury that resulted i left temporal lobe seizures, also known as Dostoyevski epilepsy. Those afflicted experience a moment of spiritua enlightenment immediately before the onset of a seizure. Som manage to turn this phenomenon into creative energy. Jones i one of them.

Following a lengthy convalescence and therapy, Jone began to write. He made his literary debut in *The New Yorker* 1991 and was quickly recognized as a writer of extraordinar talent. His first book, *The Pugilist At Rest* (Little Brown $18.95) is a collection of short stories that has been nominate for a National Book Award.

Only some of the stories concern the fight game, but boxin references and the warrior spirit permeates almost every page Jones' style is both visceral and insightful, as direct as a punch in the teeth, yet as esoteric as A.J. Liebling at his best. A highly recommended read.

—Nigel Collin

GEORGE AS *GEORGE*

If you've been thinking about tuning in to the Saturday night ABC sitcom *George* to learn about real life, keep the remote control nearby. As anticipated, George Foreman's television show is good for a few laughs. But the producers shouldn't be counting on any Emmys.

Foreman plays George Foster, a retired heavyweight champion who is living off his riches, eating too much, and telling jokes. (What an original premise.) Like George himself, Foreman's character is appealing. His object, other than eating everything in sight and avoiding boredom, is to help five misguided youths.

George is funny. Just don't make the mistake of taking it too seriously. "Foster" has his setbacks getting the I-know-everything kids to listen, but the premise is foolish and the writing and acting is somewhat forced. George may still be a heavyweight contender, but *George* is not.

—Eric Karabell

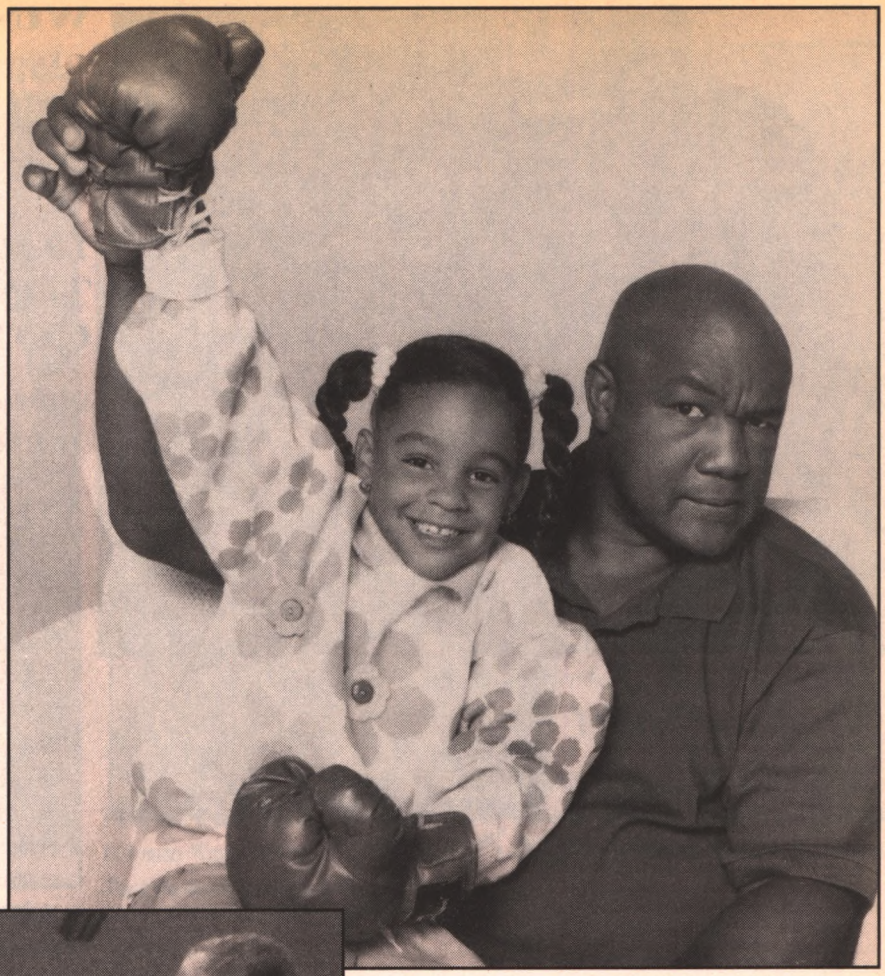
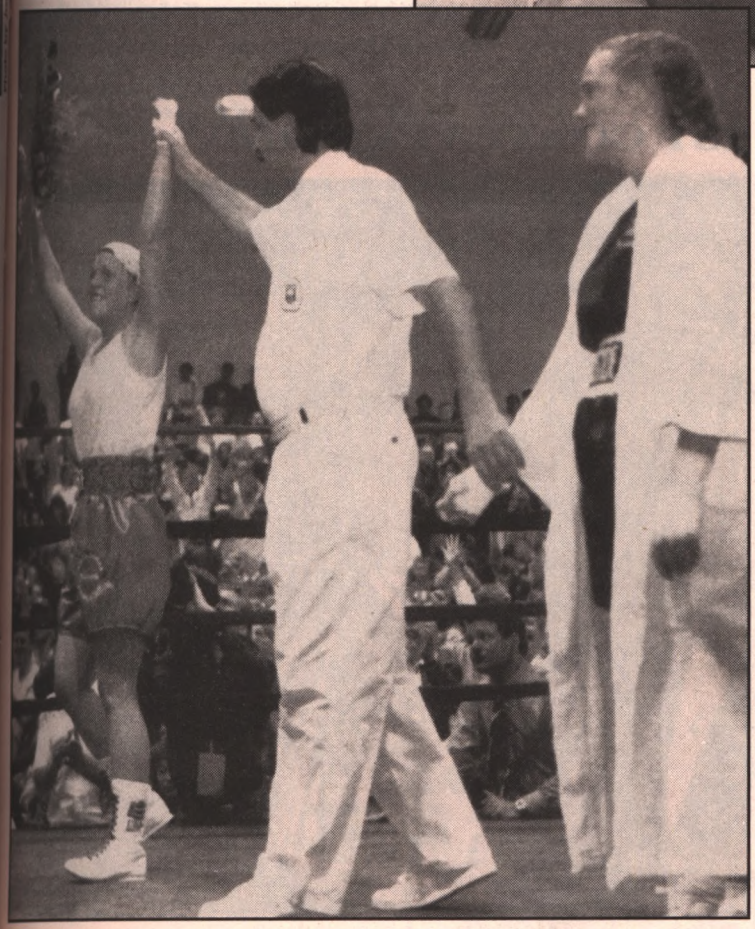


Photo by Bonnie Schiffman

George Foreman and Lauren Robinson of George



Malloy: A winner over Heather Poyner

HELL HATH NO FURY ...

All you have to know about 16-year-old Jennifer McCleery is that, inspired by the character Terry Malloy in the classic 1954 film *On The Waterfront*, she legally changed her name to Dallas Malloy.

Clearly, Malloy is not to be messed with. On October 30, the plucky 5'4", 144-pound high school dropout from Washington made history by engaging in the first female bout sanctioned by United States Amateur Boxing Inc. Malloy outpointed Heather Poyner over three two-minute rounds in Lynwood, Washington.

Malloy left school to pursue her boxing career and wants to fight in the Olympics. To keep her dream alive, she is suing U.S. Amateur Boxing and the International Amateur Boxing Association. As we went to press, a trial was scheduled for December 20. (Malloy was allowed to box in October after U.S. District Court Judge Barbara Rothstein issued a preliminary injunction against the boxing organizations.)

Malloy is talking to Hollywood about a movie deal. Fade in: A closeup of Malloy sitting with Rod Steiger in the back seat of a taxi cab ...

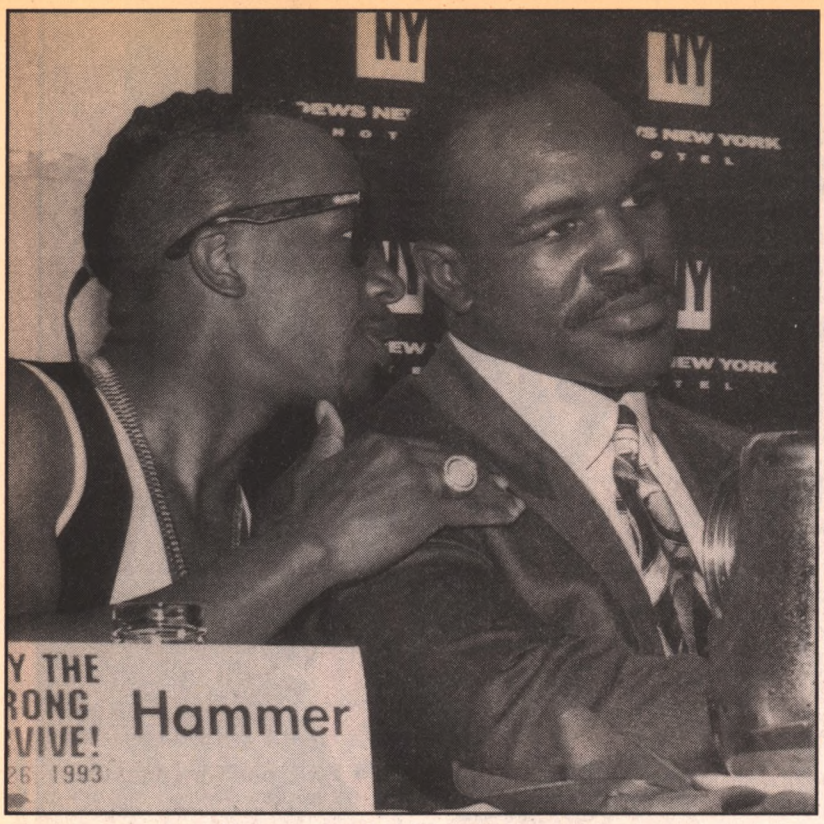


Photo by Chris Cassidy

Hammer to Holyfield: "Bet on the pass line"

WINNING WEEKEND

Rapper/promoter Hammer was hot, hot, hot at the Holyfield-Bowe rematch: "The Real Deal" regained the heavyweight title, and Hammer won $168,000 during a brief stint at a Caesars Palace craps table.

10 REASONS WHY TOMMY MORRISON GOT KNOCKED OUT

10. Tried to throw left hook like John Wayne in *Red River*
9. TV went on the fritz during recent airing of *Rocky*, just before Mick warns "women weaken legs"
8. Suffered one of those annoying Ray Mercer flashbacks
7. Managers misunderstood him during heated strategy meeting when he told them to "get bent."
6. Was told he'd be meeting Doughboy Tomashek in a rematch
5. Figured he'd blow the $7.5-million in all the wrong ways
4. Thought pre-dawn roadwork meant driving to after-hours honkeytonks between 5 and 6 a.m.
3. Wanted to see if he could get a rise out of Bill Cayton
2. Figured, what the hell, he was white and would get another chance anyway
1. Needed to find out if falling on his butt would make his tattoo of Elvis shed real tears

THE HALL OF FAME (WEST COAST VERSION)

The International Boxing Hall of Fame in Canastota, New York, has gained recognition as boxing's Cooperstown, but the World Boxing Hall of Fame in Los Angeles is going strong after 15 years and is hoping to soon open its own boxing museum.

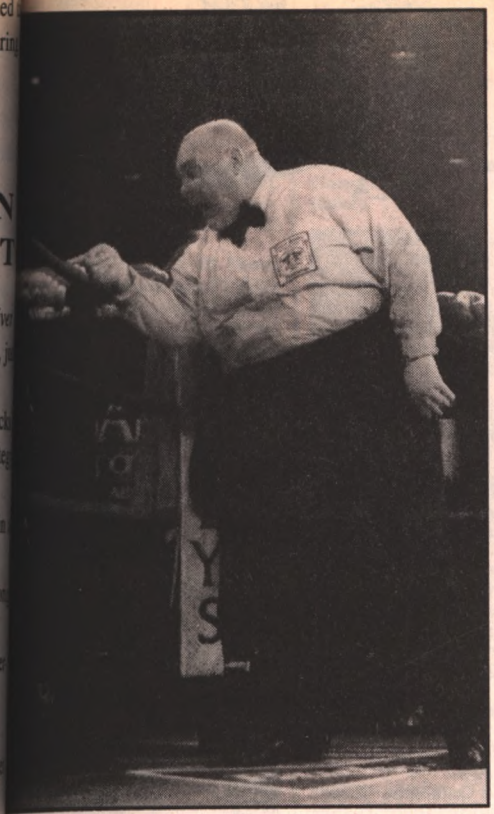
At its annual induction weekend in October, seven boxers were honored (Sugar Ramos, Wilfred Benitez, Cornelius Boza-Edwards, Nino Benvenuti, Bob Montgomery, Mando Muniz, and Fabela Chavez. They received their Hall of Fame plaques from Ed O'Neill of *Married With Children.*

In addition to the induction banquet, the festivities included some good-natured sparring exhibitions involving, among others, Bob Foster, Tony DeMarco, Gene Fullmer, Sugar Ramos, and Joey Olivo. There was also a luncheon as the Beverly Hills Friars' Club, emceed by Milton Berle.

Ring announcer and World Boxing Hall of Fame spokesman Danny Valdivia said, "We're not trying to take anything away from the Canastota Hall. If there's room in boxing for 50-something world champions, there's room for two Halls of Fame."

Danny Valdivia, Sugar Ramos, and Ed O'Neill

Photo by Ray Bailey



Ref O'Neill had a pointed comment for Hazzard

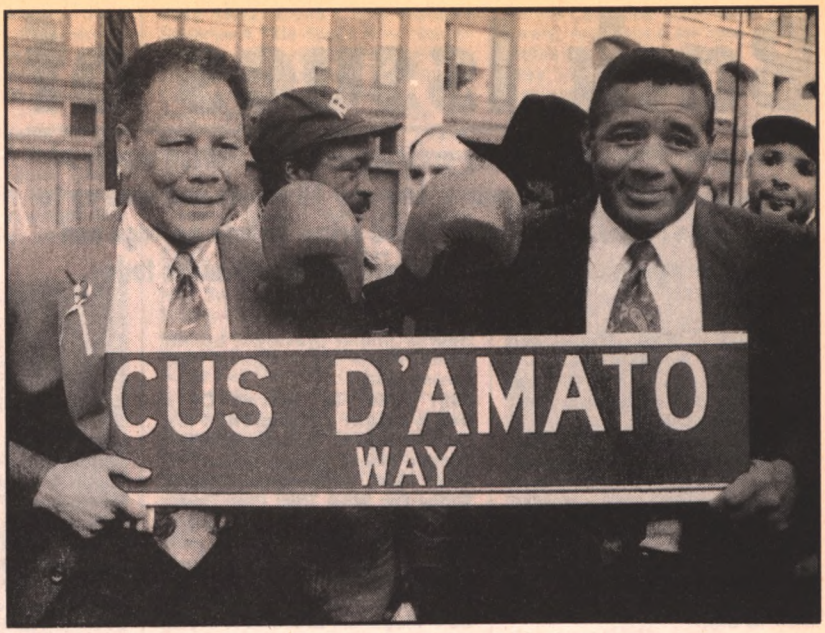


Photo by Teddy Blackburn

Torres and Patterson remember their mentor

A FUSS FOR CUS

Due largely to the efforts of journalists (Pete Hamill, Jack Newfield) and fighters (Floyd Patterson, Jose Torres), 14th Street and Irving Place in Manhattan has been renamed "Cus D'Amato Way." For nearly four decades, D'Amato ran the Gramercy Gym at that location. The gym closed its doors in the late-'80s.

HAZZARD(OUS) TO REF'S HEALTH

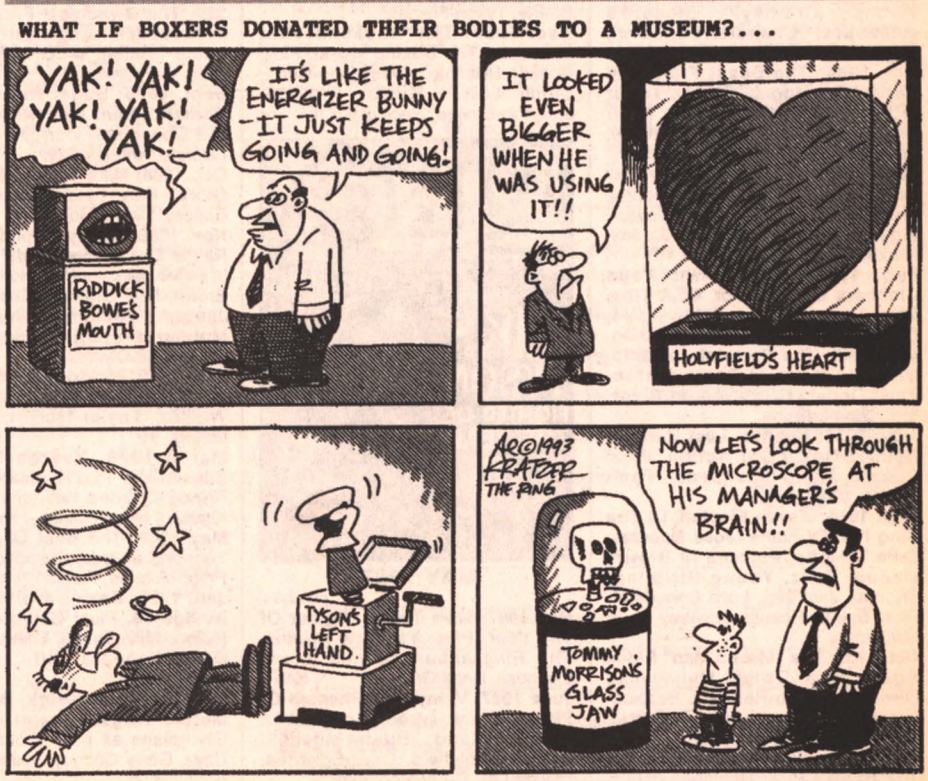
During the eighth round of Darryll Tyson's points victory over Roger Mayweather in Atlantic City, referee Joe O'Neill separated the fighters by shoving Mayweather into the corner post! New Jersey boxing commissioner Larry Hazzard jumped to his feet, and in front of a national television audience—the bout was aired by ESPN—gave O'Neill a cold glare. O'Neill responded by pointing his finger at his boss, who has been criticized for showing up referees during bouts.

"He knew I was appalled, and he was trying to explain to me that Mayweather was faking, that he fell back on his own," Hazzard told THE RING. "The kid wasn't acting. I thought it was totally out of character for a referee to abuse a fighter like that."

Don't look for O'Neill to receive too many further assignments. When asked whether he spoke to the referee after the bout, Hazzard said, "My actions will be taken later. He'll definitely be censured."

—Steve Farhood ■

AL KRATZER'S VIEW



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Aug. 1982: Cooney: Is He The Real McCoy? Plus: Sugar Ray Leonard pinup, Holmes-Cooney coverage, Howard Davis, British heavyweights, Larry Holmes, Limon-Navarette.

Sept. 1982: Leon Spinks: Boxing's Prodigal Son Returns To The Cruiserweights. Plus: Marvin Hagler, Sanchez-Nelson, Max Baer, Milton McCrory.

Jan. 1983: Pryor-Arguello: Fight Of The Year. Plus: Frank "Animal" Fletcher, Dwight Braxton-Michael Spinks preview, ring deaths, Muhammad Ali.

Feb. 1983: Michael Dokes: Tainted Champion? Plus: Howard Cosell, Ray Mancini, Bum of the Month Club, Chacon-Limon.

May 1983: Michael Spinks Wins It All. Plus: Spinks-Braxton color, Bob Arum, Marvin Hagler, Collins-LaPaglia.

Feb. 1984: Don King Talks And Talks And Talks. Plus: Leonard's return, Eddie Mustafa Muhammad, 1983 quotes, Marvin Hagler, Johnny Bratton, Gerald Hayes, Hagler-Duran color.

July 1984: Bazooka's Aim Is True: Gomez Shoots Down LaPorte In The Battle For San Juan. Plus: Michael Spinks, Vinny Pazienza, Tyrone Crawley, Leonard's comeback, Chandler-Sandoval, Hagler-Roldan.

Oct. 1984: The Beast From The East: John Mugabi Strikes Terror Into The Hearts Of Men. Plus: Olympics, Bill Costello, Davey Moore, Wilfred Benitez, King's heavyweights.

Jan. 1985: Holmes-Bonecrusher Color Action. Plus: Gerry Cooney, pro debuts (Breland, Hill, Taylor, Biggs, Whitaker, Holyfield), Santos-Medal, Meza-Garza.

Feb. 1985: Showdown: Page Clobbers Coetzee For WBA Title. Plus: Larry Holmes, lightweights, Cooney-Chaplin, McCallum-Minchillo.

May 1985: The Rematch In Reno: Bramble-Mancini Color Action. Plus: Donald Curry, Aaron Pryor, McGuigan-LaPorte.

June 1985: Holmes' Last Hurrah? Holmes-Bey Color Action. Plus: Holmes vs. all-time greats, Paul-Arroyo, 1901.

Aug. 1985: Seven Elected To The Ring Hall Of Fame (Jose Napoles, Jake LaMotta, Panama Al Brown, Manuel Ortiz, Young Stribling, Thomas Jackling, Lord Lonsdale). Plus: Spinks-Holmes preview, Barry McGuigan.

Oct. 1985: The "Macho Man" Rides Again. Plus: Dwight Muhammad Qawi, Camacho-Ramirez, Berbick-Green, Jeff Fenech, John E. Garcia, McCallum-Braxton.

Nov. 1985: Will Hagler Feast On The Beast? Plus: Hagler-Mugabi & Hearns-Shuler previews, Lonnie Smith, Pintor-Meza, Chuck Hull, Benitez-Moley.

Jan. 1986: In Search Of A Heavyweight Champion. Plus: Azumah Nelson, Arguello-Jefferson, Olympic update, Chicago boxing.

April 1986: Witherspoon Tames Tubbs For WBA Title. Plus: Dream fights, Greg Haugen, Tyrell Biggs, Mark Breland, Paul Gonzales, HBO tourney, Witherspoon-Tubbs, Frank Warren, Gene Tunney.

June 1986: Barry's Back In The USA: McGuigan Breathes A Breath Of Fresh Air Into American Fight Scene. Plus: Bobby Czyz, Robbie Sims, Qawi-Holyfield preview, Berbick-Thomas, Bruno-Coetzee.

July 1986: Spinks-Holmes II: Who Really Won? Plus: Frank Bruno, Richie Sandoval, Kevin Watts, Tyson-Tillis, Boza-Edwards-Alli, Johnson-Burns.

Aug. 1986: Is Sugar Ray Still Sweet? Plus: Lloyd Honeyghan, Tyson-Green, Cooney-Gregg, Hall of Fame (Eder Jofre, Benny Lynch, Bud Taylor, Sam McVey, Nat Langham, John Chambers), Bernardo Pinango.

Sept. 1986: Gerry Cooney vs. Mike Tyson: Who Would Win? Plus: Cruz-McGuigan, Hearns-Medal, Tyson-Gross, Sims-Duran.

Oct. 1986: Marvelous Marvin: Can Anyone Fill His Shoes? Plus: Tim Witherspoon, Holyfield-Qawi, Panama's champions, Frankie Duarte, Tyson-Frazier.

Dec. 1986: The Weekend That Shook Up The Boxing World. Plus: Rosario-Bramble, Honeyghan-Curry, Butch Lewis, Buster Drayton, Johnson-Emebe, *Raging Bull II.*

MAY 1987

May 1987: Mike Tyson: Fighter Of The Year. Plus: Year-end awards, *The Ring* annual ratings, Louie Espinoza, Herol Graham.

June 1987: Vinny Paz: Phenom Or Phony? Plus: Tyson-Bonecrusher, Mark Breland, Brian Mitchell, Evander Holyfield, Czyz-Edwards, Olajide-Lee, Curry-Montgomery.

July 1987: Spinks-Cooney: The Fight That Refused To Die. Plus: The new *Ring* ratings, Terry Marsh, George Foreman's return, Khaosai Galaxy, Hearns-Andries, Whitaker-Mayweather.

Sept. 1987: Michael Olajide: The Look Of The Future? Plus: Tyson-Thomas, Jeff Fenech, middleweight muddle, Tsuyoshi Hamada, Juan Roldan, Harold Knight.

Oct. 1987: Special Hall Of Fame Issue: Ali Elected Unanimously! Plus: Hall of Fame directory, Spinks-Cooney, Pazienza-Haugen II, Aaron Pryor.

Dec. 1987: Spinks & Lewis: Boxing's Beastie Boys. Plus: Starling-Breland, Ramzi Hassan, Honeyghan-Hatcher, Holyfield-Ocasio.

Jan. 1988: Darrin Van Horn-Million Dollar Baby? Plus: Evander Holyfield, Hill-Stewart, Juan Coggi, great hookers, AIDS.

Feb. 1988: Gold Outshines Glitter: Tate Tops Olajide. Plus: Tyson-Biggs, Kalambay-Barkley, Hearns-Roldan, fights we'd like to see.

April 1988: Evander Holyfield: Fighter Of The Year. Plus: Special year-end awards, Holyfield-Qawi II, Foreman-Sekorski, Hill-Angulo.

May 1988: George Foreman: "I Can Beat Tyson." Plus: Tyson-Holmes, Jesse Benavides, Showtime, no-knockout artists.

June 1988: Sugar Ray Robinson Still The Sweetest! Plus: All-time middleweight ratings, Larry Holmes, Louie Lomeli, McGirt-Warren II, Haugen-Pazienza II.

Sept. 1988: Sugar Ray: Here He Comes Again! Plus: Andries-Czyz, Kid Chocolate, Don Dunphy, Don Lalonde, Andries-Czyz.

Oct. 1988: Mike Tyson: What Price Glory? Plus: Tyson-Spinks, Hearns-Barkley, Davey Moore.

Nov. 1988: Donny Lalonde: "Sugar Ray is Out Of His Mind!" Plus: Hall of Fame selections (Carlos Ortiz, Joe Brown, Billy Graham, Cus D'Amato, Jimmy Jacobs), Nunn-Tate, Molinares-Starling, Honeyghan-Chung, '88 Olympians.

Jan. 1989: Meldrick Taylor: Philly Phenom. Plus: Marvin Hagler, Alex Wallau, Taylor-McGirt, Olympic results.

March 1989: Hearns Next For Sugar Ray? Plus: Leonard-Lalonde, Prince Charles Williams, Hearns-Kinchen, Nunn-Roldan, Hines-Hilton.

May 1989: The Best Of '88. Plus: Year-end awards, Evander Holyfield, Pryor-Morales, Fenech-Navarro.

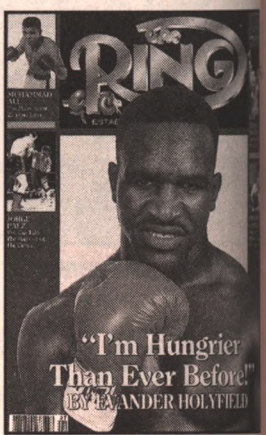
Jan. 1990: Boxing's Bible Reborn At Age 68. Plus: George Foreman (color), Mike Tyson, Carlos Monzon, Duran-Leonard III, LaMotta-Dauthuille.

Feb. 1990: Riddick Bowe/Ray Mercer Target...Tyson: Plus: The Olympians as pros (color), Bobby Czyz, Gerry Cooney, Wepner-Liston, Bobo Olson.

March 1990: The '80s-Great Fights/Great Fighters (color). Plus: Jeff Harding, Evander Holyfield, Pernell Rademacher, Sharkey-McCoy.

April 1990: Pernell Whitaker-The Ring Fighter Of The Year (color). Plus: Chavez-Taylor preview, Leonard-Duran III, Tiger Flowers, Muhammad Ali.

June 1990: Buster! How James Douglas Shocked The World. Plus: Michael Moorer, Camacho-Pasa, Tommy Farr, Excuses, Dick Tiger, Ruben Olivares-Jeff Chandler.



JULY 1990

July 1990: "I'm Hungrier Than Ever Before!" By Evander Holyfield. Plus: Muhammad Ali painting, Ali-Liston II, New York welters, Michael Carbajal, Jorge Paez, Kid Gavilan.

Aug. 1990: His Greatness Confirmed ... Is Julio Cesar Chavez The Greatest Mexican Fighter Ever? Plus: Matthew Saad Muhammad, Sullivan & Tyson, Michael Nunn, Mark Breland, Harold Johnson, Louis-Godoy (color).

Sept. 1990: Marvin Hagler-Can He Resist The Irresistible Temptation? Plus: Thomas Hearns, Sanchez-Saddler, Paul Banke, puncher's chin, Beau Jack, Robinson-LaMotta (color).

Oct. 1990: Thanks For The Memories: Rocky Graziano, 1923-1990. Plus: Aaron Pryor, Mike Tyson, Napoles-Leonard, A Gathering Of Champions (color).

Nov. 1990: Tyson vs. Foreman: Can Iron Mike Stop The Blast From The Past? Plus: Marciano-LaStarza, boxing's best chins, Azumah Nelson, Sullivan-Kilrain (color).

Dec. 1990: Our Exclusive Annual Report: The State Of The Game. Plus: Joe Grim, Douglas-Holyfield preview, Marciano-Frazier, Douglas-Tyson (color).

Jan. 1991: Boxing's Baddest Bad Boy: Nigel Benn Plays By His Own Rules. Plus: Roberto Duran, Kid Akeem, Jose Napoles, Jimmy Carruthers, LaMotta-Zale, Dempsey-Willard (color).

Feb. 1991: Boxing On TV: Now You'll Pay. Plus: Ismael Laguna, Tommy Morrison, Humberto Gonzalez, Harold Green, Joe Louis, heavyweight Ring covers (color).
March 1991: Hunger! It Made Evander A Champ. Plus: Charles Murray, Billy Bird, Khaosai Galaxy, Armstrong-Duran, computer flyweight tournament, Sonny Liston (color).
April 1991: Julio Cesar Chavez-The Ring Fighter Of The Year (color). Plus: Mike Tyson, Wilfred Benitez, Pedro Decima, computer bantamweight tournament.
May 1991: Ali-Frazier I: 20 Years Later, Still The Fight Of The Century. Plus: Hometown heroes, George Costner, Galindez-Saad Muhammad, Tony Canzoneri, computer featherweight tournament, Ali-Frazier pinup.
June 1991: Pain, Frustration, Confidence, And Hope: Meldrick Taylor's Life After Chavez. Plus: Holyfield-Foreman preview, Norris-Leonard, Freddie Steele, computer lightweight tournament, Tiger-Hearns, Sugar Ray Leonard (color).
July 1991: Tyson's Title Hopes: He Ain't What He Used To Be...But It's Not Gonna Matter. Plus: Eusebio Pedroza, Myung Woo Yuh, Willie Meehan, Hearns-Hill preview, computer junior welterweight tournament, Gomez-Fenech, controversial heavyweight finishes (color).
Aug. 1991: Fat, Funny, And Forty-Two, But Certainly No Fraud: Foreman Gives Holyfield A Fight ... And The World A Thrill. Plus: Harry Greb, Louis-Conn I, making weight, computer welterweight tournament, Dempsey-Marciano, Holyfield-Foreman (color).
Oct. 1991: A Hit Again-How Far Can Thomas Hearns Go? Plus: Battling Levinsky, Oba Carr, Dave McAuley, Muhammad Ali, Lou Ambers, Luther McCarty, ethnic matchups, computer light heavy tournament, Cerdan-Hagler, Rocky Marciano (color).
Nov. 1991: Mike Tyson's Fight For Greatness: Will November 8 Be His Moment? Plus: Edwin Rosario, Jeff Fenech-Azumah Nelson, overrated and underrated, Giardello-Graham, Lennox Lewis, Marcel Cerdan, Muhammad Ali (color).
Dec. 1991: Evander Holyfield vs. Mike Tyson: Who Will Win And Why. Plus: Eddie Aliano, Jack Britton, Muhammad Ali, Pernell Whitaker, rating the 44 world champions, Marcel Cerdan, Henry Cooper, Ezzard Charles-Jersey Joe Walcott (color).
Jan. 1992: Our Exclusive Annual Report: The State Of The Game. Plus: Jerry Quarry, Julio Cesar Chavez, Mysterious Billy Smith, Joey Gamache, moving up in weight, Billy Conn-Michael Spinks, Joe Louis (color).

MARCH 1992

March 1992: Turning Heads-Ray Mercer Makes His Statement To The Heavyweights. Plus: Lou Nova, 1980 Olympic team, boxing cards, Rodrigo Valdes, *Ring's* New Year's wish, Joe Louis-Muhammad Ali, Jack Dempsey (color).
April 1992: Is Evander Holyfield Tough Enough To Stay On Top? Plus: Buddy McGirt, George Foreman, Toney-McCallum, referees, Marvin Hart, Al Hostak, Eusebio Pedroza-Salvador Sanchez, Ketchel-Johnson (color).
May 1992: Fighter Of The Year: James Toney. Plus: Roy Jones, Rocky Graziano, longest title reigns, Myung Woo Yuh & Khaosai Galaxy, James Warring, Billy Soose, Duran-Chavez, Marvin Hagler (color).
June 1992: After Mike Tyson's Conviction: What Now? Plus: Buck Smith, Billy Graham, Holmes-Mercer, Enrique Pinder & Hilario Zapata, Toney-Tiberi, Foreman-Liston, Tyson (color).
July 1992: Does Larry Holmes Deserve A Title Shot? Plus: Nelson-Fenech II, Tracy Patterson, Kelley-Dorsey, fat fighters, Buchanan-Camacho, Holmes-Ali (color).
Aug. 1992: Larry Holmes On The Big Fight: "I See Me Takin' Holyfield Outta There." Plus: Iran Barkley, Carnival of Champions, Oscar De La Hoya, Haugen-Mancini, Foreman-Stewart, Harry Greb, Gene Tunney (color).
Sept. 1992: Julio Cesar Chavez: Unbeaten At 80-0, But What If He Had To Fight The Legends? Plus: Bobby Czyz, Genaro Hernandez & Nicky Acevedo, alternate careers, Norris-Taylor, Tommy Gibbons, Sugar Ray Robinson (color).
Oct. 1992: The Supreme Dream: The Heavyweight Hopes Of The Heavyweight Hopefuls. Plus: Kevin Kelley, All-Time Top 10: South Africa, Meldrick Taylor, Sharmba Mitchell, Bob Foster, Eder Jofre, Max Baer (color).
Nov. 1992: Who'll Stop The Reign? Is Riddick Bowe The Next Heavyweight Champion? Plus: Mike Tyson, Tommy Morrison, Chavez-Camacho preview, All-Time Top 10: Australia, Tracy Patterson, Pat Barrett, Knockout Brown, Corbett-Sullivan (color).
Dec. 1992: Foreman vs. Morrison: Should This Fight Happen ... Will You Watch It? Plus: Ruddock-Lewis preview, Julian Jackson, Al Cole, Jack Johnson, Jack Dempsey Museum, Randolph Turpin, Olympic recap, Floyd Patterson (color).
Jan. 1993: Slammin' 'n' Jammin'—Bowe & Holyfield Go One On One. Plus: The State Of The Game, Gene Fullmer, Chavez-Camacho, Sullivan & Fitzsimmons, Bigfoot Martin, Carmen Basilio (color).
Feb. 1993: America's Tribute To The Brown Bomber: Joe Louis. Plus: Virgil Hill, Junior Jones, Roger Mayweather, Chicago boxing, Orlando Zulueta, Jose Napoles (color).
March 1993: From Question Man To Answer Man: Riddick Bowe Leaves No Doubts. Plus: Lennox Lewis, Lopez-Gamache, Frank Bruno, Rocky Kansas, Frank Fletcher, Crisanto Espana, Bowe-Lewis (color).
April 1993: Riddick Bowe: Fighter Of The Year. Plus: "Grand Slam" fight card, Toney-Barkley preview, Morris East, Joe Louis-John Henry Lewis, Argentina's All-Time Top 10, Fighters of the Year (color).
May 1993: Oscar De La Hoya's Sprint To The Title: Is He Good Enough Now? Plus: *The Ring* poll, Freddie Pendleton, Carbajal-Gonzales preview, Benny Leonard, Charley Burley, Lennox Lewis (color).

JUNE 1993

June 1993: Riddick Bowe, The Man, By LeRoy Neiman. Plus: Ireland's Top 10, Paul Hodkinson, Ray Mercer, James Toney-Iran Barkley, Kennedy McKinney, LeRoy Neiman (color).
Aug. 1993: A Ring Exclusive: Julio Cesar Chavez Speaks Out. Plus: Bobby Czyz, 10 Hardest Punchers in Boxing, Rafael Ruelas, Carmen Basilio, Closing of the Fifth Street Gym, Sugar Ray Leonard (color).
Sept. 1993: Lennox Lewis' First Title Defense: Beating Tucker Was The Easy Part. Plus: Mexico's Top 10, Sergei Artemiev, Julio Cesar Vasquez, Gerald McClellan-Julian Jackson, Michael Spinks (color).
Nov. 1993: Julio Cesar Chavez: He Crushed Haugen, Annihilated Alli, Is Whitaker Next? Plus: Marvin Hagler, Evander Holyfield, John-John Molina, Boxing's Training Tricks, Final Show at Madison Square Garden.
Dec. 1993: What If Mike Tyson Had Never Gone To Jail? Plus: Freddie Pendleton, Michael Moorer & Tommy Morrison, Willie Pep, Ed Dunkhorst, Cuba's Top 10, Tyson-Spinks (color).

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The Ring Ratings

For Period Ended November 24, 1993

Orlin Norris

Virgil Hill

Julio Cesar Vasquez

Buddy McGirt

Tom Johnson

Humberto Gonzalez

How Our Ratings Are Compiled

In each division, fighters are ranked according to their abilities and accomplishments.

Being champion does not necessarily mean a fighter will be rated at the top of his weight class.

These ratings reflect how the best fighters in the world rate against one another.

Ratings By The Editors

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Weight Unlimited

1. **EVANDER HOLYFIELD** — Atlanta, GA *30-1 (WBA/IBF Champ)*
2. **RIDDICK BOWE** — Fort Washington, MD *34-1*
3. **LENNOX LEWIS** — England *24-0 (WBC Champ)*
4. **MICHAEL MOORER** — Detroit, MI *33-0*
5. **MICHAEL BENTT** — Cambria Heights, NY *11-1*
6. **OLIVER McCALL** — Chicago, IL *22-5*
7. **RAY MERCER** — Vernon Valley, NJ *23-2*
8. **PHIL JACKSON** — Miami, FL *29-1*
9. **TOMMY MORRISON** — Merriam, KS *37-2*
10. **MIKE HUNTER** — Las Vegas, NV *22-3-2*

CRUISERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 195 pounds

1. **ORLIN NORRIS** — Campo, CA *38-3 (WBA Champ)*
2. **ANACLET WAMBA** — France *40-2 (WBC Champ)*
3. **AL COLE** — Spring Valley, NY *24-1 (IBF Champ)*
4. **ARTHUR WILLIAMS** — Las Vegas, NV *20-1-1*
5. **THOMAS HEARNS** — Detroit, MI *51-4-1*
6. **NATE MILLER** — Philadelphia, PA *23-3*
7. **MASSIMILIANO DURAN** — Italy *19-4*
8. **AKIM TAFER** — France *17-4*
9. **ROBERT DANIELS** — Miami, FL *24-2-1*
10. **KENNY KEENE** — Emmett, ID *24-0*

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Weight limit: 175 pounds

1. **VIRGIL HILL** — Bismarck, ND *37-1 (WBA Champ)*
2. **HENRY MASKE** — Germany *20-0 (IBF Champ)*
3. **JEFF HARDING** — Australia *23-1 (WBC Champ)*
4. **PRINCE CHARLES WILLIAMS** — Mansfield, OH *35-5-2*
5. **LEEONZER BARBER** — Detroit, MI *18-1*
6. **MIKE McCALLUM** — Brooklyn, NY *45-2-1*
7. **EGERTON MARCUS** — Canada *12-0*
8. **FRANK TATE** — Houston, TX *34-3*
9. **ERNESTO MAGDALENO** — Westminster, CA *16-0-1*
10. **FABRICE TIOZZO** — France *26-1*

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 168 pounds

1. **JAMES TONEY** — Ann Arbor, MI *41-0-2 (IBF Champ)*
2. **MICHAEL NUNN** — Davenport, IA *41-1 (WBA Champ)*
3. **CHRIS EUBANK** — England *36-0-1*
4. **NIGEL BENN** — England *34-2-1 (WBC Champ)*
5. **TIM LITTLES** — Flint, MI *23-0*
6. **VICTOR CORDOBA** — N. Ireland *19-5-2*
7. **DARRIN VAN HORN** — Lexington, KY *53-3*
8. **FRANK LILES** — N. Hollywood, CA *24-1*
9. **TONY THORNTON** — Glassboro, NJ *32-6-1*
10. **ANTOINE BYRD** — Los Angeles, CA *24-4-1*

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 160 pounds

1. **ROY JONES** — Pensacola, FL *23-0 (IBF Champ)*
2. **GERALD McCLELLAN** — Freeport, IL *29-2 (WBC Champ)*
3. **JOHN DAVID JACKSON** — Seattle, WA *30-0 (WBA Champ)*
4. **REGGIE JOHNSON** — Houston, TX *34-3-1*
5. **JULIAN JACKSON** — Virgin Islands *47-2*
6. **THOMAS TATE** — Houston, TX *29-2*
7. **LAMAR PARKS** — Greeneville, SC *27-1*
8. **BERNARD HOPKINS** — Philadelphia, PA *24-2*
9. **VINNY PAZIENZA** — Cranston, RI *35-5*
10. **OTIS GRANT** — Canada *22-0*

JR. MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 154 pounds

1. **TERRY NORRIS**
   Mission Valley, CA 36-3 (WBC Champ)
2. **JULIO CESAR VASQUEZ**
   Argentina 45-1 (WBA Champ)
3. **GIANFRANCO ROSI**
   Italy 57-3 (IBF Champ)
4. **VERNO PHILLIPS**
   New York, NY 20-5
5. **CARL DANIELS**
   St. Louis, MO 30-1
6. **AARON DAVIS**
   Bronx, NY 38-2
7. **RONALD WRIGHT**
   St. Petersburg, FL 22-0
8. **JULIO CESAR GREEN**
   Brooklyn, NY 14-1
9. **SIMON BROWN**
   Germantown, MD 39-2
10. **GILBERT DELE**
    France 33-3-1

WELTERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 147 pounds

1. **PERNELL WHITAKER**
   Norfolk, VA 32-1-1 (WBC Champ)
2. **FELIX TRINIDAD**
   Puerto Rico 22-0 (IBF Champ)
3. **CRISANTO ESPANA**
   N. Ireland 30-0 (WBA Champ)
4. **BUDDY McGIRT**
   Hauppauge, NY 60-3-1
5. **YORI BOY CAMPAS**
   Mexico 52-0
6. **WILFREDO RIVERA**
   Puerto Rico 17-0-1
7. **IKE QUARTEY**
   Ghana 25-0
8. **OBA CARR**
   Detroit, MI 28-0
9. **LARRY BARNES**
   Mt. Vernon, NY 30-1
10. **ANTHONY JONES**
    Detroit, MI 33-5-1

JR. WELTERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 140 pounds

1. **JULIO CESAR CHAVEZ**
   Mexico 88-0-1 (WBC Champ)
2. **JUAN COGGI**
   Argentina 64-2-2 (WBA Champ)
3. **CHARLES MURRAY**
   Rochester, NY 31-1 (IBF Champ)
4. **KOSTYA TSZYU**
   Australia 10-0
5. **ZACK PADILLA**
   Azusa, CA 18-1-1
6. **CARLOS GONZALEZ**
   Mexico 37-1
7. **TERRENCE ALLI**
   Linden, NJ 52-8-2
8. **HECTOR LOPEZ**
   Tarzana, CA 26-2
9. **DAVID KAMAU**
   Los Angeles, CA 21-0
10. **VALERY KAYUMBA**
    France 33-0-1

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 135 pounds

1. **MIGUEL ANGEL GONZALEZ**
   Mexico 29-0 (WBC Champ)
2. **FREDDIE PENDLETON**
   Miami, FL 35-17-4 (IBF Champ)
3. **NAZAROV OLZUBEK**
   Japan 19-0 (WBA Champ)
4. **RAFAEL RUELAS**
   Arleta, CA 39-1
5. **SHARMBA MITCHELL**
   Takoma Park, MD 30-0
6. **DINGAAN THOBELA**
   South Africa 29-2-1
7. **TONY LOPEZ**
   Sacramento, CA 43-4-1
8. **JOEY GAMACHE**
   Lewiston, ME 32-1
9. **JEAN-BAPTISTE MENDY**
   France 45-4-2
10. **MIGUEL JULIO**
    Colombia 23-1-1

JR. LIGHTWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 130 pounds

1. **AZUMAH NELSON**
   Ghana 36-2-2 (WBC Champ)
2. **GENARO HERNANDEZ**
   Los Angeles, CA 29-0-1 (WBA Champ)
3. **JOHN-JOHN MOLINA**
   Puerto Rico 33-3 (IBF Champ)
4. **CALVIN GROVE**
   Coatesville, PA 45-5
5. **GABE RUELAS**
   Arleta, CA 35-2
6. **OSCAR DE LA HOYA**
   Montebello, CA 11-0
7. **JIMMI BREDAHL**
   Denmark 17-0
8. **VICTOR HUGO PAZ**
   Argentina 38-1-1
9. **REGILIO TUUR**
   Whitestone, NY 32-3-1
10. **MARCOS GUEVARA**
    Venezuela 20-2

FEATHERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 126 pounds

1. **GOYO VARGAS**
   Mexico 30-3-1 (WBC Champ)
2. **TOM JOHNSON**
   Detroit, MI 33-2-1 (IBF Champ)
3. **YUNG KYUN PARK**
   South Korea 25-1-1 (WBA Champ)
4. **JESSE JAMES LEIJA**
   San Antonio, TX 26-0-2
5. **PAUL HODKINSON**
   England 22-2-1
6. **KEVIN KELLEY**
   Flushing, NY 36-0
7. **ALEJANDRO GONZALEZ**
   Mexico 28-2-2
8. **STEVE ROBINSON**
   Wales 16-9-1
9. **FRANCISCO SEGURA**
   Coachella, CA 23-6-1
10. **TONY GREEN**
    Philadelphia, PA 21-3-1

JR. FEATHERWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 122 pounds

1. **KENNEDY McKINNEY**
   Las Vegas, NV 25-0-1 (IBF Champ)
2. **TRACY PATTERSON**
   Highland, NY 48-2-1 (WBC Champ)
3. **WILFREDO VASQUEZ**
   Puerto Rico 38-6-3 (WBA Champ)
4. **WELCOME NCITA**
   South Africa 32-1
5. **JULIO GERVACIO**
   Puerto Rico 28-3-2
6. **JESSE BENAVIDES**
   Corpus Christi, TX 37-3-1
7. **JESUS SALUD**
   San Diego, CA 45-6
8. **CESAR SOTO**
   Mexico 36-5-2
9. **YUICHI KASAI**
   Japan 18-0-1
10. **DUKE McKENZIE**
    England 33-4

BANTAMWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 118 pounds

1. **ORLANDO CANIZALES**
   Laredo, TX 34-1-1 (IBF Champ)
2. **JUNIOR JONES**
   Brooklyn, NY 31-0 (WBA Champ)
3. **JUNG IL BYUN**
   South Korea 10-0 (WBC Champ)
4. **ELIECER JULIO**
   Colombia 24-1
5. **RAFAEL DEL VALLE**
   Puerto Rico 15-0
6. **VICTOR RABANALES**
   Mexico 34-12-2
7. **VINCENZO BELCASTRO**
   Italy 25-5-3
8. **GERARDO MARTINEZ**
   San Jose, CA 29-1
9. **HAROLD MESTRE**
   Colombia 17-2
10. **DAORUNG CHUVATANA**
    Thailand 47-4-2

JR. BANTAMWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 115 pounds

1. **KATSUYA ONIZUKA**
   Japan 22-0 (WBA Champ)
2. **JULIO BORBOA**
   Mexico 20-4 (IBF Champ)
3. **JOSE LUIS BUENO**
   Mexico 22-3-1 (WBC Champ)
4. **MARCO ANTONIO BARRERA**
   Mexico 27-0
5. **SUNG KIL MOON**
   South Korea 20-2
6. **ROBERT QUIROGA**
   San Antonio, TX 20-1
7. **JOHNNY BREDAHL**
   Denmark 20-0
8. **KHAOYAI MAHASARAKAM**
   Thailand 44-4
9. **CARLOS SALAZAR**
   Argentina 30-4-3
10. **KOTARO HAYASHI**
    Japan 12-3

FLYWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 112 pounds

1. **YURI ARBACHAKOV**
   Japan 16-0 (WBC Champ)
2. **DAVID GRIMAN**
   Venezuela 17-1 (WBA Champ)
3. **PHICHIT SITHBANGPRACHAN**
   Thailand 17-0 (IBF Champ)
4. **ISAIAS ZAMUDIO**
   Blythe, CA 34-4-1
5. **JOSE LUIS ZEPEDA**
   Mexico 23-11-2
6. **MARK JOHNSON**
   Washington, D.C. 15-1
7. **SCOTTY OLSON**
   Las Vegas, NV 27-1
8. **RODOLFO BLANCO**
   Colombia 26-7-1
9. **DAVE McAULEY**
   Ireland 18-3-2
10. **ERIC GRIFFIN**
    Jasper, TN 10-0

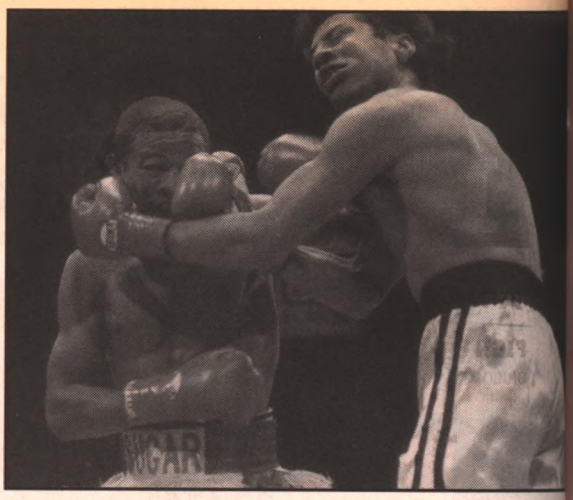
JR. FLYWEIGHTS
Weight Limit: 108 pounds

1. **MICHAEL CARBAJAL**
   Phoenix, AZ 29-0 (WBC/IBF Champ)
2. **HUMBERTO GONZALEZ**
   Mexico 37-2
3. **LEO GAMEZ**
   Venezuela 24-3 (WBA Champ)
4. **LEON SALAZAR**
   Panama 15-3-1
5. **MELCHOR COB CASTRO**
   Mexico 36-4-3
6. **JOSE DeJESUS**
   Puerto Rico 26-2-1
7. **JESUS CHONG**
   Mexico 21-5
8. **JUAN ANTONIO TORRES**
   Panama 19-3-1
9. **NAM HOON CHA**
   South Korea 22-1-1
10. **ROBINSON CUESTA**
    Panama 23-1

POUND FOR POUND

1. **PERNELL WHITAKER**
   Welterweight
2. **JULIO CESAR CHAVEZ**
   Junior Welterweight
3. **TERRY NORRIS**
   Junior Middleweight
4. **JAMES TONEY**
   Super Middleweight
5. **MICHAEL CARBAJAL**
   Junior Flyweight
6. **ORLANDO CANIZALES**
   Bantamweight
7. **EVANDER HOLYFIELD**
   Heavyweight
8. **ROY JONES**
   Middleweight
9. **KENNEDY McKINNEY**
   Junior Featherweight
10. **RICARDO LOPEZ**
    Strawweight

New Faces



Shane Mosley turns Juan Manuel Aranda's head during his impres victory at the Great Western Forum. After only six pro bouts t Californian is ready for 10-rounders and main event status.

PRO RECORD

1993

Feb. 11	Greg Puente, Hollywood, CA	KO 5
April 24	Arnufullo Villa, San Bernardino, CA	KO 1
July 21	Pey Castillo, Reseda, CA	KO 1
Aug. 25	Roberto Lopez, Hollywood	KO 5
Sept. 27	Miguel Pena, Inglewood	KO 1
Oct. 25	Juan Aranda, Inglewood	KO 2

RECORD:	FIGHTS	WON	LOST	DREW	KO
	6	6	0	0	6

Shane Mosley

Lightweight

By Robert G. Rodriguez

From the time he won a boxing tournam for boys 10 years old and under, Sha Mosley has been known as "Sugar" Sha To look at the 22-year-old lightweight prosp today, with his ability to combine speed, movem and power, he certainly doesn't look like he'll brin embarrassment to the sweet nickname he ha borrowed from Ray Robinson and Ray Leonard.

Mosley, who hails from Pomona, Californ has won his first six professional bouts, all b knockout, and hopes to eventually clash wi boyhood rival Oscar De La Hoya.

Mosley first stepped into a ring at age eigh when his mother sent him to the gym with hi father, Jack, who was doing some amateur boxing at the time. Within a year Shane was a champion. Perhaps more importantly, boxing kept him off th streets. He was never interested in gangs or drug and even involved himself with the Junior Police program.

As an amateur, Mosley traveled all over th world and engaged in more than 250 bouts. Among his victims were 1992 Olympians Pepe Reilly an gold medalist De La Hoya.

"Oscar and I were about 12 or 13 when we fought," he said. "We basically had the same style. overwhelmed him with punches in the second round and the referee just stopped it."

Mosley won several championships, including

(Continued on page 54)

"This is something he has to do for himself," Jack Mosley says of "Sugar" Shane. Father and son celebrate the lightweight's sixth victory.

Turn your television into a ringside seat with these action-packed BOXING VIDEOS!

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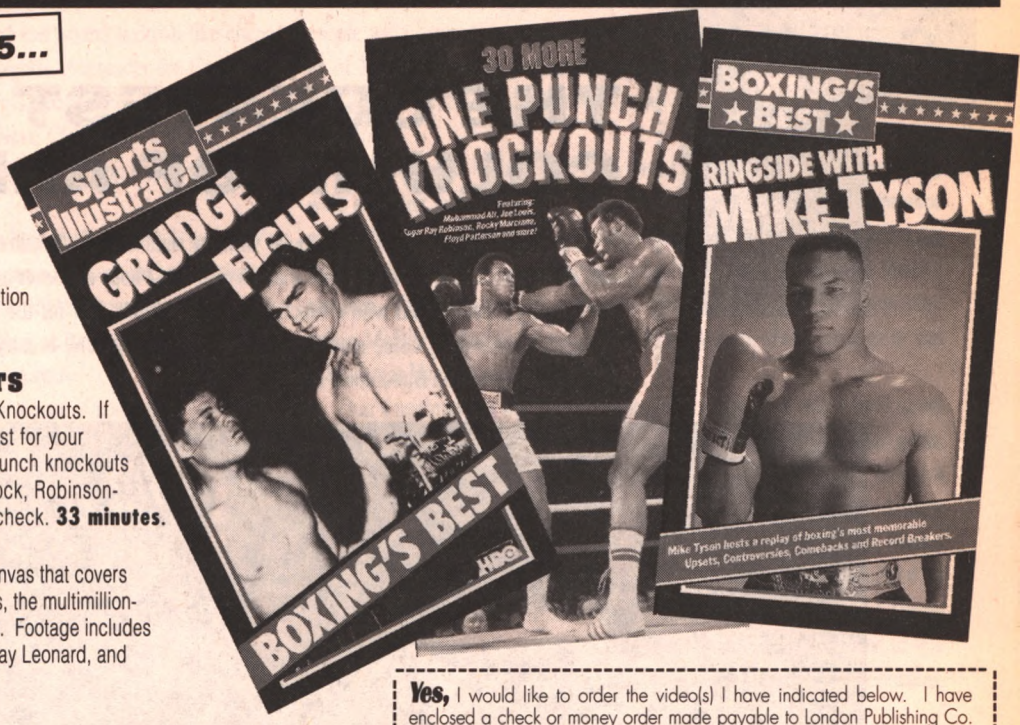

GRUDGE FIGHTS

The greatest grudge fights in boxing history are presented in this non-stop action video. See Jack Dempsey try to regain the title from Gene Tunney and Joe Louis seek revenge against Max Schmeling. Watch Joe Walcott battle Ezzard Charles and Rocky Marciano in epic wars, the Ali Frazier trilogy, plus a collection of rare footage that recounts boxing's most memorable bouts. **58 minutes.**

MORE ONE-PUNCH KNOCKOUTS

The exciting followup to Great One-Punch Knockouts. If you like knockout action, this video is a must for your collection. You'll see these fantastic one-punch knockouts and many more: Ali-Liston II, Louis-Braddock, Robinson-Fullmer, Patterson-Johansson II, Louis-Paycheck. **33 minutes.**

RINGSIDE WITH MIKE TYSON

Mike Tyson puts it all together in a colorful canvas that covers the main events, the controversies, the upsets, the multimillion-dollar gates, the records, and the comebacks. Footage includes Sonny Liston, Jake LaMotta, Ray Robinson, Ray Leonard, and much more. **44 minutes.**

THE MIDDLEWEIGHTS

The most skillful and devastating middleweights in the history of boxing are profiled in this fast-moving video. Watch stellar performances by Stanley Ketchel, Sugar Ray Robinson, and Marcel Cerdan. Also includes Rocky Graziano, Jake LaMotta, Carlos Monzon, and many others. Hosted by Curt Gowdy and Floyd Patterson. **58 minutes.**

BOXING'S GREATEST CHAMPIONS

Match wits with the Boxing Writers of America as they choose the best fighter of all-time from each division and then debate who deserves the title of the Greatest Fighter of All-Time. Includes explosive fight footage of Henry Armstrong, Benny Leonard, and Roberto Duran in the lightweight division; welterweights Barney Ross, Henry Armstrong, and Ray Robinson; middleweights Mickey Walker, Carlos Monzon, and Ray Robinson; light heavyweights Bob Fitzsimmons, Billy Conn, and Archie Moore; heavyweights Muhammad Ali, Rocky Marciano, and Joe Louis. **60 minutes.**

THE HEAVYWEIGHTS: "THE BIG PUNCHERS"

The biggest draw in sports today is the heavyweight knockout artist. This hard-hitting video explores boxing's most famous punchers. A sample of the action included in this video are clips of Dempsey's savage victory over Willard, the second Louis-Schmeling fight, Marciano vs. Walcott, and Frazier vs. Ali. **59 minutes.**

GREAT ONE-PUNCH KNOCKOUTS

You've got a ringside seat for a heart-stopping lineup of boxing's most exciting knockouts, including Muhammad Ali-George Foreman, Ezzard Charles-Joe Walcott, Jim Corbett-Bob Fitzsimmons, Rocky Marciano-Joe Walcott, Sugar Ray Robinson-Rocky Graziano, and many more. **30 minutes.**

THE HEAVYWEIGHTS: THE STYLISTS

Host Curt Gowdy highlights the careers of the sport's finest boxers. Beginning with Jim Corbett, you'll see challengers throughout history battle in some of the most striking film coverage ever assembled. Jack Johnson displays exquisite defensive skills, Floyd Patterson shows off his peek-a-boo style, Gene Tunney demonstrates the scientific approach to boxing, and Muhammad Ali exhibits the skills that made him "The Greatest," plus Walcott, Charles, and Louis. **57 minutes.**

TYSON AND THE HEAVYWEIGHTS

Join Mike Tyson as he takes a tour through the history of the heavyweight division. Tyson adds his own insight as he analyzes the styles and lives of the men who wore the heavyweight crown before him. This fantastic video includes rare footage of Jack Johnson, Jack Dempsey, Joe Louis, Rocky Marciano, Muhammad Ali, and, of course, Tyson himself. **51 minutes.**

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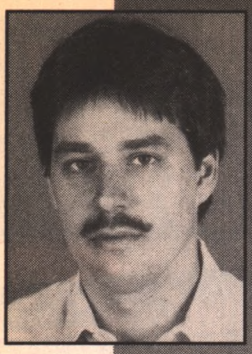
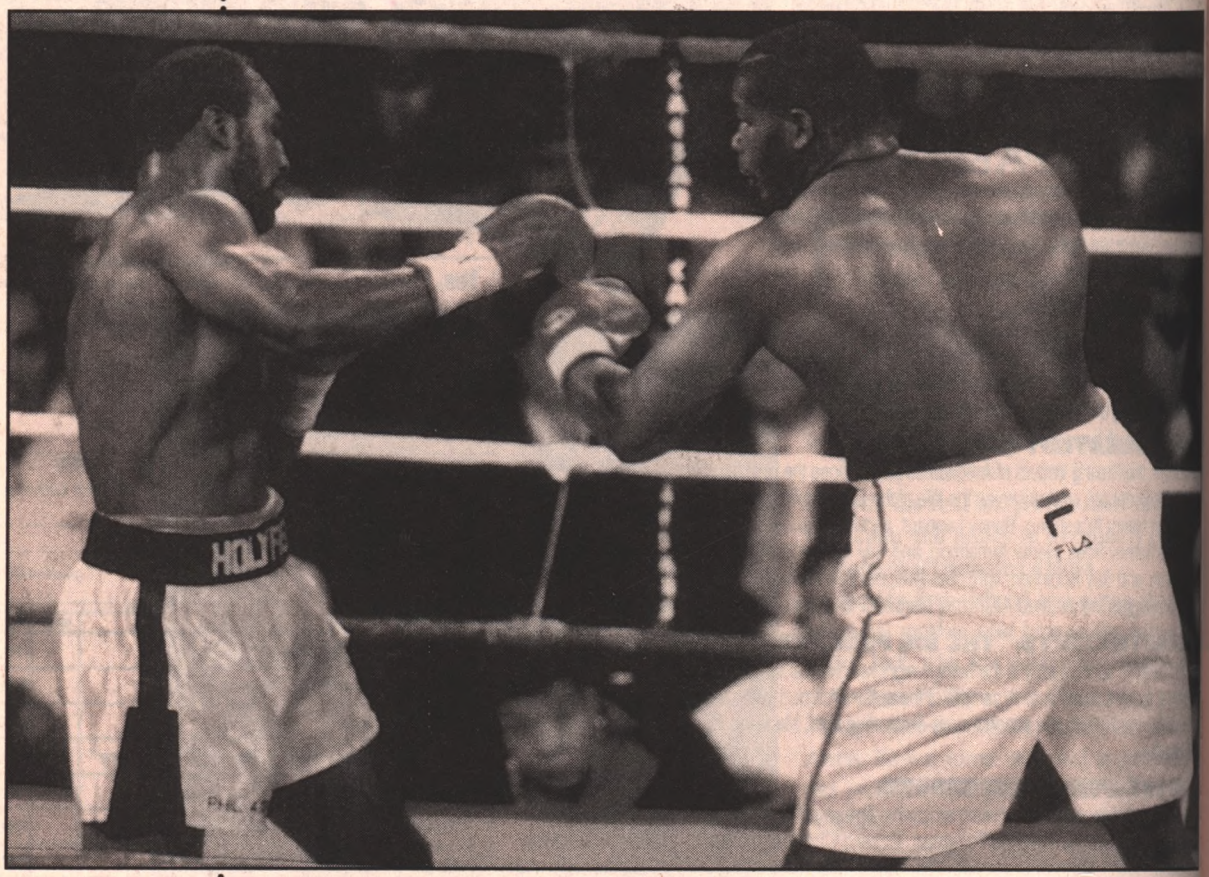


Ryan Out Loud

By Jeff Ryan

THE GREATEST COLUMN OF ALL-TIME!

The word "great" is about as popular with me right now as "bedtime" is with a five-year-old or "curfew" is with a teenager. Great has now joined that list of words I hope are never again uttered in my presence until the day I'm wearing a hearing aid with a functioning "off" switch. Just for the record, the list includes: lite, recession, Warren Commission, voice mail, refinancing, warlords, achy-breaky, software, Florence and Normandie, politically correct, and Buttafuoco. Enough already.



Holyfield-Bowe II: One of the greatest heavyweight title fights in history or just a very good one?

Great particularly grates on me because it is so greatly misused. It may be one of the greatest misused words of all-time, which would make it, in the annals of misused words, an all-time great. Naturally.

What pushed me—no, *propelled* me—over the edge was the postfight reaction to Holyfield-Bowe II, the most overrated fight since, well, Holyfield-Bowe I. Like brainwashed prisoners of war or a whole kennel of Pavlov's dogs, writers whose opinions I respect rhapsodized about the battle of the big men, referring to it as "one of the greatest heavyweight title fights in history." In the history of what? November?

Sorry, but a guy with no punch and no hope of scoring a kayo outworking an out-of-shape, uninspired

opponent in a fight that features nobody getting hurt isn't something I'll put on the blackboard in any boxing history class I teach. (Memories of Bowe's posterior are not something to save for posterity.) The fight deserves to take its place among the classics about as much as that gate-crashing parachutist deserves to take his place alongside Lindbergh. *Great* fight? Stop pulling my rip cord.

The Holyfield-Bowe fights have been good, not great. And it is that sort of literary recklessness that devalues a word and waters it down like cheap ketchup or the National Hockey League playoffs. Alexander the Great was great. Great grandfathers are great. Kellogg's Frosted Flakes are grrrrreat! Caesar's ghost is great, at least if you believe Clark Kent's editor, Perry White. (And trust me, editors are *never* wrong. Every one I've ever had has told me so.)

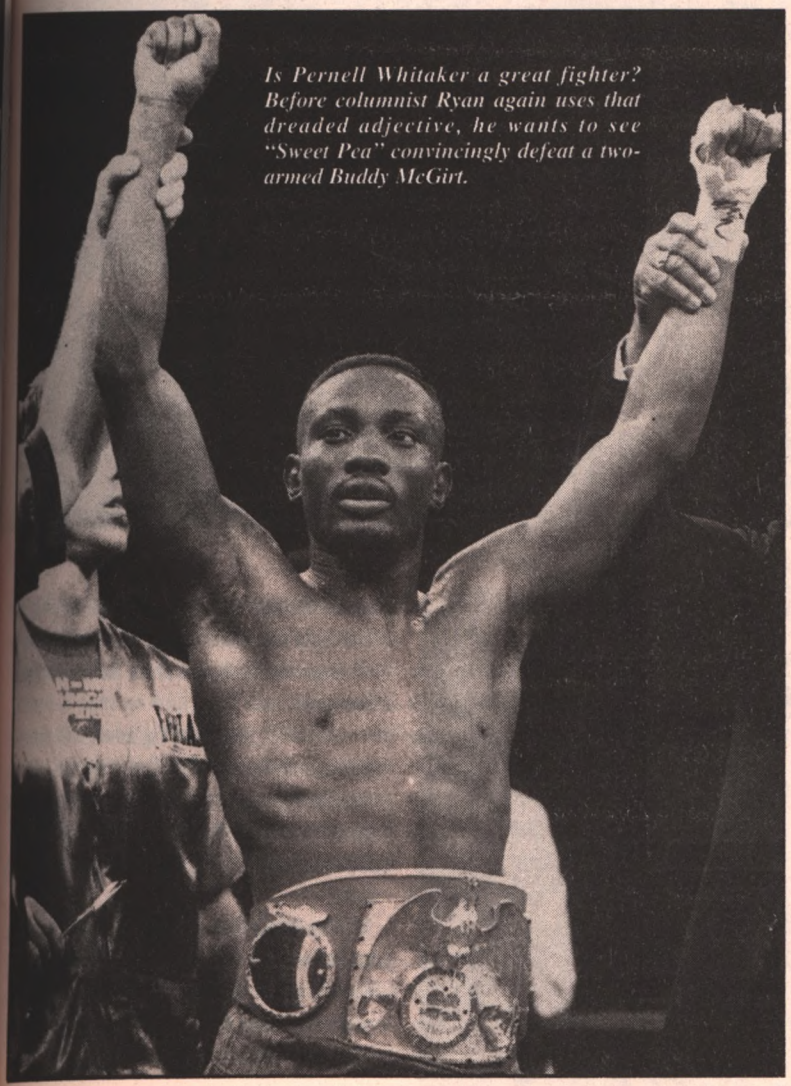
When you get right down to it, not a whole heck of a lot is great. We live in an age of mediocrity, and the fight game is the perfect reflection of that. Maybe that's why so many people in the boxing industry rush to manufacture historical moments as though they're Barney dolls being mass-produced in a factory in time for the Christmas rush.

Today's sports media is just dying to be a part of something important. Writers hate to admit it, but many of them suffer an inferiority complex, tormented by the idea that they are, after all, just *sports*writers. They'll never cover a war in Bosnia, so they overemphasize the importance of being on the front lines in the Orange Bowl or SkyDome or Caesars Palace. Many boxing writers were only on the far fringes of the wolf pack that chased Ali, or were too young to enjoy Sugar Ray Robinson, or weren't paying attention when Gomez-Pintor unfolded, or weren't assigned to Hagler-Hearns. They constantly try to make up for it.

Mike Tyson was supposed to be this generation's greatest, and some people were even ready to capitalize the "G". Tyson started out reminding us of Joe Louis and ended up reminding us of Max Baer—Jr. In tossing away his career, he appeared to be as smart as Jethro Bodine on *The Beverly Hillbillies*.

Mark Breland, Meldrick Taylor, Paul Gonzales, Michael Nunn—they were all going to be great, too, remember? Will Oscar De La Hoya become great? We like to think so, but I wouldn't bet on it anymore. Just look at the odds. Is Pernell Whitaker already great? Let's see the Buddy McGirt rematch. The last time out, a McGirt with a bad wing almost beat him. When McGirt is Buddy Strongarm we'll learn more about whether or not Whitaker is Henry Armstrong.

Don't misinterpret my chest-clearing as a suggestion that I have never gone overboard in labeling unworthy people or events great, near-great, once-great, future-great, or the greatest there ever was. I once called a Chinese restaurant in my neighborhood great before realizing that, no, a Chinese restaurant in *Ho Chi Minh's* neighborhood would be *great*. I, too, was mesmerized by the eye of the hyperbole hurricane swirling around Tyson, and I thought "Second To" Nunn would be second to few who came before him. (As for hyping Breland, Gonzales, and Taylor, I enter a plea of not guilty.)



Is Pernell Whitaker a great fighter? Before columnist Ryan again uses that dreaded adjective, he wants to see "Sweet Pea" convincingly defeat a two-armed Buddy McGirt.

At least I stand before the court as a man who has recognized the error of his ways and begun the process of complete rehabilitation. The first step is drastically curtailing my use of "great." Among sports journalists, maybe the word should be banned altogether. I'm actually surprised it has never been banned in Boston, a city in which everything else is banned, and where "great" ought to be strictly reserved for references to Ted Williams, Bill Russell, Bobby Orr, or Larry Bird.

Evander Holyfield's *effort* against Bowe was magnificent, but that is where it ends. Don't be surprised, however, if you hear Holyfield's "greatness" being touted a year from now. He was one of the most protected heavyweight kings ever in Reign I, but if he beats Lennox Lewis and, say, Michael Moorer during Reign II, newspaper pages will elevate "The Real Deal" from pedestrian to pedestal in the blink of a starry eye.

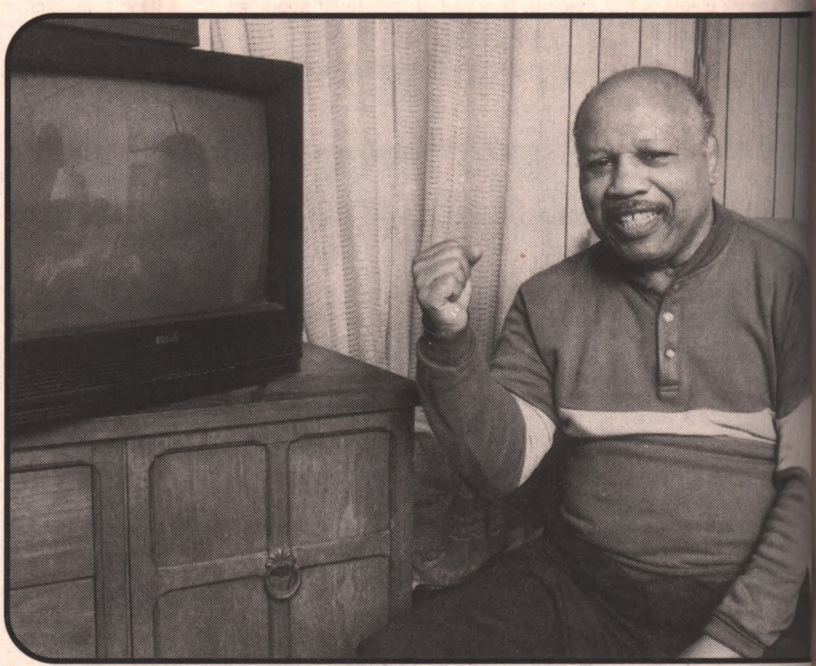
Holyfield rules once again not because he is one of history's best, but because his division is currently one of history's worst. *(It's my parity and I'll cry if I want to.)* A population boom of heavyweight mediocrity assures that the guy with the best chin and physical condition will always have a decent shot at success.

Or, as measured by today's standards, a shot at immortality.

Great Caesar's ghost. ■

Rediscovering "Mr. Television"

MILTON BERLE HAD NOTHING ON RALPH "TIGER" JONES



By Karl Swisher

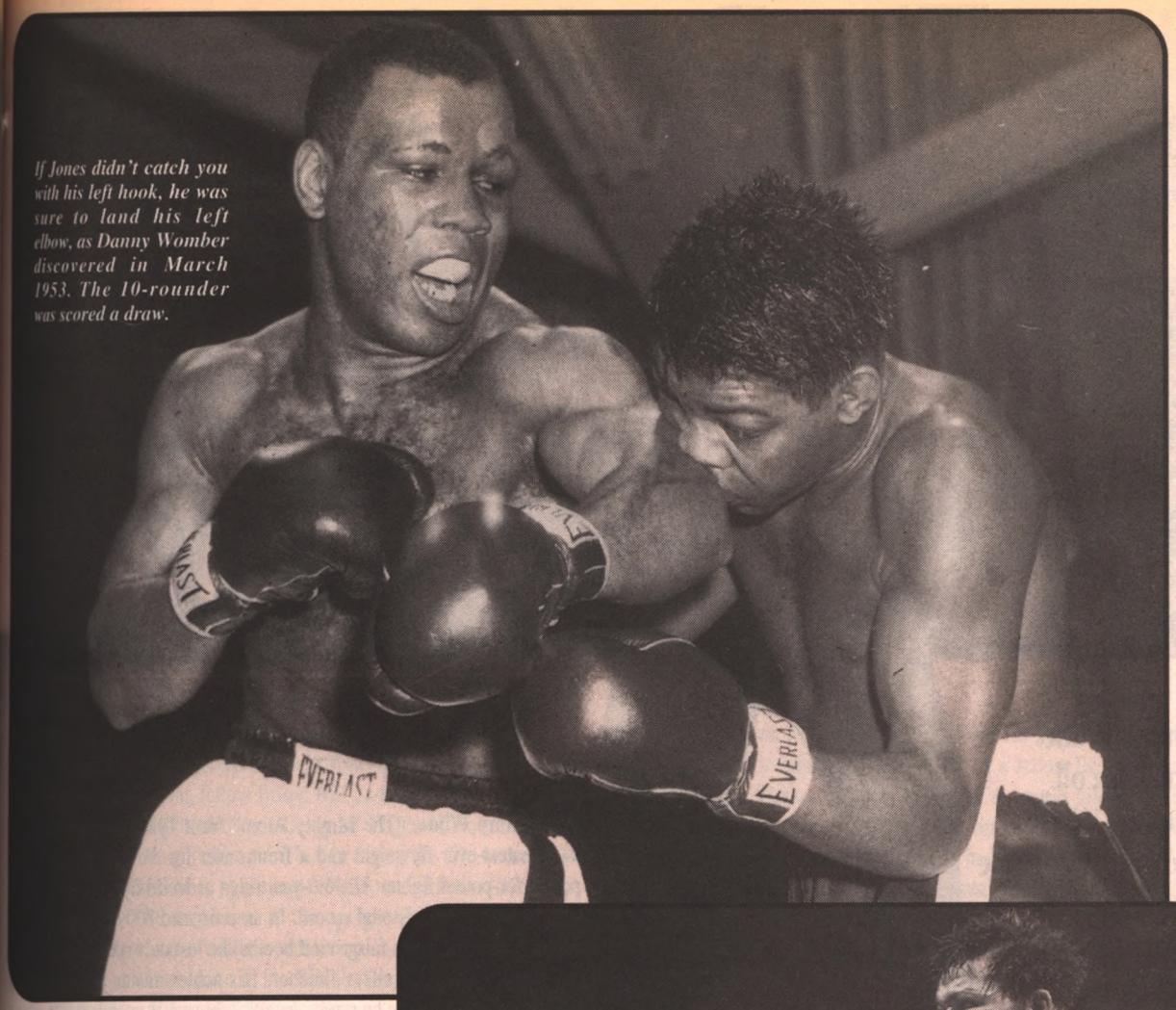
He was the TV fight attraction of the '50s. Win or lose, his non-stop punching style guaranteed the fans at home an evening of action-packed boxing entertainment. And his name on the card guaranteed advertisers that millions of viewers would see their between-rounds commercials.

The fans loved him. The sponsors wanted him. They called him "Mr. Television."

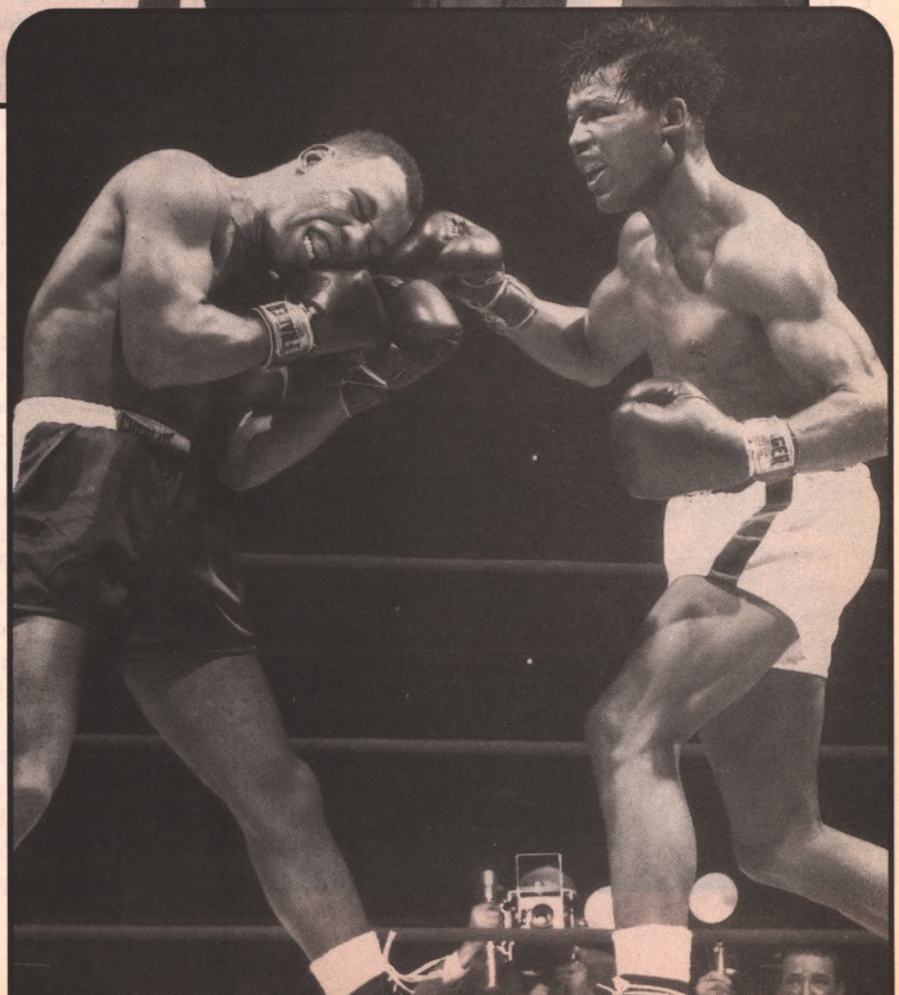
One boxing writer calculated that Mr. Television had appeared in more TV fights than world heavyweight champions Marciano, Patterson, and Johansson combined. Another scribe reckoned that more people had wa... him fight than had witnessed all the heavyw... championship bouts from Sullivan thr... Dempsey.

With 69 televised fights—35 of the... national networks—Mr. Television was inde... familiar face to both boxing fans and the org... couch potatoes. Though many blame the b... tube for boxing's decline, for him the box w... boon.

The Most Televised Fighter Ever ... makes a nice angle for a "Where Are T... Now?" piece. Except for one thing: Sinc... retirement from boxing more than 30 years ... Mr. Television had dropped out of sight.



If Jones didn't catch you with his left hook, he was sure to land his left elbow, as Danny Womber discovered in March 1953. The 10-rounder was scored a draw.



In January 1955, Jones absorbed punches like this and temporarily derailed the comeback of Sugar Ray Robinson by winning a 10-round decision in Detroit. However, it was Robinson, and not Jones, who eventually fought for the middleweight title.

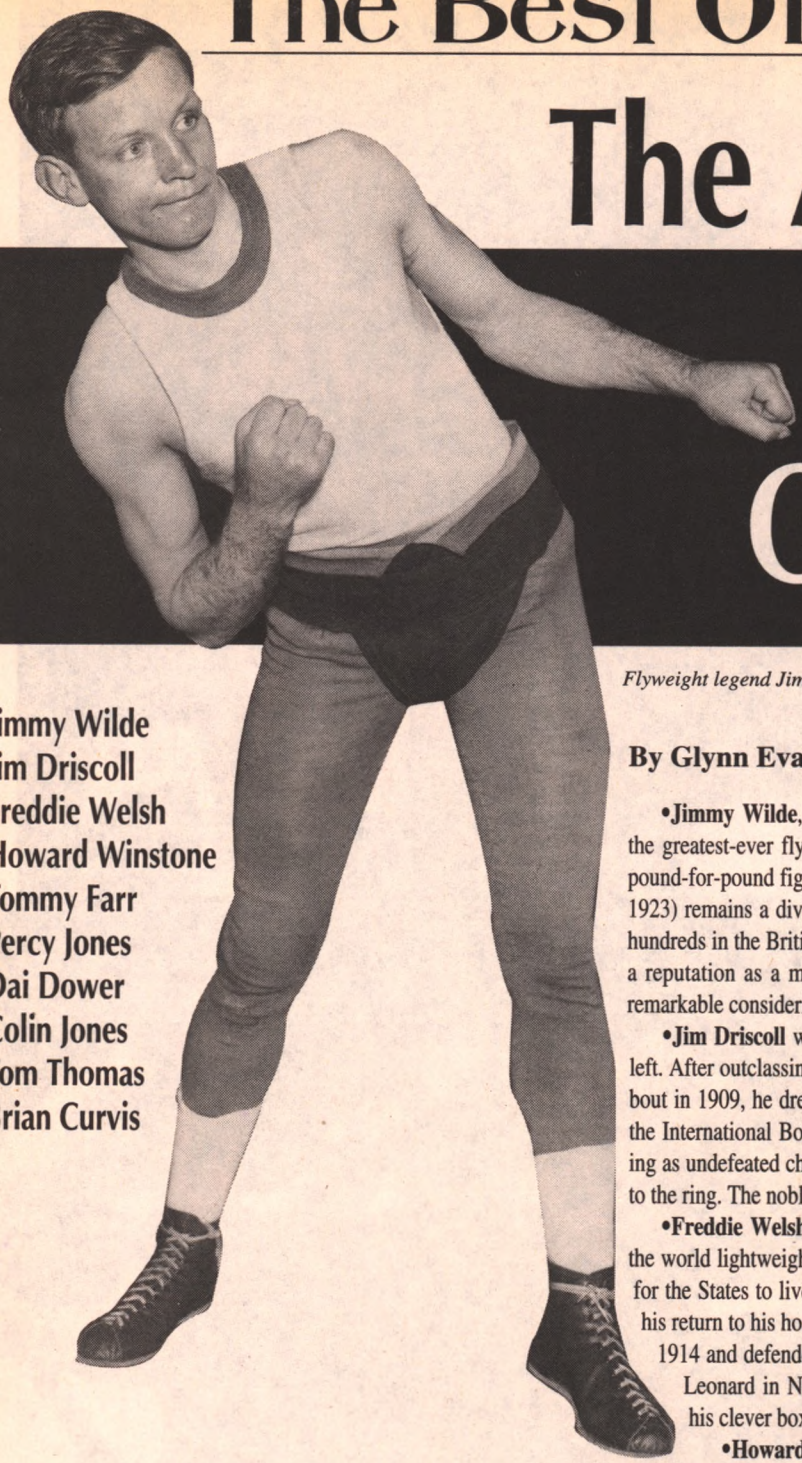
The Veteran Boxers Association, the Boxing Hall of Fame, the New York State Athletic Commission, and the boxing media were all hard-pressed to come up with even scant information on his whereabouts. Even Harry Markson and Teddy Brenner, key figures at Madison Square Garden when Mr. Television fought there, had lost track of the fighter. Like everyone else, they recalled him fondly but had no idea what had happened to him.

Of course, rumors abounded: He was dead ... He was alive but not answering mail or returning phone calls ... He might even be in Yonkers. But all rumors considered, the man once seen by mil-

(Continued on page 55)

The Best Of A Nation

The All-Time Top 10 Of Wales



Flyweight legend Jimmy Wilde

1. Jimmy Wilde
2. Jim Driscoll
3. Freddie Welsh
4. Howard Winstone
5. Tommy Farr
6. Percy Jones
7. Dai Dower
8. Colin Jones
9. Tom Thomas
10. Brian Curvis

Who was the best British fighter of all-time? The best Mexican? The best Japanese? The debate will rage forever. In an attempt to fuel the fire, or at least offer some perspective, THE RING has asked several of its correspondents to compile their personal top-10 lists.

By Glynn Evans

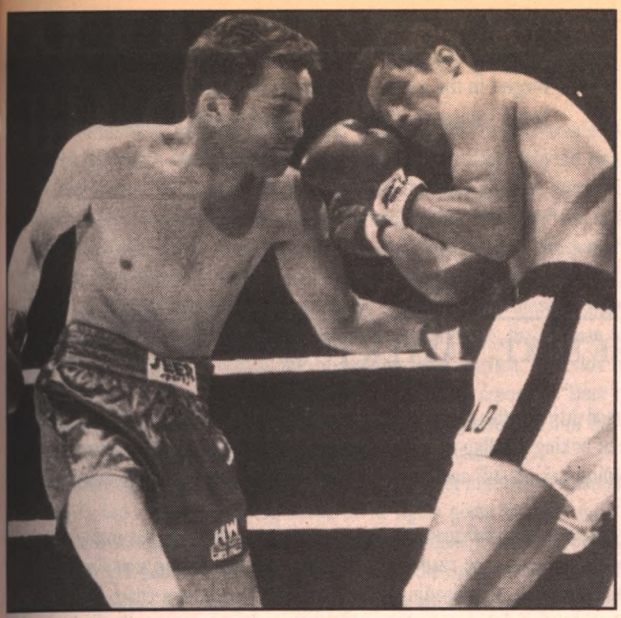
•**Jimmy Wilde**, "The Mighty Atom" from Tylorstown, was prob the greatest-ever flyweight and a frontrunner for the title of all-time pound-for-pound fighter. His 6½-year reign as world flyweight king (1 1923) remains a divisional record. In an estimated 800 contests (inclu hundreds in the British fairground booths) he lost only six times and gai a reputation as a merciless finisher. His achievements are all the m remarkable considering he rarely weighed above 100 pounds.

•**Jim Driscoll** was fabled for his brilliant defense and ramrod str left. After outclassing world featherweight king Abe Attell in a no-deci bout in 1909, he drew recognition as global champion in Britain and f the International Boxing Union. He defended his claim twice before re ing as undefeated champion. Financial problems sadly forced him to ret to the ring. The noble art has seldom been blessed with a more noble ar

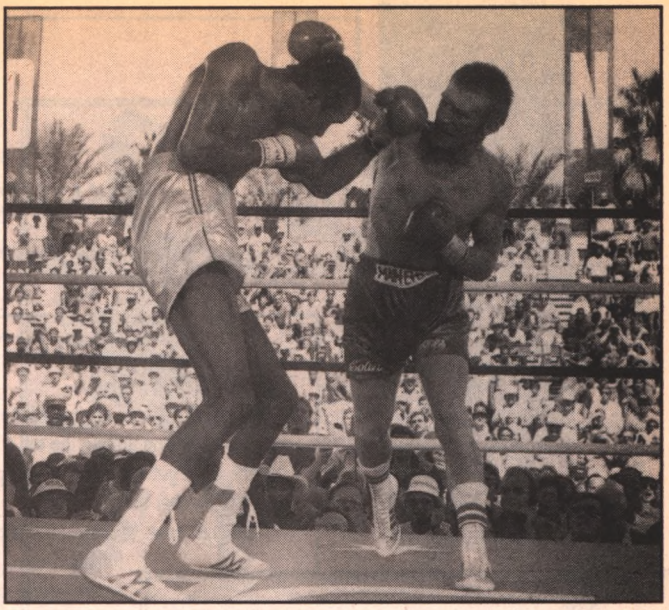
•**Freddie Welsh** was a middle-class eccentric who battled his wa the world lightweight crown. He discarded a privileged lifestyle, depar for the States to live as a hobo before learning to box in Philadelphia. his return to his homeland he took the world crown from Willie Ritch 1914 and defended twice before succumbing to the brilliance of Be Leonard in New York City. Despite his lack of a knockout pun his clever boxing proved extremely popular with U.S. fans.

•**Howard Winstone** lost the tips of three fingers in an indust accident that severely restricted his right-hand power. The dexterity of h left hand more than compensated, and the master boxer ascended to t WBC featherweight throne in 1968. Three prior challenges had been abo ed by the brilliant Mexican Vicente Saldivar. The battles remain an integ part of Welsh folklore.

•**Tommy Farr**, the ex-miner from Tonypandy, was certainly no ho zontal British heavyweight. He was tough, determined, and possessed brilliant boxing brain. His greatest moment came in defeat; he took a pu Joe Louis to a close 15-round decision in 1937 for the world heavyweig title. Although he conquered champions Max Baer, Tommy Loughran, a



Featherweight Howard Winstone pounds the body of Mexico's Lalo Guerrero during their scheduled 10-rounder in June 1965. Winstone won by fifth-round stoppage. Three years later, he was a champion.



Colin Jones engaged in two memorable 12-round welterweight title fights with Milton McCrory. The first ended in a draw in March 1983, and McCrory won the second match by split decision five months later.

Bob Olin, he was unable to win a world crown.

•**Percy Jones** was recognized as world flyweight champion by Britain and the IBU after mastering fellow Briton Bill Ladbury in 1914 in London. The teak-hard stylist repelled the challenge of Eugene Criqui (who later became world featherweight champion) before losing the title to the scales. His career was shortened when he was severely wounded in the Great War.

•**Dai Dower** was the epitome of the upright European stylist. The Abercynon flyweight was a brilliant technician. A flashing left hand and elusive footwork saw him cruise to the British, Empire, and European flyweight crowns. In his sole world title opportunity he was destroyed inside a round by Pascual Perez in front of 85,000 Argentines in 1957. He retired with three losses in 37 contests.

•**Colin Jones** was a vicious-hitting welterweight. He twice kayoed Duran conqueror Kirkland Laing, once with his left hand, once with his right, proving he was a genuine one-punch finisher with either mitt. He fought to a draw and then lost, by the tightest of verdicts, to an unbeaten Milton McCrory in tries for the vacant WBC title in 1983. A frequent victim of cuts, he retired following a four-round slashing by Donald Curry for the WBA crown in 1985. The excitement he brought to the ring will never be forgotten in the Welsh valleys.

•**Tom Thomas** was an explosive middleweight who peaked in the first decade of the century. Powerfully built and reliant on his numbing right-hand power, he eased to British and British Empire titles. However, world title shots at Billy Papke (middleweight) and Tommy Burns (heavyweight) never materialized. Bouts of rheumatic fever frequently rendered him inactive, and he was never to fully realize his vast potential.

•**Brian Curvis** just edges Johnny Owen for the final spot. The classy southpaw welterweight was never beaten by a fellow Briton in amassing a record of 37-4. Career-best victories over ex-world junior middleweight boss Ralph Dupas and brilliant Englishman Dave Charnley earned him a shot at welterweight king Emile Griffith in 1964. Characteristic Welsh grit enabled him to last the course, but the brutal beating he endured effectively finished him as a world-class fighter. ■

Glynn Evans is a freelance boxing journalist based in Cardiff, Wales. He frequently contributes to Britain's Boxing News.

Tommy Farr strengthens his hands under the watchful eye of manager Ted Broadribb. This photo was taken in July 1937, one month before Farr lost a 15-round title fight verdict to Joe Louis.

With files of more than three million black-and-white and color negatives, THE RING magazine photo collection is by far the largest in the world. Each issue, we'll pore through the files to bring you some of the most unique boxing photographs ever taken.

Time Capsules

By Stanley Weston

"YOU'RE NEXT, MASTER TOMMY!"

(December 12, 1908)

There is no arguing that Muhammad Ali was the greatest self-promoting athlete of all-time. But you must rate Jack Johnson among the top five of boxing's ballyhoo artists. Jack had a genius for placing his name in the papers, be it getting arrested for speeding, taking still another wife, or predicting, often in detail, how he was going to butcher his next victim.

Though most of Johnson's schemes were pure fabrications, there were times when he was motivated by mistrust, even hatred. Such was the case with Tommy Burns, the brazen, pint-sized world heavyweight champion who, after leading Jack on a long, frustrating chase around the world, finally agreed to give Johnson a shot at his title, in Sydney, Australia, on the day after Christmas, 1908. Burns further irritated Jack with constant insults against his character and race. Johnson would write in his autobiography many years later, "The only man I ever really despised was Tommy Burns."

A few weeks before the big fight, Johnson conceived the idea of having a series of photographs taken aimed at infuriating the champion, and at the same time hyping the gate. To get the best possible lighting, the roof of one of Sydney's tallest buildings was selected as a stage, and the entire production was under the personal direction of Johnson.

This picture, one of 17 shot that afternoon on 5 x 7 glass negative film, shows the superbly conditioned Johnson looming triumphantly over his lily-white "victim" before an obviously bored group of spectators. It was this shot that Jack had enlarged to poster size and shipped to Burns' training camp. The message, in bold red letters across the top of the picture, read, "You're next, Master Tommy!"

Although no record exists of how Burns reacted to the threat, we do know that Tommy wound up a helpless wreck of a man in the big fight, while Johnson, unbruised and hardly breaking a sweat, was crowned new heavyweight champion of the world.

HALL OF FAME DEDICATION

(October 24, 1955)

Early on that crisp autumn morning people began gathering in front of New York City's 307 West 49th Street, at the side entrance to Madison Square Garden, and where one entered to reach the hallowed headquarters of THE RING magazine. This was to be a very special day for boxing, one that would attract both fans and the curious. This was the day when THE RING's Boxing Hall of Fame was to be officially dedicated. But the main attraction was the invited guests, famous champions of the past, who were all anxious to become still another part of history.

They arrived, one by one or in groups of two and three, all greeted with loud applause and threatened with autograph books shoved under their broken noses. "Hey, there's Tommy Loughran! ... and there's Jimmy Braddock! ... and there's Jimmy Carter! ... and good ol' Barney Ross! ... "

After the immortals huddled with each other, sharing old memories, comparing scars, and munching on danish and coffee, the shrine was opened to the waiting throng, which quickly filled the place to capacity. There was a big white cake, decorated with pink and blue scrolling. In the center, in a ghastly brown color, read "Hall Of Fame."

There was no question which of the great men would have the honor of cutting the cake; it would be the oldest and the only one present who was already a Hall of Fame member—the great former world featherweight champion, 71-year-old Abe Attell. Of course, many in the group would later win entry into the Hall, but on this memorable occasion little Abe was the man of the hour.

The world champions pictured from left to right: Paul Berlenbach (light heavyweight), Bob Olin (light heavyweight), Gus Lesnevich (light heavyweight), Jimmy Braddock (heavyweight), Tommy Loughran (light heavyweight), Abe Attell (featherweight), Petey Scalzo (featherweight), Jim Norris (promoter), Lou Salica (bantamweight), Barney Ross (lightweight & welterweight), and Jimmy Carter (reigning lightweight).

SHAPING UP

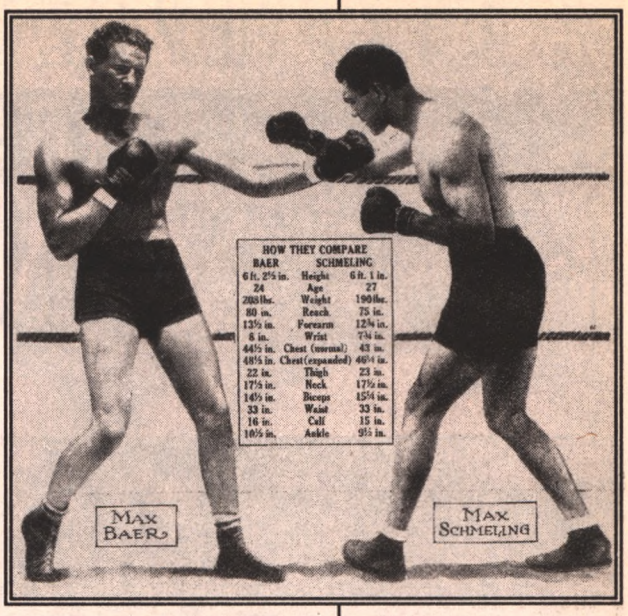
(June 8, 1933)

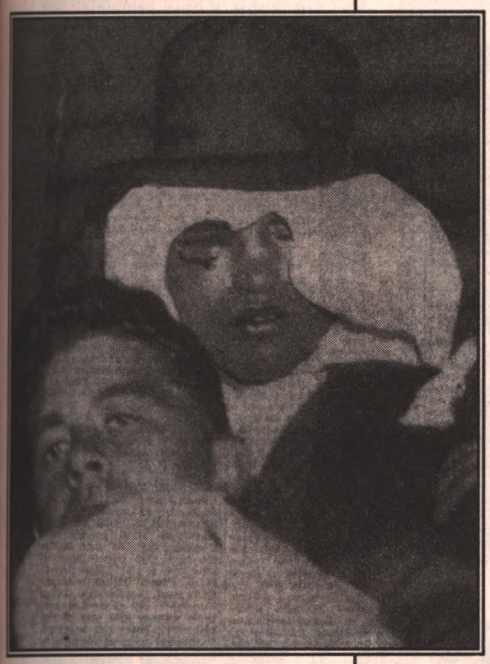
This picture was released to the press 48 hours before California's Max Baer and Germany's Max Schmeling were scheduled to climb into the ring at New York City's Yankee Stadium for a fight that had ignited worldwide interest and controversy. One year before, Schmeling had been deprived of the world heavyweight crown when Jack Sharkey was gifted with a decision after 15 rounds, even though Schmeling had been unofficially credited with having clearly won nine of those rounds. Based on his experience, his showing against Sharkey, and his fanatical dedication to physical conditioning, the German was installed a 4-1 favorite to wallop the fun-loving Baer. In fact, the odds had zoomed to an astonishing 6-1 when the Associated Press reported, "Baer has been looking so bad at his training camp in Atlantic City that a poll of the 24 reporters assigned to cover the big fight had 22 picking Schmeling."

But Baer, whose right hand had been called the most murderous since Jack Dempsey's, had a red-hot winning streak of 12 fights going for him, most of which had been impressive knockouts. In fact, Dempsey himself, who had sparred with both Schmeling and Baer and was also the fight's promoter, said in a radio interview, "No man who can punch like Max Baer should be a 6-1 underdog. Not even if he were in there with a gorilla."

Dempsey was right on the money. Baer lived up to his clown reputation, but also proved the glitz was just a cover for the killer that lay beneath. He controlled the fight from the opening bell and mercifully lowered the boom in the 10th round, when a looping right exploded on Schmeling's left cheek, setting him up for two crashing knockdowns and referee Arthur Donovan's decision to stop the slaughter at 1:51 of round 10.

The statistics show that the epic Baer-Schmeling fight was a howling success, even for the loser. Schmeling received 37.5 percent of the $239,195.55 gross gate, compared to Baer's measly 12.5 percent. The standing-room-only crowd was clocked at 56,300, and the top ticket price was $26.25, a remarkable achievement for those dark Depression days.





SWELLED HEAD

(September 15, 1939)

His head swollen like a ripe pumpkin, grotesque slits where his eyes used to be, his hat balanced atop a soaking wet towel that was supposed to stem the flow of blood gushing from deep head wounds, what's left of Lou Nova stumbles unsteadily toward the side exit of Philadelphia's Municipal Stadium en route to Hahnemann Hospital for emergency repairs.

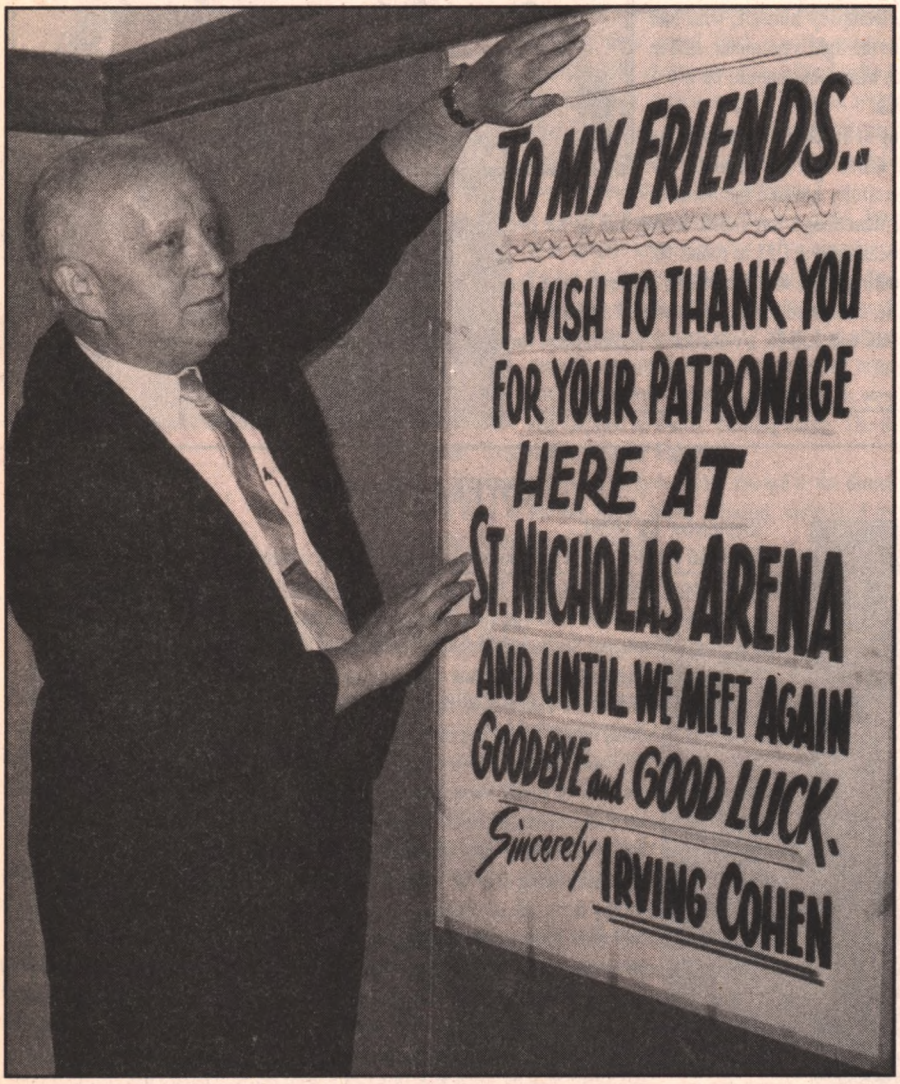
In a blood-letting spectacle that came closest in modern times of duplicating the carnage exhibited at ancient Rome's Colosseum, squat Tony Galento ripped apart and nearly left for dead California Adonis Nova, whom the smart guys had made a 4-1 favorite.

Nova was a tragically beaten warrior from the moment Galento's dreaded left hook exploded against his chin in round three. Remarkably, Lou was up at the count of one, on instinct, but he never fully recovered from that shot. One ringside observer explained Nova's ordeal this way: "His spacious nose was spread across his face like a potato pancake; his left eye was horribly mangled, being first no more than a splotch, as though from an upturned catsup bottle. Later they did a job of scraping over and under both eyes, with the result that he answered each bell with dusting powder hanging from his eye sockets."

Referee George Blake, who had been imported from California with a reputation for being the best at his trade, was scorned for paying practically no attention to Galento's caveman tactics. He allowed Tony to heel, butt, and dig endless shots into taboo territory. Worst of all, Blake appeared not to notice Galento repeatedly scraping the laces of his gloves across the raw wounds on Nova's face. But to be fair, any witness to the debacle had to concede that "Two-Ton Tony" didn't win with glove laces or the top of his bullet head. Instead, he did it with pulverizing left hooks, each one chopping the Californian down in size, just as a stone mason fashions a block of granite.

Nova was hammered to the canvas four times in all, and when Blake finally gave in to the constant pleas of the crowd to stop it at the 2:44 mark of the 14th round, he stepped between the exhausted gladiators, pushed Nova toward his corner, and raised Galento's hand in triumph. It was a gesture that called up a strange vision of a Roman emperor who, with an equally terse movement, signaled that the moment of the kill had arrived. ■

THE DEATH OF THE FIGHT CLUBS



By Robert Cassidy

(Second of two parts)

On Saturday, February 14, 1914, n New York City's dozen daily ne pers ran a story previewing the ning's boxing action. The headline scre "Boxing Shows At Twelve Clubs Tonight."

Have things ever changed. New Yor has just four daily newspapers, which i news for an aspiring journalist. If you' aspiring *boxer*, things are even worse. Wit exception of one promoter, boxing no lo exists in New York City. Once fraught small neighborhood boxing clubs where y fighters learned their craft on weekly cards, York City now hosts the fights about once six weeks. The mecca of boxing has turned a fistic ghost town.

There was a time when the city's streets filled with fighters hungry to reach the level. Today a boxer is liable to go hungry looking for work. The level every prelim desired to reach was Madison Square Gar That's gone, too. In May 1993, the Garden doned its boxing program.

But the demise of boxing and its small began much earlier. By 1960, the clubs in York City and throughout the country had tematically begun to close down. When Nick's, Manhattan's longest-running fight closed its doors in 1962, Sunnyside Garden the Big Apple's only remaining link to Golden Age of the small club venue.

"My life was going to St. Nick's or to in Philly," said veteran trainer Lou Duva. "I pile four or five guys in a car, make salami wiches, and we were gone. Today the ca supply the revenue, but I'd take a fight club time. After the fights, we'd go to a cafeteria rehash what happened with the newspaper the trainers. All the fight guys hung out. I great camaraderie."

Sunnyside Garden, with a grant Madison Square Garden, enjoyed some suc in the '60s. But it struggled to stay alive thr the following decade. Numerous promoters shows, and the building closed its doors on eral occasions. Sunnyside closed permanent 1977.

A Pugilistic Post-Morten

There are several explanations for the demise of the small, noisy, smoky, exciting boxing club. Among the most common is the advent of television. But other factors clearly contributed. There became a lack of local fighters, operating costs were soaring, and promoters began to lock up fighters with exclusive contracts.

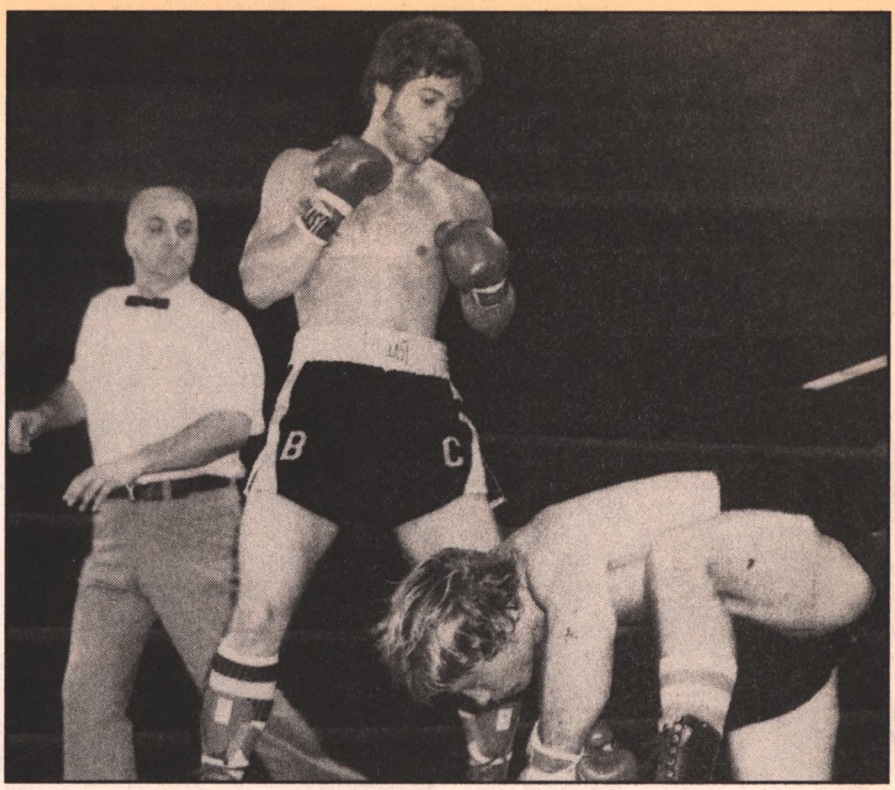
As society began to change, so did the fight game. Young boys were offered more options and became less inclined to pursue the rugged sport of boxing. From the turn of the century until the present, boxing in the United States has been fed by deprived kids looking for the opportunity to fight their way to a better life. First it was the Jewish fighters, then the Irish and Italians, and today it is prominently African-Americans and Hispanics.

However, even for the disadvantaged inner-city youth of today, there appears to be more options. Other sports, particularly basketball, have become far more popular than boxing. In the '40s and '50s, the Catholic Youth Organization hosted many amateur boxing tournaments. Today the CYO is primarily recognized as a feeder system for New York City's premier high school basketball programs. The trend is consistent in most major cities throughout the country, even boxing hotbeds like Philadelphia, Los Angeles, and Detroit. Boxing as a way out has gone out of style. For some it is basketball, for others education, and for others, tragically, the drug trade.

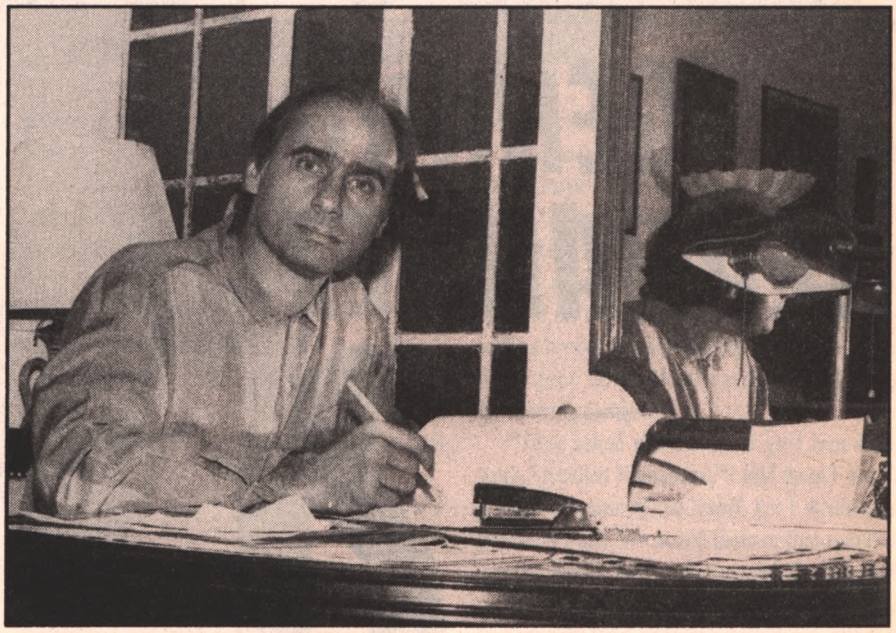
If Philadelphia is the country's last great fight town (Tex Cobb once said even the winos in Philly can hook off the jab), then it is fitting that the last great fight club resides there. Promoter Russell Peltz brings boxing to the fabled Blue Horizon on a monthly basis. While TV is blamed for the downfall of many clubs, Peltz admits he'd struggle to make a profit at the Blue without the help of the USA Network. He has one other secret: He still puts on great fights. That keeps USA interested in televising his shows and keeps his paying customers anxious to come back to the rugged section of North Philadelphia.

"I believe people still care about boxing," said Peltz. "It's nice to build up your own fighter, but you can't insult your customers. It's the promoters who usually kill off their own gate. People complain about spending $6 to go to a movie. If they spend 30 or 40 for a fight, you have to entertain them."

Some agree with Peltz' argument. It has been widely acknowledged that the downfall of boxing at Madison Square Garden was its inability to provide consistently competitive fights. (The Garden was hosting monthly boxing cards downstairs at The Paramount.) The suits who call the shots in the Garden board room didn't say the boxing program was no longer profitable, but rather that it was not as profitable as other potential events.



Above: Two-division world champion Bobby Czyz got his start at a fight club—Ice World in Totowa, New Jersey. In July 1980, Czyz, then 18, kayoed Bruce "The Mouse" Strauss in four rounds.
Below: With Madison Square Garden Boxing closing its doors, promoter Ron Scott Stevens, along with partner Cary Alex, is keeping live boxing alive in New York City.



Gene Moore, who was a matchmaker at Sunnyside Garden, argues that promotional contracts are killing boxing the way they helped kill the small clubs. Promoters invest serious money in a young prospect and, looking out for their best interest and not that of the fans, see to it that the fighter doesn't get beaten. Therefore, he is matched with inferior opposition. Not only does that impede the progress of the fighter, but it turns away the fans. It was exactly that practice that choked the already-gasping Sunnyside Garden in the '70s. The last shows at the arena

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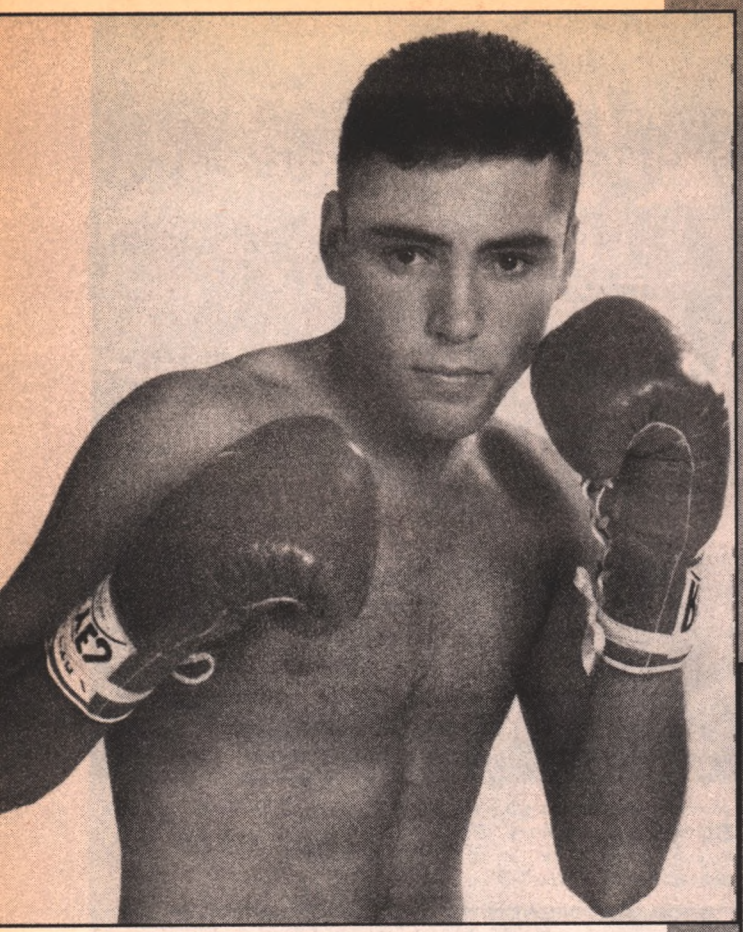
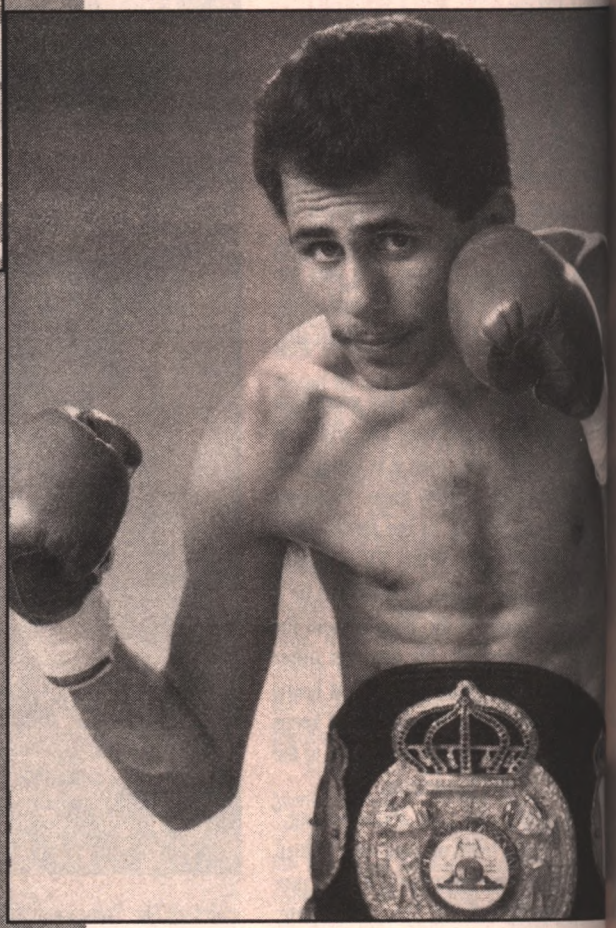


IS OSCAR DE LA HOYA DUCKING GENARO HERNANDEZ?

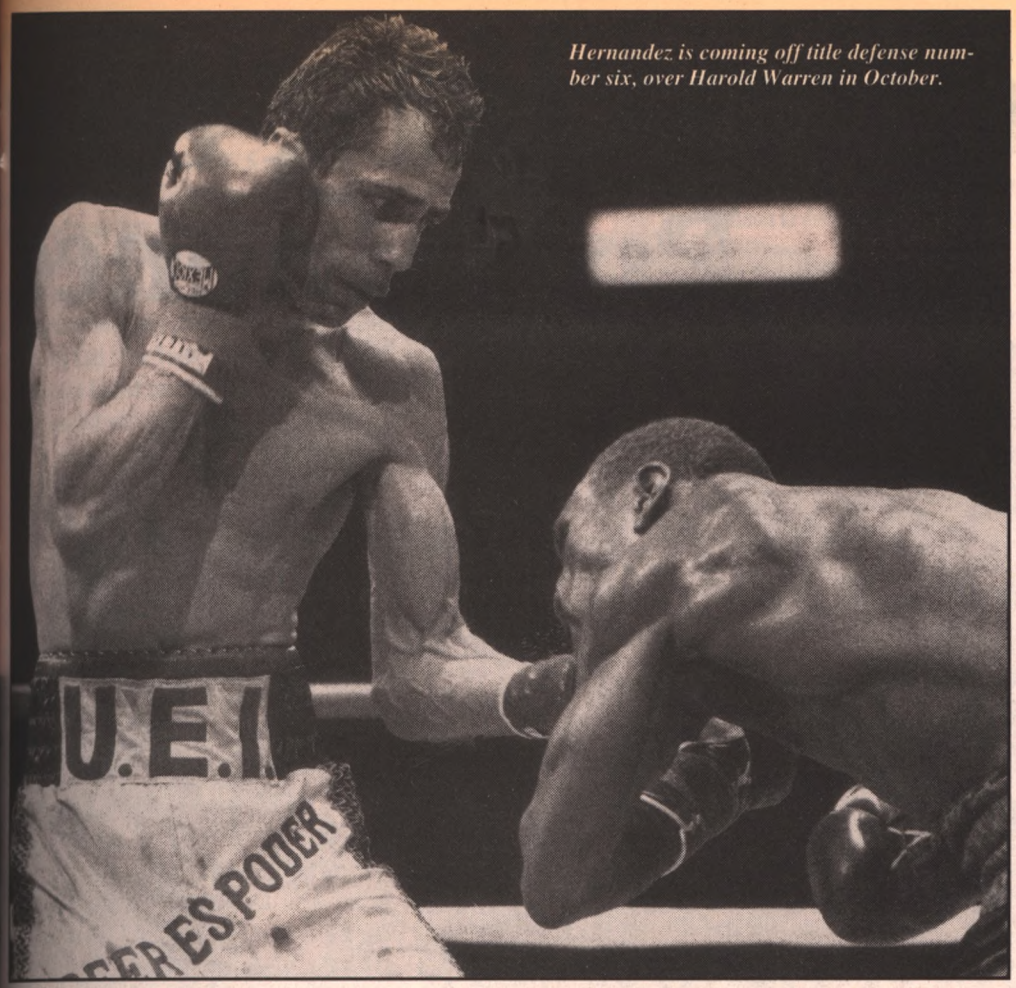


By Nigel Collins

Until now, it's been nothing but rave reviews for Oscar De La Hoya. Suddenly, some people are saying the "Golden Boy" is really just a "Plastic Weenie," a guy with a million-dollar smile and a 10-cent heart.

For months, the boxing world had been buzzing about how De La Hoya was going to fight undefeated WBA junior lightweight champion Genaro Hernandez. It was to be a gala event, the reopening of Los Angeles' legendary Olympic Auditorium, featuring a great fight between a couple of East L.A. homeboys. Then came the news that Hernandez was out and Jimmi Bredahl was in. Talk about going from steak fajita to Danish pastry. This had to be the biggest letdown since Twiggy went topless.

The reason the highly attractive match fell through depends on whom you believe. According to Hernandez' brother Rudy, who trains the 24-year-old titlist, his camp bent



Hernandez is coming off title defense number six, over Harold Warren in October.

backward to accommodate De La Hoya's camp.

"They put us through a lot of s___. They hounded us for three or four weeks, made it sound like a legitimate thing for February 5," said Rudy. "They offered us $500,000. We said, 'Okay.' They said no TV rights. We said, 'Okay.' Everything they asked for, we said, 'Okay.'

"The day after De La Hoya got dropped [by Narciso Valenzuela in the first round of an October 30 bout in Phoenix, Arizona], they said the deal was off. No explanation was given, but I think the knockdown scared them off."

De La Hoya's co-manager Bob Mittleman said Rudy Hernandez is full of salsa.

"The knockdown happened so fast, but I saw Oscar wasn't hurt so I wasn't that scared," he said. "Also, the Bredahl fight was made *before* the Valenzuela fight. I never really wanted Genaro Hernandez to begin with. The powers-that-be tried to force him upon us. Our first choice from the beginning was Azumah Nelson, but that fight couldn't be made because of Don King, so we had to go to Plan B."

Mittleman's story doesn't exactly jibe with what his partner, Steve Nelson, told THE RING a little over a month before the De La Hoya-Hernandez fight was flushed.

"After all the machinations, it's gonna be Hernandez," insisted Nelson. "We never negotiated with anyone but Hernandez. There were three factors: 1) Economics—[Nelson said the purses would be between $550,000 to $600,000 for Hernandez and $1.1-million for De La Hoya], 2) Credibility. Bredahl's a good young fighter, but he's not considered viable, 3) Marketing. A win over Hernandez will enhance Oscar's overall value."

Again, Mittleman's version varies drastically from Nelson's.

"Genaro wanted too much money," he said. "I heard they wanted $650,000, and they had promoters who had to be paid, too. Genaro is a good fighter, but he can only get on HBO by buying a ticket to the show. He's not an attraction.

"Second, my kid's a baby. It's not that I don't think he can beat Hernandez, but it's a very, very tough fight. But Bredahl is tough, too. He's a durable, gutty guy, and a southpaw. I don't care WBO, WBC, WBA—it's all the same."

Sources at Top Rank, De La Hoya's promotional arm, said the fight was scrapped "largely due to financial considerations."

Still, his options are so limited, it wouldn't make sense for Hernandez to get greedy. He hasn't made a ton of money as champion (his biggest purse to date was $150,000 for stopping Yuji Watanabe in November 1992), and he sounded understandably disappointed when the De La Hoya bout fell through. Now, instead of a high-profile showdown against boxing's hottest new superstar, Hernandez, 29-0-1 (14), is scheduled to make his seventh title defense against Mexican veteran Jorge Ramirez, January 31, at the Great Western Forum for a fraction of what he would have earned against De La Hoya. But it's not the cut in pay that aggravates him the most.

"They way I see it, they're just using my name," said Hernandez. "That's all it was from the beginning. His people never wanted him to fight me. I just wish they would go about their business and stop using my name."

Hernandez' name has been associated with De La Hoya's for a long time. It all started when De La Hoya was training for the 1992 Olympics at the Resurrection Gym in East L.A. Hernandez, already a top contender with more than 20 pro bouts to his credit, had been idle for five months while a broken knuckle healed. When he returned to the gym, De La Hoya was there and looking for sparring partners.

"They asked me if I could give him some work," recalled Hernandez. "I told them I wasn't in shape because of the layoff, but I would give him what I had. We boxed three or four rounds a day for about a week. The first few days, he had an edge. That's when all the talk started. The newspapers said he manhandled me. What a joke! As soon as I started to get in shape, he quit boxing with me."

Hernandez won the vacant WBA title with a nine-round knockout of Daniel Londas in his very next fight, and De La Hoya went on to Olympic glory. What better way to settle their old dispute than in a title fight? It's something fans, especially those from East L.A., have been

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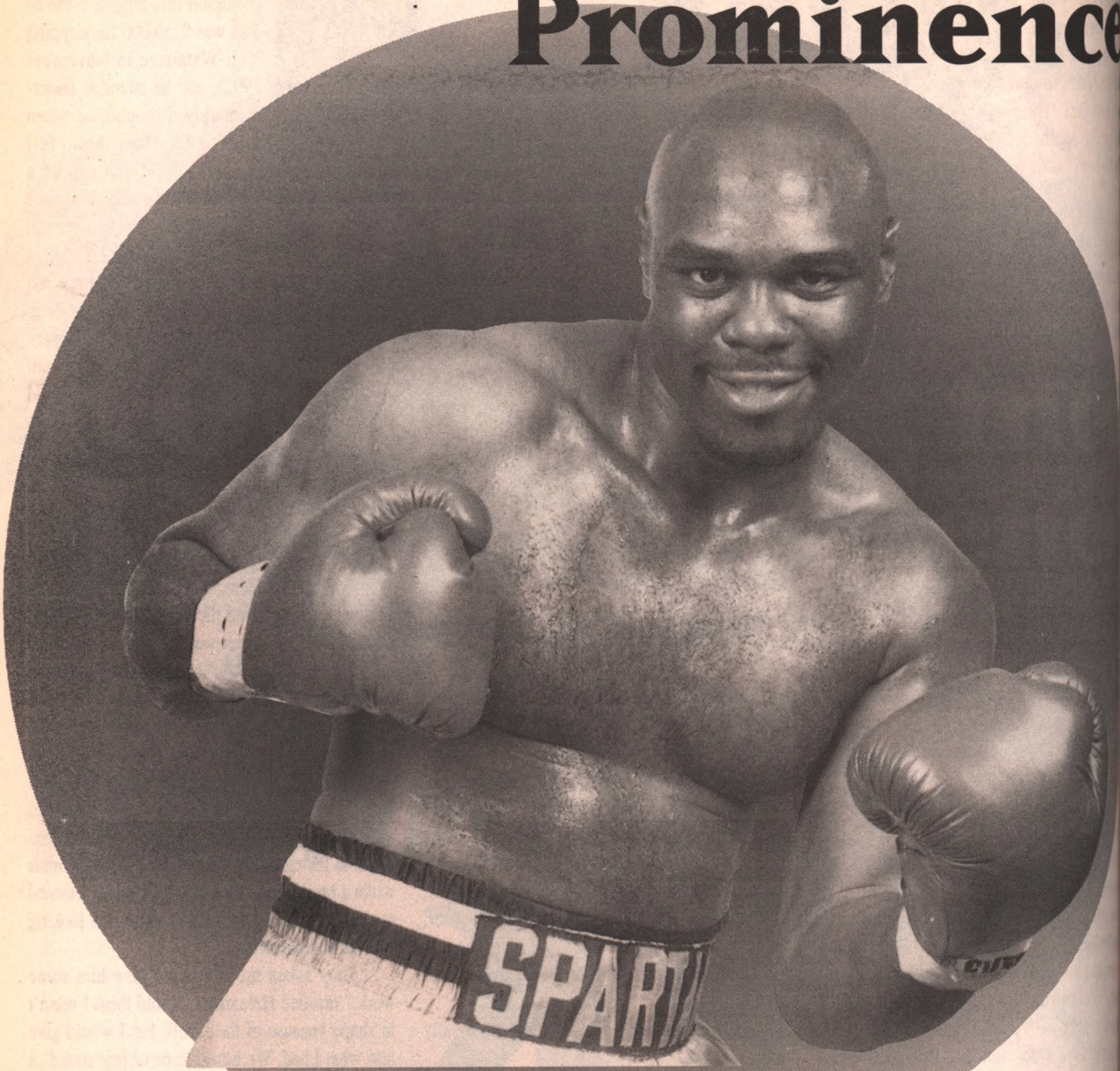
Rocketing Into Prominence



MICHAEL BENTT AND THE HEAVYWEIGHTS FROM NOWHERE

By Steve **Farhood**

Tommy Morrison glowed with confidence as he waded in. His opponent was propped against the ropes and dazed, and "The Duke" was one left hook away from a $7.5-million date with WBC heavyweight champion Lennox Lewis. There was only one problem: Michael Bentt was one right hand away from being discovered.

Bentt landed first and Morrison crashed like a stuntman in a barroom brawl on *Bonanza*. Suddenly, he was on all-fours. No big deal, right? After all, Morrison had been hurt plenty of times before; he'd even risen from the canvas to stop Carl "The Truth" Williams. But Bentt never stopped punching. There was a second knockdown, then a third, and after only 93 seconds The Duke was left sitting on the floor in a most un-John Wayne-like position.

Said Morrison, "I think I got a little bit careless." Yeah, like Custer at Little Big Horn.

Such is the nature of boxing that within moments the focus shifted to Bentt. He wasn't supposed to win, so the questions came in rapid-fire combinations: Who was this guy? Was he lucky or good? And if he was good, why had Morrison risked millions by fighting him? Had he ruined the heavyweight picture or just rearranged it? And, finally, why was he sobbing in the ring?

"If people knew my travels, they'd be crying, too," he explained.

This is all you really need to know about Bentt:

• He's 28 years old, stands 6'3", fights at about 225 pounds, and possesses a reach of 79 inches.

• He was born in London, England, to parents of Jamaican extraction, and raised in New York City.

• He won five national amateur titles, but was upset by Ray Mercer at the 1988 Olympic Trials, and again at the Box-offs.

• He won the right to represent Jamaica at the Games, then refused when told he would have to renounce his American citizenship.

• He turned pro in February 1989 under Emanuel Steward and was kayoed in the first round by Jerry Jones. Neither he nor Steward, he maintains, knew Jones was a southpaw.

• He left boxing and took a job stocking and transporting supplies in a New York City hospital.

• He returned to the ring 20 months after the loss to Jones, strung together a few wins, then moved back to the USA, where he signed with manager Stan Hoffman and trainer Eddie Mustafa Muhammad.

• Earlier this year he took a bout in a Brooklyn night club for $1,200. In July, he survived a broken right hand to outpoint Mark Wills on ESPN for $5,000. He secured the fight with Morrison when New York *Daily News* boxing writer Michael Katz suggested him as a "safe" opponent during a phone conversation with executives at HBO. For that fight he was paid $135,000.

• For his next outing, which could come against England's unbeaten Herbie Hide or amateur rival Mercer or who knows whom else, he just might make seven figures. Only a few months ago, he was living in Tampa, Florida, without a telephone because he couldn't afford one.

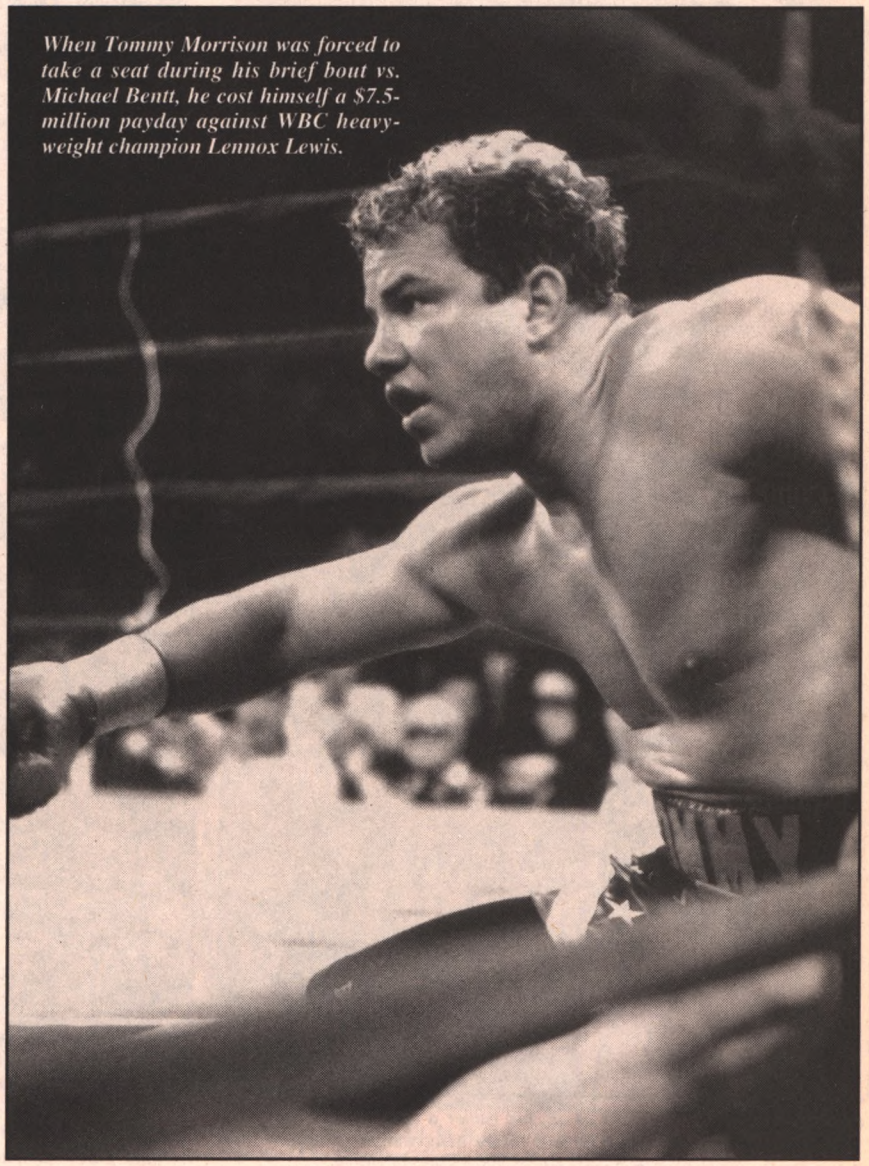
• He's 11-1 (6) and rated in everyone's top 10.

• Oh, yeah, one other thing: In 1985, his father George won $2-million in the lottery. Obviously, he doesn't believe in sharing. In fact, Michael and George haven't talked in months, and the heavyweight changed his name from Bent to Bentt to distance himself from George.

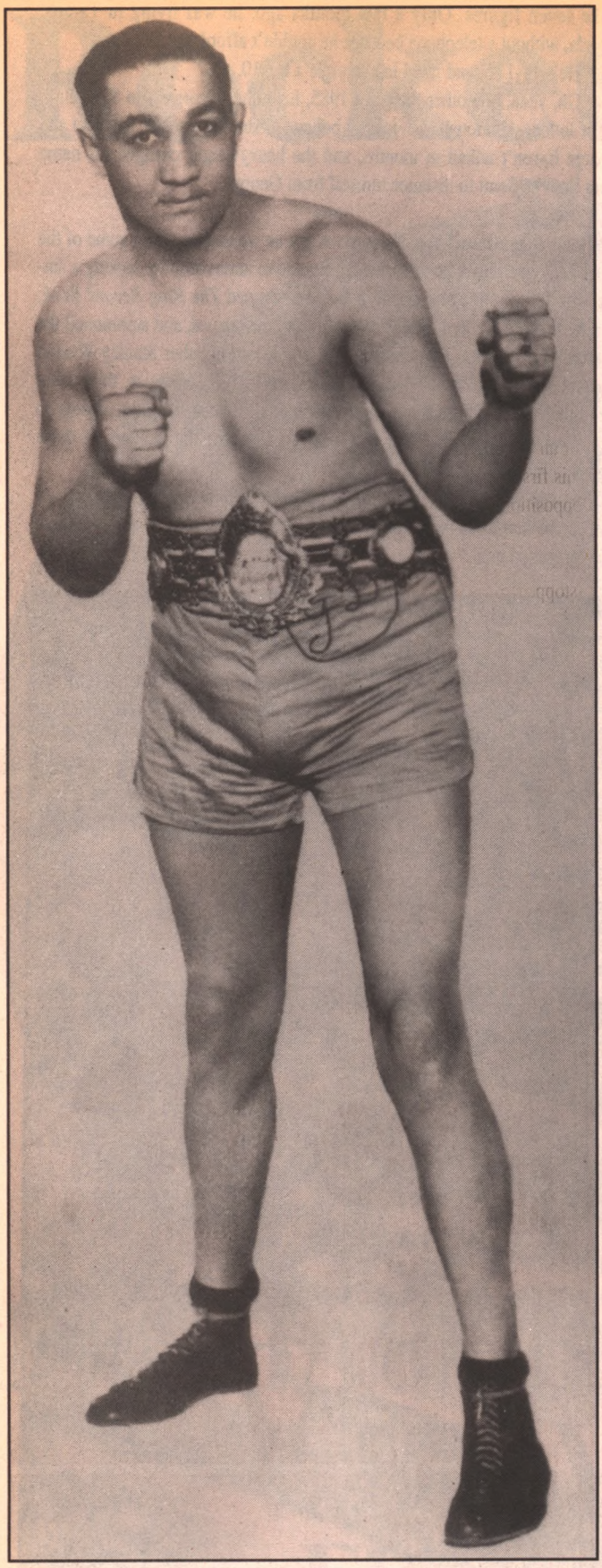
***

Bentt's here-I-am kayo of Morrison got us wondering about some of the other heavyweights who emerged from relative anonymity by scoring a single win. In an effort to compile a list, we scanned *The Ring Record Book*, checked and rechecked ratings and clips and magazines, and summoned the council of such venerable observers as *The Ring* Publisher Stanley Weston and the *San Francisco Chronicle's* Jack Fiske. To our surprise, there were few candidates. There have been, of course, dozens of major upsets in heavyweight history. But our research revealed that the winners of those fights were rarely unknowns.

We can't be sure what's going to happen to Michael Bentt, but here are the before-and-after stories of some of the Heavyweights From Nowhere who preceded him.



When Tommy Morrison was forced to take a seat during his brief bout vs. Michael Bentt, he cost himself a $7.5-million payday against WBC heavyweight champion Lennox Lewis.



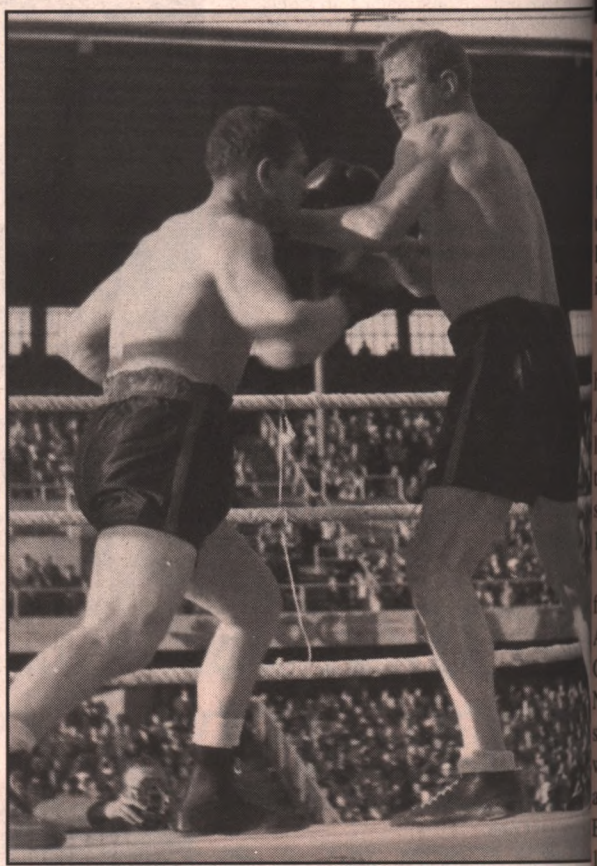
Gypsy Daniels wasn't a gypsy at all, but rather a light heavyweight from Wales who in February 1928 kayoed future heavyweight champion Max Schmeling in one round, and broke his 20-bout winning streak.

Gypsy Daniels KO 1 Max Schmeling: Daniels was a Welsh
heavyweight who learned his craft in the boxing booths of Britain. In
Nat Fleischer, publisher of THE RING, visited England and repo
"Besides possessing color, Gypsy Daniels is of a pleasing type and is
tain, just as long as he keeps away from the science and fists of
American heavyweights, to earn fistic fame abroad."

Later that year Daniels was brought to America by colorful ma
Jimmy Johnston. Daniels wasn't a gypsy at all, but his nickname
"Gippo," and Johnston wasn't about to let the facts interfere with his pu
ity campaign. He dressed his fighter in a bandanna and earrings—w
were really curtain pole rings—and introduced him to the New York p
as the oldest of 19 children and the son of a gypsy king. The British re
ed Daniels for the charade, and when he returned across the pond af
mediocre 12-month American campaign, he was virtually ignored.

On December 2, 1927, the 22-year-old Schmeling, the reig
European light heavyweight champion and the hottest fighter on
Continent, outpointed Daniels over 10 rounds in Berlin. No big deal. Bu
the return, fought in Frankfurt on February 25, 1928, and only mo
before Schmeling was to begin his tour in the U.S., Daniels scored a s
ning first-round kayo to break Schmeling's 20-bout winning streak.

Details are sketchy. One magazine article suggested Schmeling
leaned over the top rope to speak with a friend when Daniels nailed
with the kayo blow. Another story reported that only one week before
bout, Schmeling had been injured in an auto accident; he entered the
with a partially paralyzed arm in order to "save the boxing promoter a
financial loss."



*In July 1947, Swedish heavyweight champion Olle Tandberg kept his
tance and outboxed the world's second-rated contender, Joe Baksi, ove
rounds. European heavyweights have rarely fared well against American*

Tandberg's victory over Baksi was a huge upset, but his smile disappeared after he suffered losses to a pair of future world champions, Joey Maxim and Jersey Joe Walcott.

Whatever the case, Schmeling went on to win the German heavyweight title in 1928 and the world title in 1930. As for Daniels, the Gypsy continued to campaign as a light heavyweight in England, winning a Lonsdale belt before fading into obscurity.

***

Olle Tandberg W 10 Joe Baksi: European heavyweights have rarely fared well against their American counterparts, and in the '40s, there was little reason to think Tandberg would be an exception. The 6-foot Swede held the European title for six months in 1943, but won only six of his first 11 bouts.

Throughout the '40s, Pennsylvania's Baksi faced the best big-man competition available. Among the rugged beer hall bouncer's victims were Gus Dorazio, Tami Mauriello, Lee Savold, and Lou Nova. Baksi made his move toward the top with a sixth-round stoppage of future world light heavyweight champion Freddie Mills in November 1946, and a brutal, jaw-breaking knockout of British Empire heavyweight king Bruce Woodcock in April 1947. The latter victory all but assured Baksi a shot at world champion Joe Louis, and a tentative date of September 19 was set.

Rated second in the world, Baksi opted to kill time by squaring off against Tandberg on July 6 before a crowd of 30,000 at Rasunda soccer stadium in Stockholm. The American, a 3-1 favorite, was aggressive from the start, and the backpedaling Tandberg jabbed and danced away. By the middle rounds Baksi was bleeding from the nose and a cut over his right eye. His down-the-stretch rally fell short, with the Swede winning by majority decision.

Ray Arcel, Baksi's trainer, called the decision "a disgrace." Incredibly, Tandberg chose not to disagree. He was quoted as saying, "I don't believe I had won the fight. I thought I was on the defensive too much in the closing rounds."

The victory failed to propel Tandberg into title contention. Said champion Louis, "I don't know a thing about Tandberg, and I don't see how the public would pay more than 15 cents to see a championship fight in which the contender pops out of nowhere."

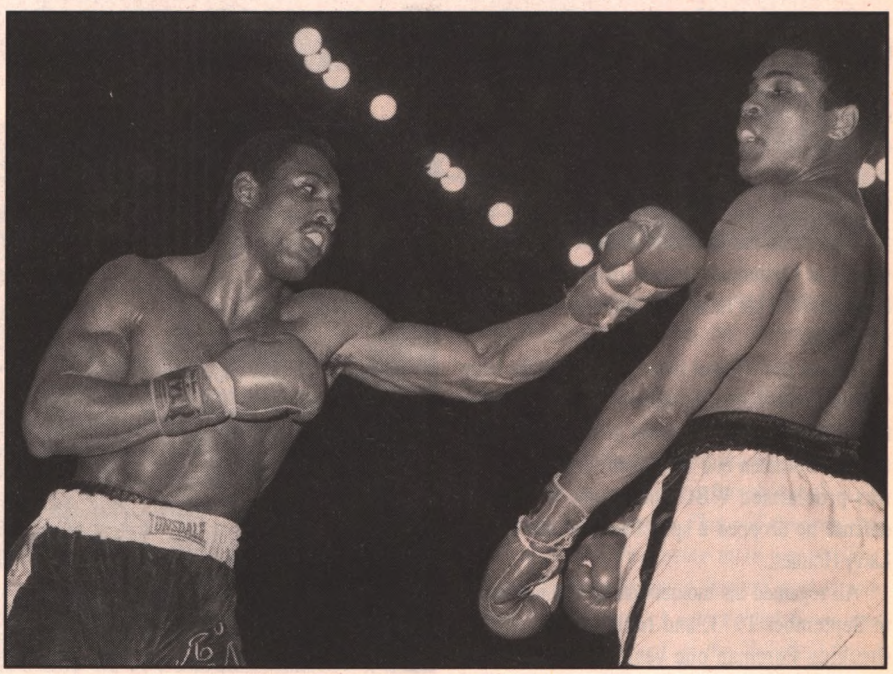
In an effort to prove himself, Tandberg came to America in 1948. He lost his first bout on points to Joey Maxim, won five in a row against modest opposition, then, in October 1949, suffered a fifth-round kayo defeat at the hands of future world champion Jersey Joe Walcott.

Baksi had one last chance to secure a try at the title but was chopped up and stopped in 11 rounds by Ezzard Charles in December 1948.

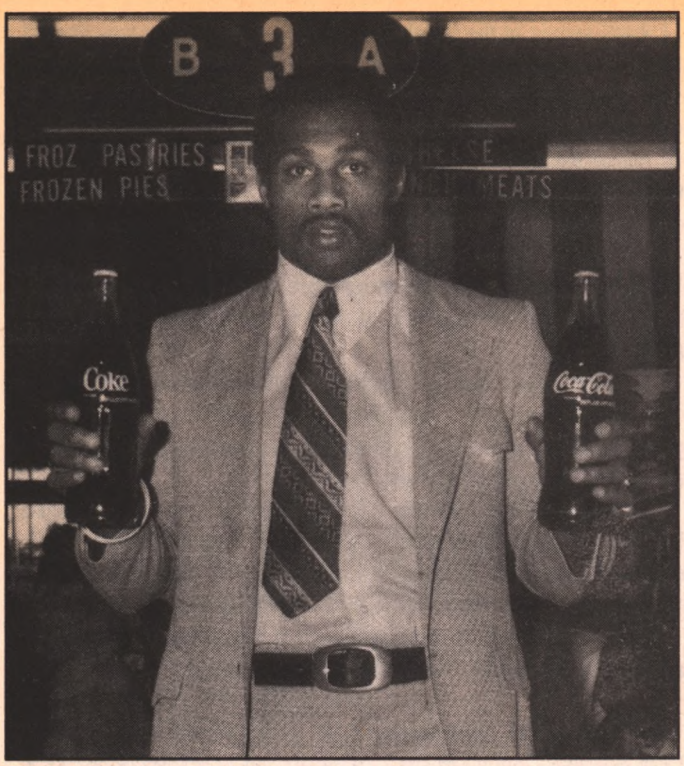
***

Ken Norton W 12 Muhammad Ali: Unlike our other Heavyweights From Nowhere, Norton was already a top-10 contender when he met Ali at the San Diego Sports Arena on March 31, 1973. (He was rated eighth.) But his credentials were limited, and only the West Coast fight fraternity had seen him work. As a result, Norton, 29-1 (23), a self-proclaimed "ham-n-egger" who regularly underwent hypnosis to boost his confidence, was a 5-1 underdog against "The Greatest." Their battle, fought for Ali's NABF title, was nationally televised.

Norton, a 29-year-old ex-Marine, was best-known as having worked as a sparring partner for Joe Frazier. He had scored victories over a handful of clubfighters like Cookie Wallace and James J. Woody, and in two bouts against fringe contenders, had beaten Henry Clark and been stopped by Jose



Ken Norton's awkward style puzzled Muhammad Ali. In March 1973, the ex-Marine scored one of the decade's biggest upsets by breaking "The Greatest's" jaw and taking a 12-round decision.



Before defeating Ali, Norton worked in relative anonymity in a Coca-Cola bottling plant. All but one of his 30 fights had been held in the West, and only Southern California fight fans knew of him.

Luis Garcia.

Ali, 31, had won 10 straight fights since losing to Joe Frazier. Two months before Norton-Ali, George Foreman had dethroned Frazier, and after beating Norton, Ali was expected to again challenge for the title.

Perfectly prepared by trainer Eddie Futch, Norton jabbed his way inside and smothered Ali from start to finish. It is believed to have been at some point in the first round that Ali was struck with a blow that broke his jaw.

"I wanted to stop it in the second round," said Angelo Dundee, the former champion's trainer, "but Ali wouldn't let me."

Ali fought courageously until the final bell. The bout was even after 11 rounds, and Norton took the 12th to capture a split decision (scores of 5-4, 7-5, and 5-6 in points).

Dr. William Lundeen described Ali's injury as "a clean break, all the way through." Immediately after the bout, the loser underwent 90 minutes of surgery at Clairemont General Hospital. He would be inactive for six months, or until his second bout vs. Norton.

Norton and Ali met twice more, with the latter winning both bouts by narrow margins. Norton failed in his first two tries at the world title (against Foreman and Ali), then, in March 1978, was proclaimed WBC champion. In his first defense he dropped a split 15-round decision to Larry Holmes.

Ali regained his momentum by edging Norton in September 1973, and regained the title by shocking Foreman one year later. The eighth defense of his second reign was a 15-round decision victory over Norton at Yankee Stadium in September 1976. Like their first and second bouts, the rubber match was even on points going into the last round. From the beginning of their memorable series until the end, there never was much separating Norton and Ali.

***

Trevor Berbick KO 10 John Tate: Through most of the '80s Canadian Berbick was a factor in the heavyweight division. Tennessee's Tate was a factor in the late-'70s—or until his unimaginable loss to Berbick.

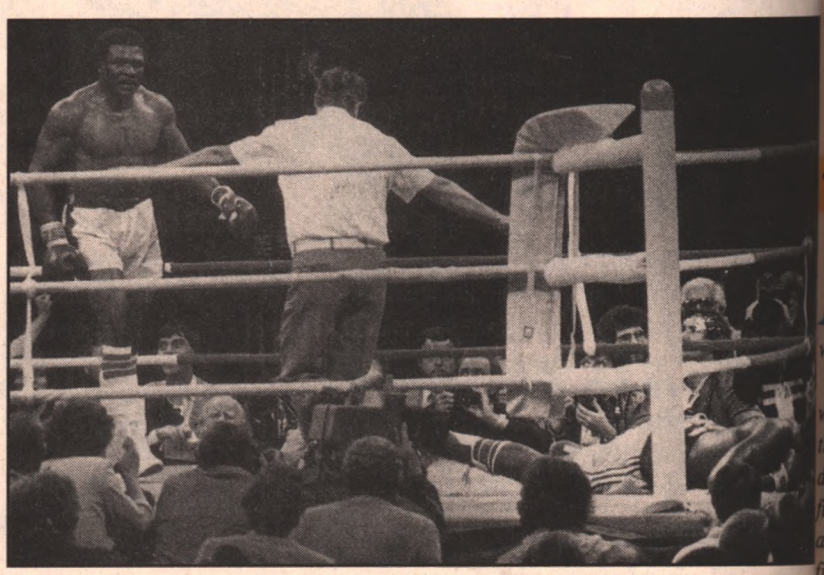
The Jamaican-born Berbick turned pro in 1976 and won his first bouts. Any hopes that he'd develop into a world champion, however, were all but shattered in April 1979, when he was annihilated in one round by hulking Colombian contender Bernardo Mercado. (A single right hand dropped Berbick for the count.) He followed that defeat by winning three four bouts. Then, on June 20, 1980, at Olympic Stadium in Montreal, obscure clubfighter, who wasn't even rated among the WBC's top heavyweights, was fed to Tate on the undercard of Roberto Duran-Sugar Ray Leonard I.

According to promoter Bob Arum, Tate, a bronze medalist at the Olympic Games, was going to supplant Larry Holmes as the "Heavyweight Of The '80s." He won his first 19 bouts and in October 1979 captured the vacant WBA title with a 15-round decision over Gerrie Coetzee. In his first defense, Big John was cruising to a points win over Mike Weaver when he was kayoed with 45 seconds remaining in the final round. Many observers dismissed the loss as a fluke. Maybe Tate wasn't the next Joe Louis, but the Berbick bout was supposed to reestablish him as at least the second-best heavyweight in the world.

Against Berbick, Tate looked as if he had never recovered from the Weaver fight. He was slow and ponderous, and his defense was amateurish. As if surprised by his good fortune, Berbick failed to fully capitalize until round nine, when he struck with a looping right. Tate collapsed face-first and lay on the canvas perfectly rigid.

"I don't think John wants to be a fighter anymore," said Arum. "And if that's the case, I think he should retire."

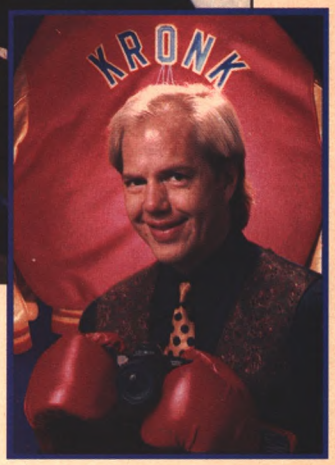
Tate, only 25, never contended again. He fought on and off until 1987 and eventually succumbed to drugs. Berbick, on the other hand, advanced to a title try against Holmes in April 1981—he lost on points—and won the WBC title in March 1986 by decisioning Pinklon Thomas. In his first defense he was dethroned by Mike Tyson.



Trevor Berbick's right hand has connected, and former heavyweight champion Big John Tate's connected in the ninth round of their battle on the undercard of Duran-Leonard I in Montreal.

POSTCARDS FROM THE KRONK

Left to right: Evander Holyfield, Emanuel Steward, and Thomas Hearns enjoy a few laughs at the Kronk. Below: Teddy Blackburn.



The More Things Change...

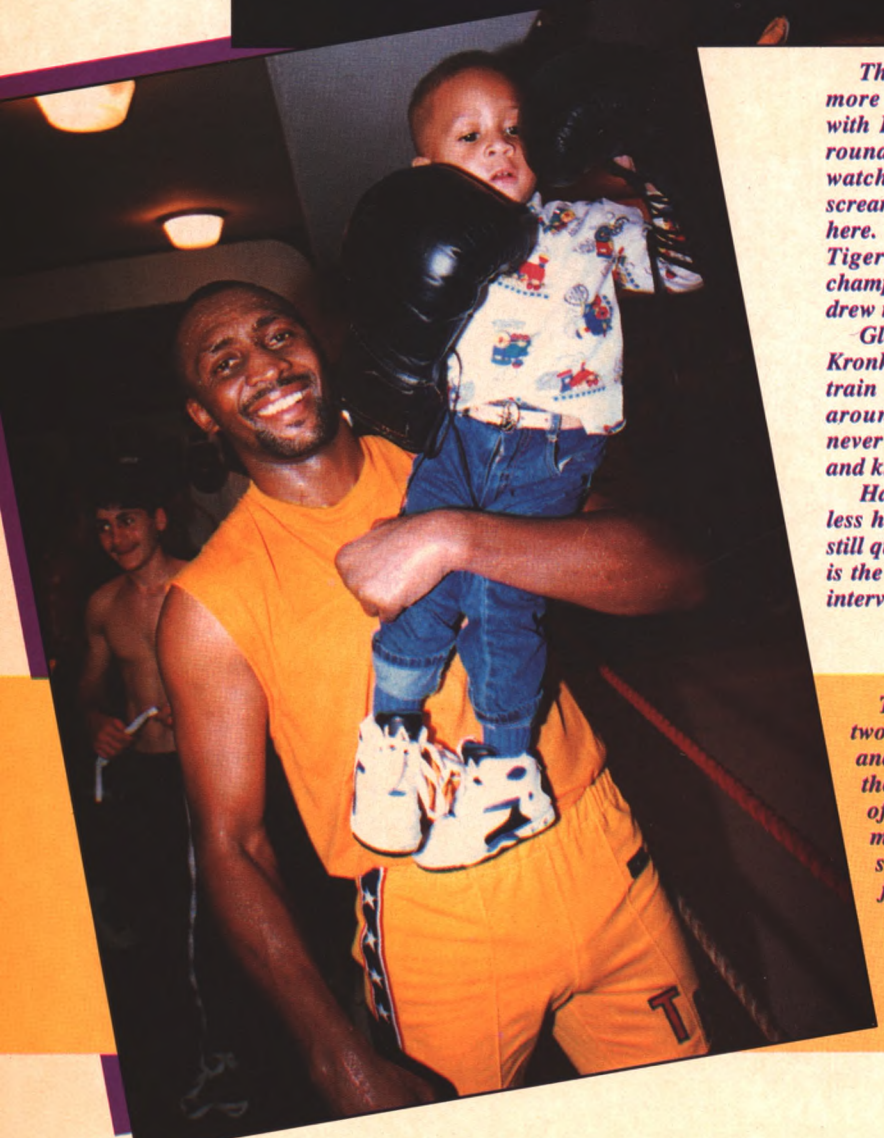
Text & Photos By Teddy Blackburn

I grew up in Ann Arbor, Michigan, in the shadow of the University of Michigan. While most of my neighbors were agonizing over the exploits of the U of M hoops and football teams, my older brother, Doug, and I were making the 30-minute drive to the west side of Detroit.

I was 17 when I first walked through the doors of the Kronk gym—Doug was writing boxing for some of the local newspapers. I immediately sensed the intensity, the competitiveness, and especially the heat; it was 110 degrees in the wintertime. I was inspired enough to become an amateur fighter, and soon enough I was training at the Kronk and driving in at 6 a.m. to do roadwork with Tommy Hearns. I became friendly with all the fighters, future champions like Hearns, Hilmer Kenty, Lindell Holmes, Milton McCrory, Jimmy Paul, and Duane Thomas, and contenders like Mickey Goodwin, Caveman Lee, Danny Paul, and Hurley Snead. Emanuel Steward turned the Kronk into a fighter factory and the most famous gym in the world. I wasn't one of its more successful models, but I'll never forget my years there.

I eventually moved to Detroit and, in 1980, relocated on the East Coast. Now I live in New York City and work as a photographer and writer. In October I returned to Detroit and visited the Kronk for the first time in 10 years. There was a bit of fresh paint on the walls and a few photos of recent world champions. Otherwise nothing had changed. That old dungeon was still hot, dirty, and packed full of people. Just being there was exciting enough for me, but it was also the first day Emanuel Steward worked with Evander Holyfield for "The Real Deal's" rematch with Riddick Bowe, and Thomas Hearns, who kayoed Andrew Maynard on the Holyfield-Bowe undercard, was making his Kronk return. When Steward saw me he said, "I'm glad you came back as a photographer and not a fighter."

Here, then, are my postcards from the Kronk.



This day was not only my return to the Kronk, but j more significantly Tommy's return, too—he had s with Emanuel about three years before. He sparred rounds, and everyone stopped what they were doing watch. Steve McCrory and Philippa Martin were e screaming encouragement. Hearns will always be spec here. He was a world titlist in the early-'80s, before Tigers won the World Series and the Pistons beca champions. He was mobbed everywhere he went, and drew more people to the Olympia than the Red Wings.

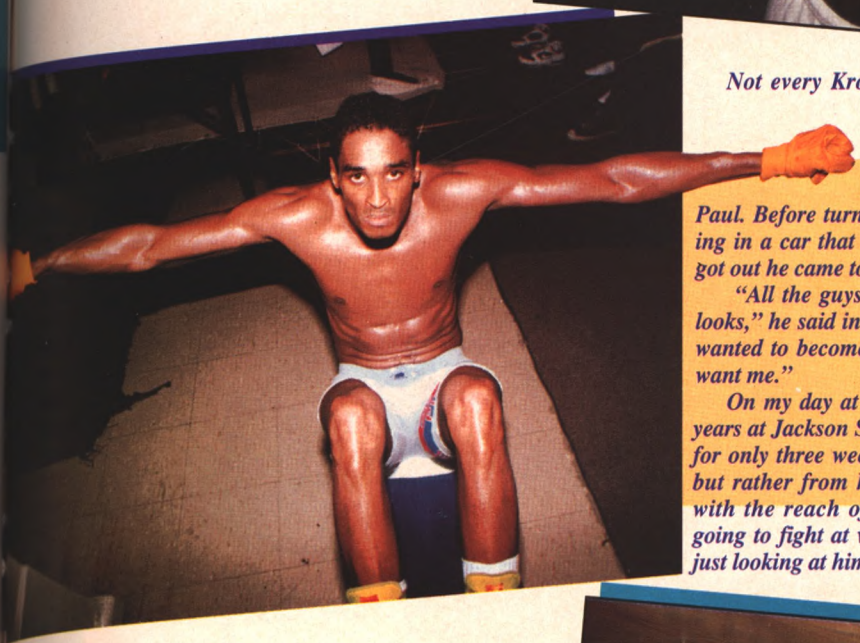
Gloving Tommy up is Walter Smith, who's been at Kronk since Emanuel opened the doors. Walter used train with Joe Louis. Of all the people who have be around Tommy, Walter has been the most loyal. T never get a word out of him, but he's quick with a sm and knows more about boxing than anyone.

Has Tommy changed in 10 years? He has a little less hair. Then again, so do I. He also smiles more. H still quiet, but he'll talk if he knows you. What bothers is the writers who say his speech is slurred. Listen to interviews from 10 years ago and he sounds no differen

Tommy kept looking at his son, Tommy Jr., who t two in November. The kid sure put a smile on his and that smile kept getting wider. When I first ca the Kronk, almost all the fighters were single. Now of them are married and have children. Tommy's months older than me and seeing him beam over hi somehow made me feel both older and younger. just glad he was there because it wouldn't have the Kronk without him. When Emanuel got back Italy, where Leeonzer Barber had fought, he c me at two in the morning and told me Tommy w be working out that Monday. I made my reserva as soon as I got off the phone with him.

I cannot tell a lie: I took this photo of light heavyweight Booker Word at the Galaxy Gym, not the Kronk. I asked Booker if he remembered my face. He laughed and said yeah, with his right hand.

I had fought Booker in a 165-pound amateur bout in Ann Arbor in 1984. I think I got him angry in the first round because in the second he landed one punch and the referee had to pick me up. I drove back to Detroit with a quart of beer between my legs and didn't remember a thing. The next day my cornermen told me it had been an overhand right. I told myself it had been my last fight, and I kept my word. Looking at this photo, I can't believe I got in the same ring with Booker. That was his last amateur fight, too, and I've been pulling for him ever since.



Not every Kronk story is a happy one. Former lightweight contender Alvin Hayes grew up in Detroit, but he wasn't originally a Kronk fighter. In fact, his biggest fight was a 1984 kayo loss to the Kronk's Jimmy Paul. Before turning pro, Hayes served 18 months for riding in a car that contained a concealed weapon. When he got out he came to the Kronk.

"All the guys down here just kind of gave me strange looks," he said in 1983. "I wanted to become their friend. I wanted to become a part of them. But they didn't seem to want me."

On my day at the Kronk, Alvin had just finished seven years at Jackson State Prison for burglary. He had been out for only three weeks. I didn't recognize him from his face, but rather from his build—at 6'3", he was a lightweight with the reach of a tall heavyweight. Now he says he's going to fight at welterweight. The people at the gym were just looking at him and kind of keeping away.

World champions from the outside have always come to work at the Kronk; for example, Sugar Ray Leonard trained here for a couple of days before fighting Don Lalonde. Emanuel is training Evander now, and this was Evander's first day of sparring. Everyone watched when he worked, but it wasn't the same as with Tommy. It's still Tommy's gym; and Evander is an import. There was a lot of mutual respect in the room, though. Tommy came over and asked Evander to autograph a few 8 x 10 photos.

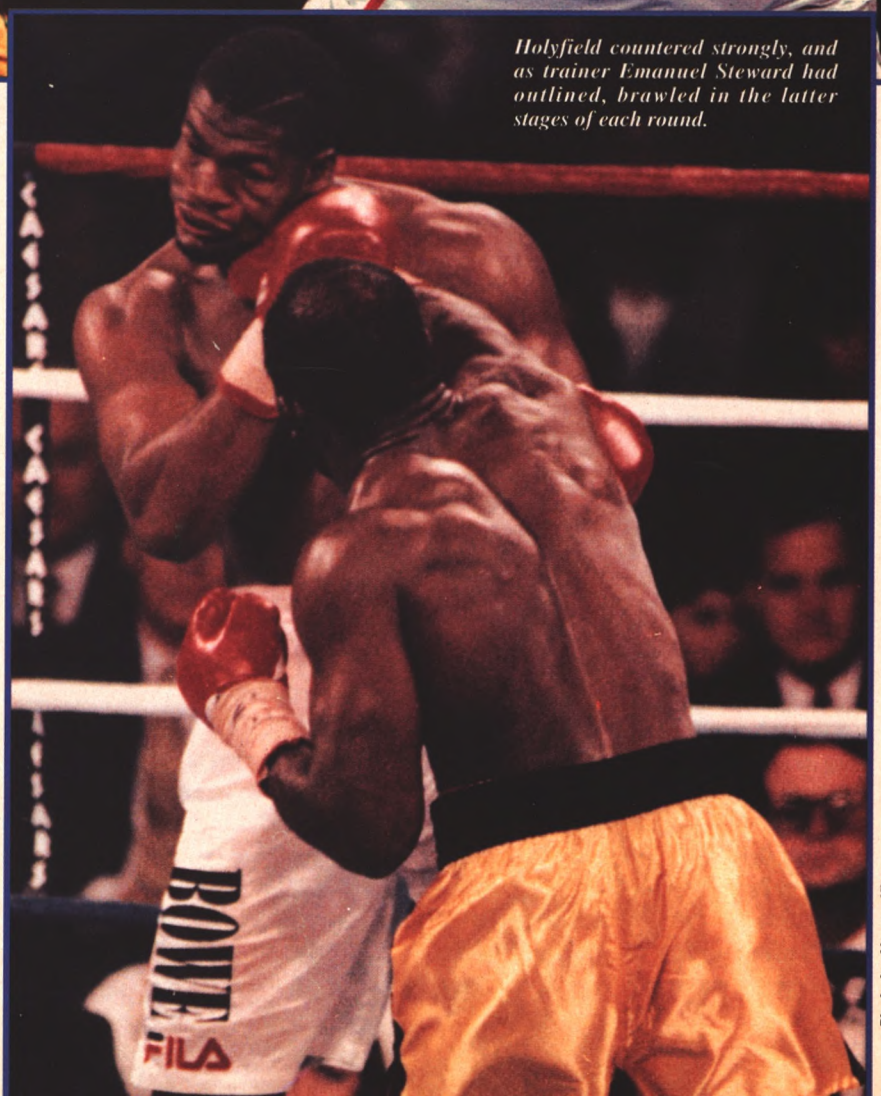
As you can see, Emanuel gets right in the ring with his fighters. This is pretty amazing because he also manages them, tapes their hands, cooks for them, helps them financially, educates them, and acts as a father figure. Emanuel and Tommy are equally responsible for making the Kronk. Having Tommy come back brings it full circle.

Evander Holyfield's Formula For Victory

Photos by Tom Casino

OBSESSION + GUTS = FULFILLMENT

Bowe's right hand was again a factor, especially in the first and last rounds. But this time Holyfield absorbed his opponent's punches without relinquishing momentum.



Holyfield countered strongly, and as trainer Emanuel Steward had outlined, brawled in the latter stages of each round.

Photo by Nasser Khan

By Steve Farhood

Emanuel Steward was in Mexico City when he received a phone call from a most unlikely source: Hammer. The rap artist/thoroughbred owner/fight manager wanted to know if Steward would be interested in training Evander Holyfield. As far as Steward knew, Holyfield had retired after his title fight loss to Riddick Bowe. Steward said he'd like to talk about it, but the boss of the Kronk gym logs more air time than most flight attendants, and after Mexico he was on his way to a card in China.

Hammer said they'd wait.

When Steward came back, he wanted to talk with Holyfield face to face. He flew from Detroit to Atlanta and visited the former heavyweight champion, whom he knew from Holyfield's amateur days. In fact, Holyfield had qualified for the 1984 Olympic team by upsetting Steward's fighter, Ricky Womack.

The trainer and fighter chatted in the basement of Holyfield's home, where several photos of Bowe-Holyfield were hanging on the walls as reminders. Holyfield told Steward he had retired out of frustration. He hadn't properly prepared for Bowe, mentally or physically. He hadn't

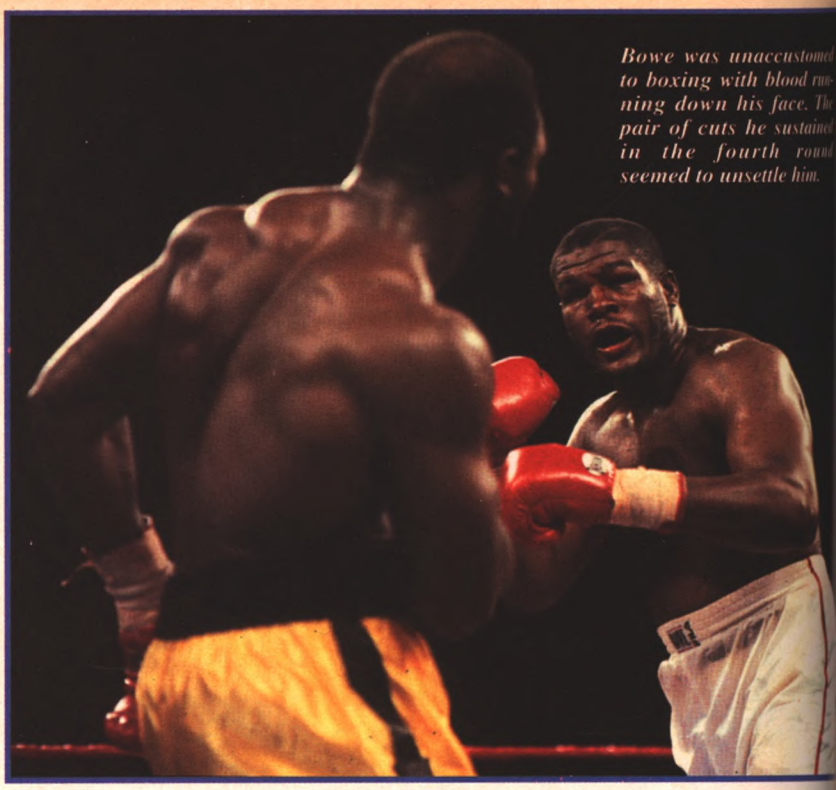
sparred enough, and he had foolishly tried for a knockout not so much to please the press, but to shut them up. He wasn't resentful of Lou Duva and George Benton, who had taken him a long way. But if he was going to fight again, it was time for a change. Why not Steward, whom he respected more than any other trainer in the game.

"He was willing to learn a new style," said Steward.

When Holyfield said, "I'm not interested in the heavyweight championship, I just want to beat Riddick Bowe," Steward thought he had a winner. When Holyfield added, "I *know* I can beat him," he was sure.

***

Holyfield described his training camp for the Bowe rematch as the most enjoyable of his career. Team Holyfield, which included Steward, assistant trainer Luther Burgess, strength coach Lee Haney, and conditioner Tim Hallmark, worked in harmony, and whether in Detroit, Atlanta, Houston, or Las Vegas, they put on jackets and ties and went to services on Sunday. Steward made sure he was the one who taped Holyfield's hands—the trainer has his own method. And where Lou Duva would take Holyfield to pasta places, Steward cooked the foods the heavyweight loved—grits and eggs over easy for breakfast, and baked chicken and candied yams and grits and collard greens for dinner.



Bowe was unaccustomed to boxing with blood running down his face. The pair of cuts he sustained in the fourth round seemed to unsettle him.

"It's funny," said Steward. "The bigg eaters I've ever had were Mark Breland and Benavides, and they weren't heavyweig

"AND ONCE AGAIN HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD . . ."

Some say the first fight was better. Others argue in favor of the rematch. Whatever your side, Evander Holyfield and Riddick Bowe have built special rivalry. There's likely to be a third matchup, and why shouldn't it be another classic? Suddenly, Mike Tyson's shadow doesn't seem quite long.

Like the original, Holyfield-Bowe II, fought before an outdoor crowd of 14,347 at Caesars Palace, was a battle of shifting momentum. Bowe, 24 Fort Washington, Maryland, opened with a free-swinging attack, as if suggesting the rematch would be an extension of their previous 12-rounder. He struck with an overhand right, then a right uppercut-left hook combo, and Holyfield, 217, Atlanta, Georgia, stepped back. As was his plan, he would brawl only when he wanted to.

Bowe, 34-1 (29), introduced his dominant jab in the second and third and carried both rounds. Was he to win as he pleased? The answer came lat in the fourth. Holyfield, 30-1 (22), connected with a pair of counter rights, then rumbled 10 seconds past the bell. Bowe returned to his corner wit cuts on his left eyelid and eyebrow. Unsettled by the wounds, he was ineffective in the fifth. Holyfield capitalized, scoring again and again with righ hands. Bowe seemed dazed, and for the first time in 17 rounds it appeared his smaller opponent had the power to hurt him.

Holyfield took the sixth, but Bowe rebounded in the seventh, again discouraging Holyfield's aggressiveness by pumping his jab. Then, 70 second into the round, the action was interrupted by an unscheduled visitor who fell from the sky. *(See sidebar on page 42.)* Twenty-one minutes later referee Mills Lane again waved the fighters together. Initially, at least, Holyfield benefited from the delay. He attacked with fervor, while Bowe still seemed cold.

Holyfield outpunched Bowe in the eighth, battling evenly on the inside and smacking the champion with a crisp right uppercut. Bowe came back in the ninth, reaching Holyfield with a left-right, counters to the body, and a combination after the bell. When Holyfield won the furious 10th by backing up Bowe with a late-round assault, ringsiders didn't need to see the judges' cards to know the winner had not yet been decided. "The Real Deal" stole the 11th with yet another late 30-second rush, but wilted in the 12th, during which Bowe simply overpowered him. The fighters kept firing after the final bell, and in pulling his charge to the corner, Emanuel Steward tackled Holyfield to the canvas.

Both fighter and trainer arose in time to hear ring announcer Michael Buffer read the scores. Chuck Giampa saw the fight 114-114, but was outvoted by Patricia Jarman and Jerry Roth, who had Holyfield ahead by 115-114 and 115-113, respectively. (All three judges are from Las Vegas.) The RING scored 114-114, but, like most observers, found the outcome acceptable.

"I was wrong about you; I'm sorry," Bowe said to Holyfield.

Hopefully not too sorry. After all, there's a rubber match still to be fought.

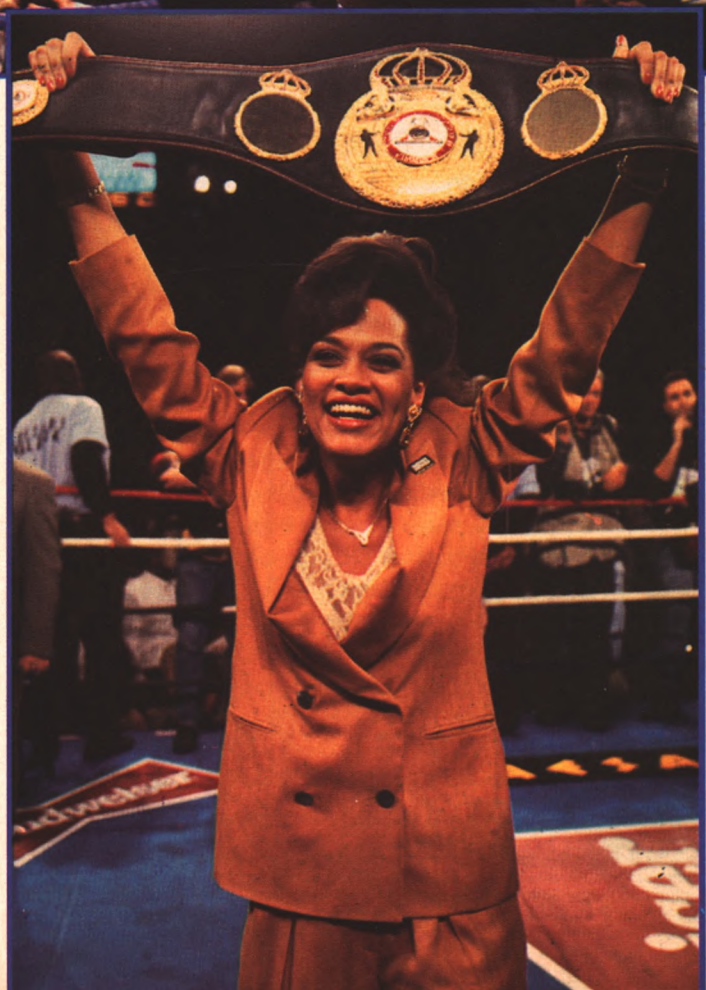
In more than one round referee Lane needed to intervene as the heavyweights traded after the bell.

Evander is a heavyweight and he's the *smallest* eater I've ever worked with, and one of the pickiest. He weighed 217 [Holyfield scaled 205 for the first Bowe fight] not because he bulked up, but because he ate his way up."

Strategically, there were no major changes, only modifications. In June, seven months after his loss to Bowe, Holyfield took a tuneup against Alex Stewart, whom he had previously stopped. In the first round he staggered his opponent and opened a cut over the New Yorker's left eye. But for the next 11 rounds Holyfield boxed not to lose. He won comfortably on points, but seemed slow, tentative, even bored.

"I realized that to go in and fight an all-out war ... I can't go toe to toe," said Holyfield. "I fought a fight that will lead to the heavyweight championship of the world."

No one listened. *This was the fighter who was going to defeat Bowe and regain the title?* The press was brutal. Rock Newman, Bowe's manager, expressed concern for Holyfield's health and called for his immediate retirement. The Las Vegas sports books made "The Real



Nancy Baron had reason to celebrate after learning that her boyfriend was once again the heavyweight champion of the world.

Deal" a 6-1 underdog in a rematch with the younger, bigger, stronger champion. If you believed everything you heard and read, you would've made Holyfield pick-'em against *Doughboy Tomashek*.

Funny, but the uninspiring victory over Stewart didn't concern Steward ("I felt very good about the fight. He boxed and controlled himself; his mind was on not getting hit a lot"). Nor did it worry Holyfield. That's because Alex Stewart meant nothing. It was Bowe, Bowe, Bowe. *Everything* was Bowe.

Bowe had become an obsession.

"I didn't want to sit on a stool all my life and say I'm better than Bowe when all I had to do was fight him again," Holyfield said.

Meanwhile, trainer and fighter kept working. Steward believed Holyfield boxed with too much weight on his lead (or left) foot, so they worked on stance. Bowe had dominated the power exchanges, so they worked on moving further inside, where "Big Daddy's" longer arms would turn into a disadvantage. Holyfield wanted to trade only on his terms, so they worked on keeping a distance over the first part of a round, when Bowe was particularly dangerous, and then punching in furious flurries. It's called stealing rounds.

"You show Evander something once," said Steward, "and he takes it home, works on it himself, and masters it."

While Steward and Holyfield were constructing the perfect plan, Bowe was reducing from 285 pounds. If the champion was going to win because he hit harder or took a better punch, so be it. But the intangibles were in Holyfield's favor. Of that he could be sure.

***

In the days before the fight, the focus was on Bowe's weight—he scaled 246, 11 pounds more than he had in winning the title. As a result, the odds dropped to a more reasonable 5-2. Still, of 48 writers polled on-site picked Bowe to win. Considering the competitiveness of the first fight, it was a remarkable percentage.

In the rematch, there was no for-the-ages 10th round, and no telling 11th, when in the first fight Bowe hammered Holyfield to the canvas. Instead the rivals gave us the chaotic fourth, which saw the fighters brawl after the bell and Bowe emerge with a cut over his left eye, and the bizarre seventh, which, unfortunately, overshadowed the fight. The most significant round, however, may have been the seemingly mundane first, which Bowe swept on the cards. The champion jetted from his corner at the bell and made a statement by landing his first right hand. Seconds

(Continued on page 9

"I WAS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD, SO . . ."

Dropping in on anyone uninvited is a severe slap at etiquette, but when it's done during a world heavyweight title fight ...

Such was the disruptive and potentially dangerous scenario at Caesars Palace, where a paraglider became a fly-by-night nuisance to stall Evander Holyfield's coronation by 21 minutes. For the fans in attendance, it was an intermission they are not likely to forget. More importantly, a full-scale riot was averted when 30 security guards rushed to the area behind Bowe's corner where James Miller, a publicity freak from Las Vegas who calls himself "Fan Man," made his less-than-smooth landing.

At the end of his descent Miller's parachute became entangled in the row of canopy ring lights. He dropped onto the ropes—Holyfield and Bowe were trading punches on the other side of the ring—and then three rows into the crowd. Startled spectators, including members of Bowe's security team, rushed at him and began hitting him with walkie-talkies, purses, programs, plastic beer cups, and, of course, fists. There was no need for ring announcer Michael Buffer's cue of "Let's get ready to rumble."

As the scene exploded only a few feet from Revs. Jesse Jackson, Louis Farrakhan, and Al Sharpton, who were guests of Rock Newman, Bowe's manager feared an assassination attempt.

"My first reaction was Louis Farrakhan was here and somebody was out to get him," said Newman. "It was disbelief. I really thought it was an assassination attempt ... a terrorist. If it had been Farrakhan the paraglider was after, the city of Las Vegas would have been in for a very violent night."

Breaking out of a clinch, Holyfield was the first of the fighters to spot Miller. He took two steps back and started to run from his opponent.

"It was scary," he said. "I wanted to get away. I didn't want Bowe to have a chance to hit me. I didn't know what was happening or what this guy had in mind. It made me think about the girl in tennis [Monica Seles, who was stabbed by a spectator in Germany earlier this year]."

When Miller landed near Bowe's wife Judy, who was three months pregnant, she passed out and was escorted to her hotel room by Jackson.

"I was thinking about leaving," said Bowe, "but I decided not to because I didn't want people to say Riddick Bowe quit. No way, because Bowe doesn't quit.

"All of a sudden Evander started running, and that's not his style. I didn't know what he was doing. Then I saw some sparks and this guy on the ropes ... "

Despite the beating he absorbed, Miller suffered only scratches and bruises. He was taken to University Medical Center, released, and then arrested. Police charged him with reckless flying and released him on $200 bail.

Clark County District Attorney Rex Bell is pressing to charge the 30-year-old Miller with a gross misdemeanor, which could result in a year in jail and a $2,500 fine. Promoter Dan Duva suggested a stronger charge. The last thing he, or anyone else in boxing, wants is a Fan Man copycat.

—Jack Welsh

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2) Two times
3) Three times
4) Ray Leonard never defeated Roberto Duran

In which branch of the military did Joe Louis serve?
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2) Navy
3) Marines
4) Air Force

True or False: Pernell Whitaker's hometown is Bricktown, New Jersey?
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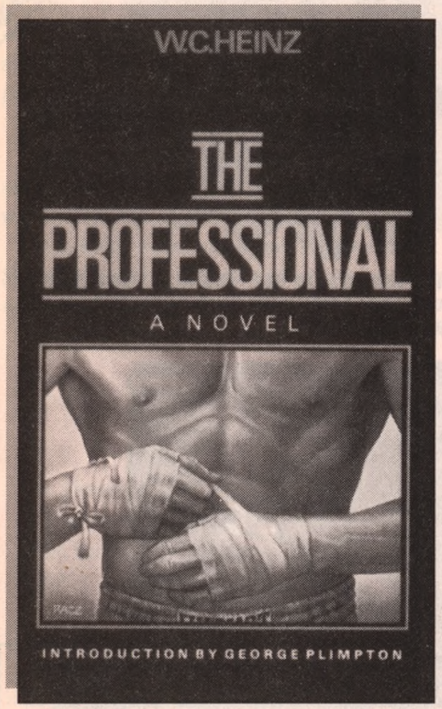
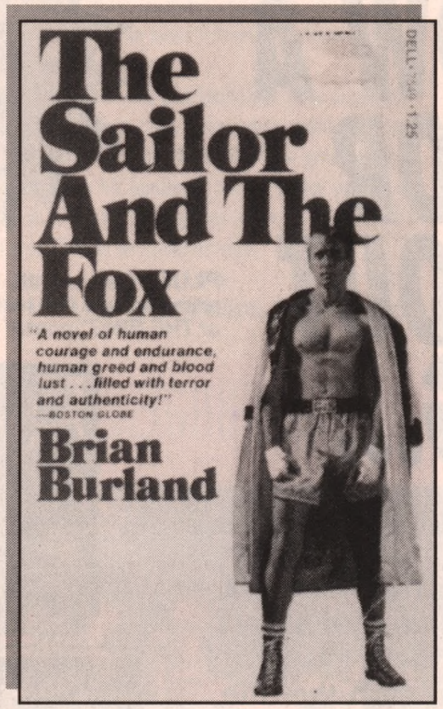
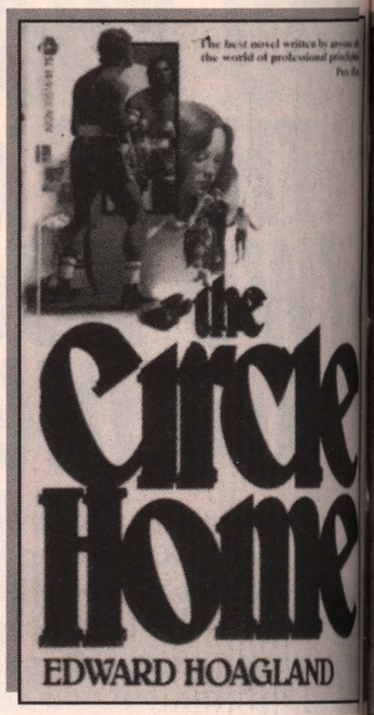
THE 10 GREATEST BOXING NOVELS OF ALL-TIME







By Pete Ehrmann

Call it the loneliness of the long-distance fight fan: Where you live, there hasn't been any live ring action since Young Stribling and his chauffeur brought their traveling road show through town 65 years ago.

You get THE RING every month, but once that's devoured in a few hungry gulps there's another interminable month yawning in your face.

Cable-TV? Nowadays the only fights they ever show involve fat free agents in baseball uniforms.

Brother, you need a quick fix. So head to the nearest library or bookstore, because some of the best fights you'd ever want to witness are going on between the covers of some of the finest novels ever written.

A complete list of every work of fiction ever written with a boxing theme would eliminate everything else in this issue. And because of the nature of boxing and the nature of writers, some of the worst novels ever committed to paper are about the ring, also. So, in the interest of brevity, here is a ranking of the top-10 boxing novels ever written, with a thumbnail review of each.

When you're done, you may think me the literary equivalent of the judges who gave Julio Cesar Chavez a draw against Pernell Whitaker, but you may find that some of the books here are worth more than a ticket to a heavyweight championship fight.

1. *The Professional,* by W.C. Heinz. Published in 1958. This book is literature, with more truth about boxing and people and life itself than anything on television or in a sociology class. The novel's setting is the training camp of Eddie Brown as he prepares for a shot at the middleweight title. Eddie's manager is Doc Carroll, a slightly fictionalized version of Jack Hurley. Frank Hughes, the magazine writer in camp, is Heinz himself.

"How come you like boxing so much?" Brown wonders of Hughes. The answer is as good as any I've ever heard:

"Because I find so much in it. The basic law of man. The truth of life. It's a fight, man against man, and if you're going to defeat another man defeat him completely. Don't starve him to death like they try to do in the fine, clean competition world of commerce. Leave him lying there senseless, on the floor.

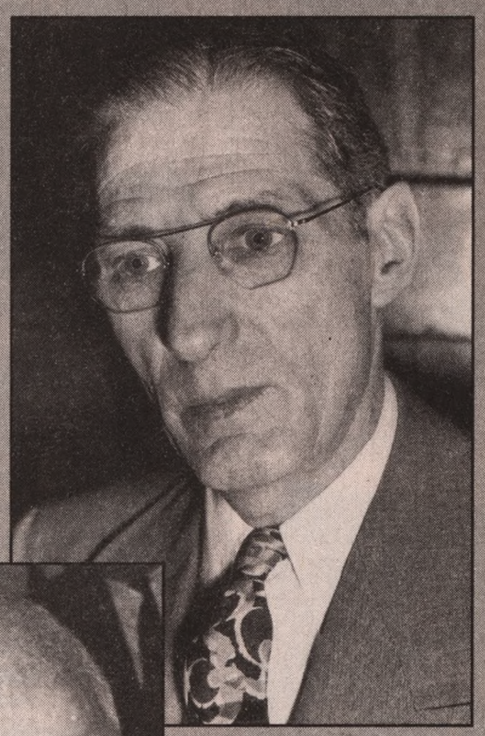
"Look, I'm not supporting this. I'm not saying it's good. I'm just saying it's there. It's men, all men. I'm against violence. I hate arguments. I believe in a world where everything will be done through reason and with honesty and where force will be nothing. Centuries from now we may have this, but as of now there is still the remnant of the animal in man, and the law of it is still the law of the jungle—the survival of the fittest. As long as that's true, I find man revealing himself more completely in fighting than in any other form of expressive endeavor. It's the same all over again, and they license it and sell tickets to it and people go to see it because, even without realizing it, they see this truth in it."

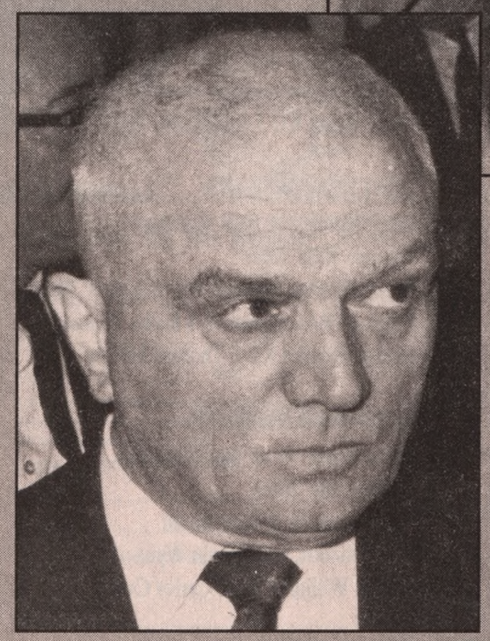
This is the complete story of a fighter fighting, of what's happened to the fight game, and of the unfairness, deceit, drama, and pettiness of boxing and of life. It will also teach you the correct way to wrap a fighter's hands.

2. *The Harder They Fall,* by Budd Schulberg. Published in 1948. The movie with Humphrey Bogart? Forget it. It was a horrible caricature of this superb documentary novel about Toro Molina, *The Giant Of The Andes,* who is the fictional twin of Humpty Dumpty. Molina is a weak-minded circus strongman from Argentina suckered first by a small-time promoter from his homeland and then by the big-time American mob. He's paraded across the USA in a series of fixed fights, while Eddie Lewis, a literary palooka, hires out to help foist the fraud on the eager public.

"There wasn't a day when I didn't have a qualm or two for what I was doing," admits Lewis. "At the same time I had to admit that on the bottom level I was getting a real kick out of putting this big oaf across as the world's most dangerous heavyweight."

(Continued on page 62)





On several occasions, characters in boxing novels have been based on real-life figures. Cus D'Amato (below) was the model for trainer Gus Caputo in Pete Hamill's "Flesh And Blood." Jack Hurley (right) was the inspiration for manager Doc Carroll in W.C. Heinz' "The Professional."

Summary

HEAVYWEIGHTS
Evander Holyfield W 12 Riddick Bowe
(Regains WBA/IBF Titles)
Michael Bentt KO 1 Tommy Morrison
Ray Mercer W 10 Jesse Ferguson
Jorge Luis Gonzalez KO 10 Renaldo Snipes
Mike Hunter W 10 Cecil Coffee
Frans Botha KO 7 Craig Payne
Lionel Butler KO 1 Poncho Carter
Herbie Hide KO 9 Mike Dixon
Corrie Sanders KO 1 Levi Billups
Jeremy Williams KO 7 Nathaniel Fitch
Henry Akinwande W 10 Frankie Swindell
Larry Donald KO 1 Kimmuel Odum
Bobby Crabtree KO 2 Andre Smiley
Samson Po'uha KO 8 Mike Rouse
David Tua W 6 Krishna Wainwright

CRUISERWEIGHTS
Al Cole KO 5 Vincent Boulware
(Retains IBF Title)
Orlin Norris KO 6 Marcelo Figueroa
(Wins Vacant WBA Title)
Thomas Hearns KO 1 Andrew Maynard
Arthur Williams KO 2 David Gamble
Norbert Ekassi W 10 James Warring
Nestor Giovannini W 12 Markus Bott
Jason Waller KO 1 John Keys

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
Virgil Hill KO 10 Saul Montana
(Retains WBA Title)
Prince Charles Williams KO 2 Booker Word
Graciano Rocchigiani W 8 Ricky Thomas
Mickey Rourke KO 3 Thomas McCoy

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS
James Toney W 12 Tony Thornton
(Retains IBF Title)
James Cook W 8 Tony Booth
Frank Nicotra D 8 Melvin Wynn
Warren Williams W 12 Carlos Cruz

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Bernard Hopkins KO 3 Wendell Hall
Lamar Parks KO 4 Joaquin Velasquez
Charles Brewer KO 1 Mario Munoz
Lloyd Honeyghan KO 6 Steve Goodwin
Neville Brown KO 7 Frank Grant

JUNIOR MIDDLEWEIGHTS
Simon Brown KO 2 Verdell Smith
Verno Phillips KO 7 Lupe Aquino
Tony Marshall W 10 Curtis Summitt
Francisco Castillejo KO 5 Hugo Sclarandi
Kenny Lopez W 12 Abaz M. Bey
Darryl Cherry KO 2 Sherman Harris

WELTERWEIGHTS
Buddy McGirt W 10 Nick Rupa
Larry Barnes W 10 Darryl Lattimore
Ike Quartey W 10 Lonnie Smith
Anthony Jones KO 7 Vince Phillips
Anthony Jones KO 6 David Taylor
Kenny Gould W 10 David Gonzalez
Genaro Leon KO 6 Juan Hernandez
Bronco McKart KO 3 William Ruiz
Keith Holmes KO 3 Harold Bennett

JUNIOR WELTERWEIGHTS
Charles Murray KO 5 Courtney Hooper
(Retains IBF Title)
Julio Cesar Chavez KO 4 Mike Powell
(Non-Title Bout)
Zack Padilla KO 8 Efrem Calamati
Valery Kayumba KO 7 Angel Cordova
Darryll Tyson W 12 Roger Mayweather
Alberto Cortes D 10 Daniel Cusato
Ross Hale KO 2 Regino Caceres
Bill Costello KO 6 Bernard Boisvert

LIGHTWEIGHTS
Nazarov Olzubek W 12 Dingaan Thobela
(Wins WBA Title)
Rafael Ruelas KO 1 Manuel Hernandez
Sharmba Mitchell KO 1 Chad Broussard
Jorge Paez KO 10 Raul Franco
Jorge Paez KO 1 Danny Romero
Chad Broussard KO 2 Willy White
Billy Schwer W 12 Paul Burke

JUNIOR LIGHTWEIGHTS
Oscar De La Hoya KO 1 Narciso Valenzuela
Gabe Ruelas KO 8 Mike Grow
Calvin Grove W 10 Pete Taliaferro
Jimmi Bredahl W 8 Steve Hindy
Jackie Gunguluza W 10 Mark Smith

FEATHERWEIGHTS

Cesar Soto KO 1 Raul Martinez Mora
Pedro Decima KO 4 Almir Fernandez
Alfred Rangel KO 3 Ruben Otero

JUNIOR FEATHERWEIGHTS

Wilfredo Vasquez W 12 Hiroaki Yokota
(Retains WBA Title)
Julio Gervacio W 10 Javier Diaz
Frank Toledo KO 4 Bones Adams
Raul Gonzales W 10 Henry Lopez
Sergio Reyes KO 2 Jesus Chavez

BANTAMWEIGHTS

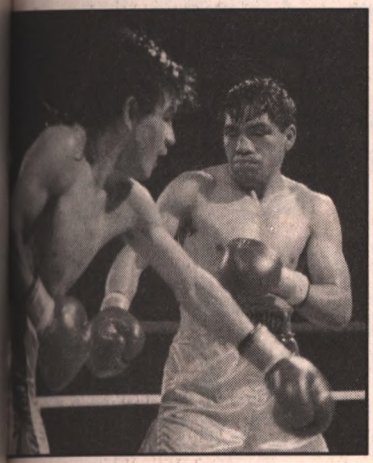
Victor Rabanales W 10 Francisco Soto
Armando Castro KO 12 Ruben Condori

JUNIOR BANTAMWEIGHTS

Jose Luis Bueno W 12 Sung Kil Moon
(Wins WBC Title)
Katsuya Onizuka W 12 Khaoyai Mahasarakam
(Retains WBA Title)
Johnny Bredahl W Disq. 4 Eduardo Nazario
Josefino Suarez W 12 Armando Salazar
Rolando Pascua W 10 Koji Kobayashi

FLYWEIGHTS

Hugo Soto KO 2 Luis Briones
Alberto Jimenez KO 2 Abner Barajas



Gonzalez prepares for Carbajal by beating Diaz

JUNIOR FLYWEIGHTS

Humberto Gonzalez W 10 Armando Diaz
Hiroki Ioka KO 5 John Medina

STRAWWEIGHTS

Paul Weir W 12 Lindi Memani

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FIGHTER *of the* MONTH

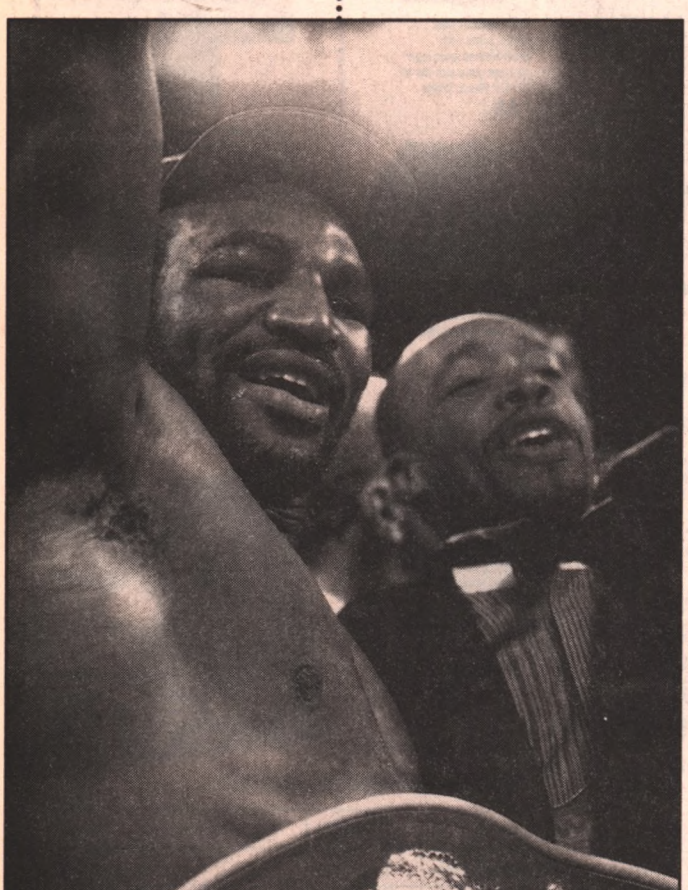


Photo by Tom Casino

Before his challenge of WBA/IBF heavyweight champion Riddick Bowe, former titlist Evander Holyfield was repeatedly asked about fight strategy.

"I'm not worried about what Bowe's gonna do," he said again and again. "I'm just concentrating on what *I'm* gonna do."

What Holyfield did was emphasize focus and effort, and while Bowe gave a creditable performance, he couldn't match the challenger in either category.

Forget all the talk about Holyfield having turned into a slick and patient boxer. Watch a tape of the fight and you'll see that "The Real Deal" didn't drastically alter his style. He boxed a little and brawled a lot. This time, however, his combinations proved more effective than Bowe's power shots, and he was rewarded with the verdict.

Focus and effort have finally secured Holyfield's respect. Which is all he ever wanted in the first place.

• • • •

Evander Holyfield

...o Gamez KO 9 Shiro Yahiro

Tokyo, Japan: Following the retirement of long-reigning WBA junior ...weight champion Myung Woo Yuh, a clash for the vacant title was held ...Korakuen Hall. Gamez, 108, Venezuela, a former strawweight champion ...two-time loser to Yuh, twice floored Yahiro, 108, Japan, and pummeled ...into submission at 2:20 of the ninth round.

The bone-thin Yahiro—he stands 5'7"—was unable to cope with the 5-... Gamez' superior power. The Venezuelan almost finished the fight with ...left-right in the opening round; only a desperate grab of the top rope ...vented the Japanese from crashing. Gamez shook Yahiro with a straight ...t in the second, and even outjabbed his taller rival. Yahiro rallied in the ...d and briefly in the sixth, but Gamez regained control in the seventh, ...pping the Japanese with a quick counter right. Gamez, 25-3 (18), ...minated the eighth, then struck again in the ninth, felling Yahiro, 17-1-1 ... with a well-timed right. The 25-year-old Yahiro beat the count of ...feree Rafael Ramos (USA), but after a few more powerpunches landed, ...corner tossed a towel into the ring as a sign of surrender.

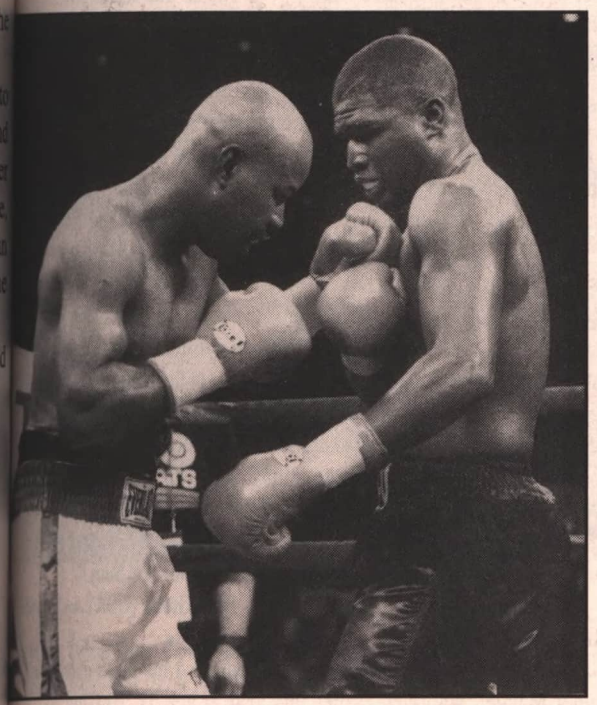
After eight rounds Gamez led on all three cards. Phil Newman (USA) ...Marcos Torres (Panama) scored 79-73 and Wan Soo Yuh (South Korea) ...72.

Gamez, 30, is to defend against Panama's top-rated Juan Antonio Torres ...in 90 days.

Promoter: Teiken Promotions

(10-21-93)

Joe Koizumi



Thornton couldn't hope to match Toney's skills

...ames Toney W 12 Tony Thornton

Tulsa, Oklahoma: There hasn't been a lot of championship boxing in ...lsa. Why, then, are the fans so hard to please? About 7,500 of them came ...the Tulsa Civic & Convention Center for the Michael Bentt-Tommy ...Morrison, Toney-Thornton doubleheader, which was televised by HBO. ...re accurately, they came to stomp and scream for local hero Morrison. IBF super middleweight champion Toney defended against Thornton in the first feature, and the fighters were booed in the early rounds, the middle rounds, and the late rounds. Guess the crowd would have preferred a first-round kayo. (Sorry, "Duke," that was a cheap shot.)

It was Toney's first defense; after winning the title by stopping Iran Barkley in February, the two-division champion engaged in a slew of non-title bouts. While registered against relatively soft opposition, those victories certainly kept him sharp. Toney, 168, Ann Arbor, Michigan, threw an incredible 511 jabs, countered sharply, and almost casually slipped the special deliveries of "The Punching Postman." The 33-year-old Thornton, 167, Glassboro, New Jersey, entered the ring in superb shape, but simply lacked the skills to match the champion.

Thornton, 35-6-1 (25), aimed for Toney's body in the first two rounds, then strangely abandoned the strategy. After that, the rounds ran together, with little excitement. Toney's masterful performance was strictly for the eyes of purists, hence the booing. The champion, 40-0-2 (26), dominated with his jab, landed combinations while moving backward, and in the late rounds moved the challenger to the ropes, where he unleashed some hellacious body blows.

The decision was unanimous, with Steve Epstein and Paul Weitzel scoring 118-110 and Lucien Joubert 116-112. All three judges are from the USA. The referee was Sam Williams (USA).

Toney's victory proved once more that his image as a dangerously emotional, trash-talking bad boy is diametrically opposite to his ring persona. In fact, the 25-year-old is a cool and precise artist who is more likely to finesse his opponent into submission than blow him out of the ring.

If that isn't good enough for them in Tulsa, well, we can only imagine what Toney would say to that.

Promoter: Top Rank Inc.

(10-29-93)

Nazarov Olzubek W 12 Dingaan Thobela

Johannesburg, South Africa: Russian-born southpaw "Gussie" Olzubek, who had previously fought only in Japan, won the WBA lightweight title by scoring a unanimous decision over South Africa's Thobela before a disappointing crowd of 2,500 at the Nasrec Exhibition Centre.

It was a cool, ruthless performance by Olzubek, 134, who slowed Thobela, 134½, with a vicious body attack from the first round. The 27-year-old challenger employed his usual rugged, no-nonsense style, and by the late rounds it was clear Thobela needed a kayo to retain the crown in his first defense.

Michael Fischer (Germany) scored 117-111, Luis Rivera (Puerto Rico) a way out 118-108, and Patricia Jarman (USA) a surprisingly close 115-114. THE RING had Olzubek in front by four points.

Olzubek, 18-0 (14), backed up Thobela throughout, but became careless late in the fourth, when Thobela scored a flash knockdown with a short left. "The Rose Of Soweto" also scored well with rights in the fifth and sixth, and by the finish the challenger's right eye had swelled shut. However, the second half of the bout belonged to Olzubek. He cemented his win by felling a backtracking Thobela, 29-2-1 (16), with a straight left to the jaw in the 10th. The 27-year-old South African barely beat the count of referee Enzo Montero (Venezuela). From that point on, Thobela mauled and clinched in order to survive.

Thobela won the title by outpointing Tony Lopez in September. He said he'd continue to campaign as a lightweight.

(10-30-93)

Ron Jackson

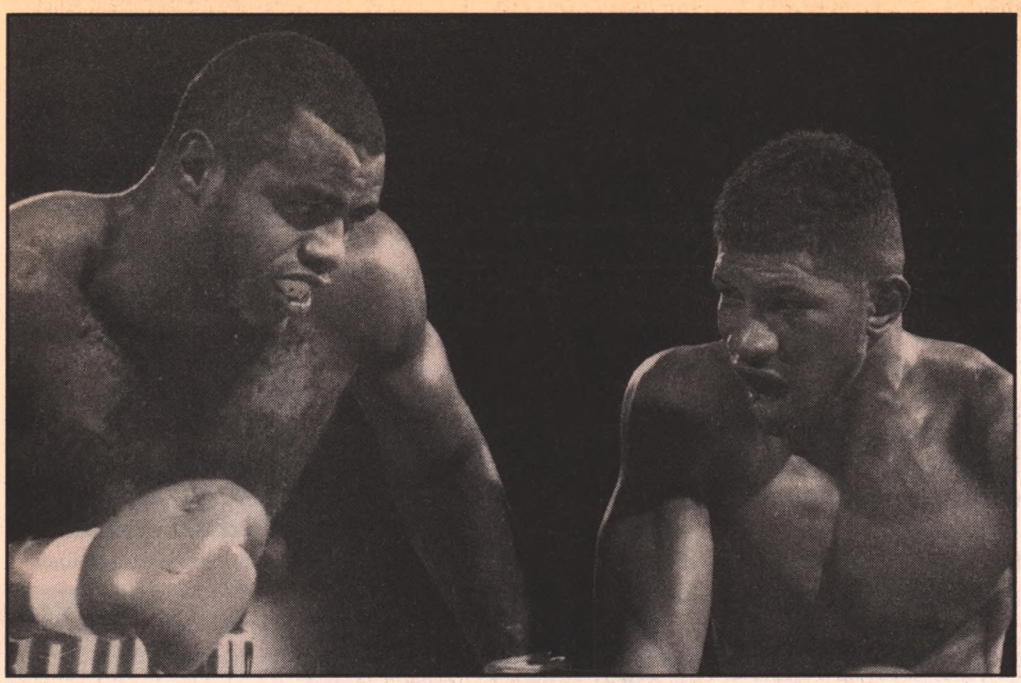


Photo by Jason Ross Lavin

Cole (right) wobbled Boulware in every round

Al Cole KO 5 Vincent Boulware

Atlantic City, New Jersey: It was kind of strange—the low-profile Cole being eyeballed by ringsiders Iran Barkley, a triple-crown champion, and Thomas Hearns, a four-division king. Cole may never reach the level of "The Blade" and "The Hit Man," but for now, at least, he's a world champion and they're not.

What Barkley and Hearns saw at Caesars Hotel & Casino was IBF cruiserweight champion Cole at his best, a freakishly tall (6'4") 29-year-old boxer who dominated his opponent both inside and out. Boulware, who had suffered kayo losses in previous title tries vs. Graciano Rocchigiani and Prince Charles Williams, offered resistance in every round but was thoroughly outclassed.

"I hit him with some serious body shots, some serious right hands, and he was just standing there, game," said the winner.

Cole, 190, Spring Valley, New York, opened by trying to establish his jab. But before he could find his rhythm he staggered his foe with a right hand. A right-hook-right combo shook Boulware, 190, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, in the second. However, the challenger, fighting out of the Kronk gym and with Emanuel Steward in his corner, struck back, moving inside and connecting with some heavy hooks. Cole, 24-1 (12), was surprisingly effective to the body in the third, and with 10 seconds remaining he delivered a thunderous right. In the fourth he featured several close-range hooks. The end came shortly after the champion scored a knockdown with a right uppercut in the fifth. When Cole poured in about 20 unanswered blows, referee Robert Palmer (USA) rescued the 30-year-old Boulware, 27-6-1 (19), at the 1:08 mark.

The judges, all from the USA, were Frank Brunette, Paul Artisst, and Tony Wolf. Cole, who connected on 60 percent of his power shots, carried the four completed rounds on all three cards. It was his third defense.

"It was unquestionably the best performance of his career," said Jack Dell, Cole's manager.

Barkley and Hearns were in no position to argue.

(11-17-93)

Steve Farhood

Michael Carbajal KO Domingo Sosa

Phoenix, Arizona: It's diffi... believe, but a year ago many ob... were asking whether Carbajal ha... his power. He had registered ... consecutive decision victories, ... some were suggesting "Little ... Of Stone" had peaked.

Carbajal has responded by p... away five quality contenders ... WBC/IBF junior flyweight champ... most recent victim was Sosa, ... sampled Carbajal's power ... 15,800 howlers at America... Arena.

Carbajal, 108, Phoenix, enter... ring a la Jorge Paez, sporti... abstract Mohawk hairdo that de... the Halloween swarm. The ... quickly shifted to his perfor... when a left hook dropped Sosa... Dominican Republic, two m... into the bout. The challenger, whose only loss had been by decision to ... champion Chiquita Gonzalez, had never before been down. He sprung ... feet and fired back, but this was a toy vs. a tank. The challenger's ... ultimately cost him, and he was little more than a target for the rest ... fight.

Sosa's lone chance to avoid a kayo defeat came in the second, wh... accidental butt opened a wide cut on Carbajal's shaved forehead. R... Bobby Ferrara (USA) called for the ringside doctor, who allowed the ... continue. According to IBF rules, until the completion of six rou... stoppage induced by an unintentional butt results in a technical draw.

Manager-trainer Danny Carbajal wanted the bout called off, but his ... brother kept asking for "one more round." Carbajal, 30-0 (18), bled fro... the third, but also pinned Sosa against the ropes and hammered him ... powerpunches. Sosa, 28-2 (18), flirted with a disqualification in the fo... during which he was penalized separately for holding and punching low ... took a terrific pounding late in the round, and early in the fifth his c... surrendered by rushing into the ring at the 48-second mark.

"He's got a lot of heart and he simply didn't want to go down," sa... winner, who took eight stitches. "I was bleeding a lot but I knew I ... him. I like this warrior look but Danny says I have to grow my hair ... Actually, I got it cut because I lost a bet on the [Phoenix] Suns."

The judges were Ray Solis (Mexico), Paul Gibbs (USA), and Ho... Richey (USA).

Carbajal grew misty-eyed when he dedicated his ninth defense t... father Manuel, who died earlier this year at age 51. Next up will ... rematch with Gonzalez in February, for which the champion will be p... division-record $1-million.

Amazing what a year can do.

(10-30-93)

Phil Woolever

Orlin Norris KO 6 Marcelo Figueroa

Paris, France: Repeatedly stonewalled in his attempt to secure a ... former champion Bobby Czyz, uncrowned cruiserweight champion N...

...ade Figueroa pay for his frustrations, scoring two knockdowns en route to ...turing the vacant WBA title at the Winter Circus.

Rated first since July 1992, Norris, 188½, San Diego, California, made ... immediate statement. Rushing across the ring at the opening bell, he ...ove the unsuspecting Figueroa, 188½, La Paz, Argentina, to the floor with ...quick right hand. The number-two contender rose at the count of three and ...ted his way to safety, but never looked a winner.

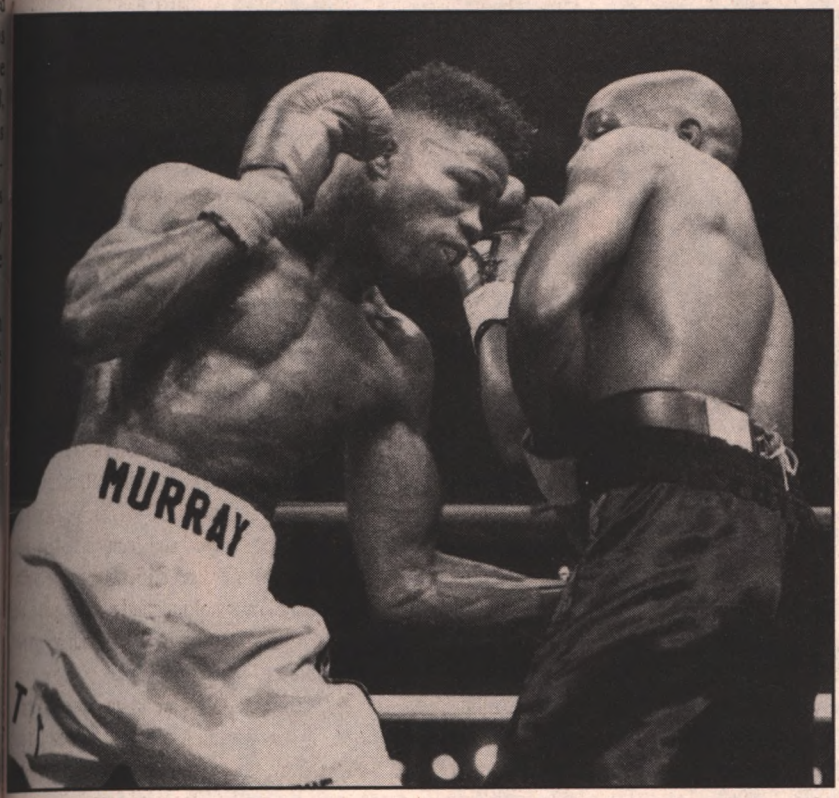
"I would have beaten anyone I fought tonight," said Norris.

The tall Figueroa, 33-4 (26), attempted to stick and move, but Norris, ...-4 (21), ignored his jabs and answered with single powerpunches. ...gueroa bravely traded in the third. For his troubles he returned to his ...rner with a cut under his left eye. Norris accelerated in the fourth, at one ...int scoring with four consecutive rights. He banged to the body in the ...th, then finished his impressive work in the sixth with a chopping right ...t dropped Figueroa hard. He took the count in a seated position.

"I plan to unify the title," said Norris, who is scheduled to face WBC ...ampion Anaclet Wamba in April 9.

Given his performance on this night, don't bet against it.

(11-6-93)



Murray was super vs. Hooper

Charles Murray KO 5 Courtney Hooper

Atlantic City, New Jersey: While heavyweight stablemate Ray Mercer labored in tallying a 10-round split decision over Jesse Ferguson in the main event, Murray again proved why he's considered the class of the Triple Threat stable, stopping Hooper at the end of the fifth round in defense of the IBF junior welterweight title. It was "The Natural's" second defense.

Hooper, a substitute for the injured Rafael Pineda, had no answer for Murray's slick boxing and accurate combination punching. Murray, 140, Rochester, New York, started slowly, but by the end of the third was repeatedly tagging Hooper, 139, Detroit, with sharp rights to the head.

Hooper, 30-4 (20), who gave Meldrick Taylor a tough fight when challenging for the same title in December 1989, landed a few inconsequential punches, but was never really in the fight. Murray pinned him on the ropes in the fifth and unleashed a prolonged barrage to the head and body. By the end of the round, it was obvious Hooper, his left eye swollen, was in a hopeless situation, and it came as no surprise when he was kept on his stool on the advice of the ringside doctor.

The judges, all of whom are from the USA, were John Poturaj, Nick Cimino, and Jean Williams. The referee was Frank Cappuccino.

"I tried to keep him turned to the side and use my jab," said Murray. "The change in opponents didn't bother me. I trained for myself, working on certain things, and then putting them to work in the fight."

Promoter Bob Arum, hoping to cash in on the growing Hispanic pay-per-view market, plans to next match Murray against either Zack Padilla or Carlos "Bolillo" Gonzalez.

Promoter: Top Rank Inc.

(11-19-93)

Nigel Collins

Virgil Hill KO 10 Saul Montana

Fargo, North Dakota: WBA light heavyweight champion Hill effortlessly outboxed his overmatched challenger until Montana's chief second, Romulo Quirarte, leaped onto the ring apron in the 10th round, prompting referee Hubert Earle (Canada) to call a halt at the 2:26 mark before a crowd of 3,694 at the FargoDome. It was Hill's 14th defense over the course of two reigns.

Fireworks were few, as Hill, 175, Bismarck, North Dakota, offered another workmanlike performance. Fighting on his 23rd birthday, Montana, 175, Los Cabos, Mexico, showed no speed and was picked apart by Hill's jab. After nine rounds, all three judges, Julio Roldan (Venezuela), Orlando Sam (Panama), and Roberto Ramirez (Puerto Rico), had Hill ahead 90-81 in a shutout. There were no knockdowns.

"They knew their fighter; they knew he had no chance of winning," Earle said of the ninth-rated Montana's surrender.

"This is the strongest I've ever felt; the easiest time making weight," said the 28-year-old Hill.

Boxing with a 6½-inch reach disadvantage, Montana, 20-4 (19), couldn't jab with Hill, 37-1 (20). And when he tried to be aggressive, he failed to catch his fleet-footed foe. Hill shook the challenger with a straight right-left hook combo in the fourth, scored as he pleased in the sixth, and accelerated his body attack in the ninth. When he strung together several punches in the 10th, Montana's corner intervened.

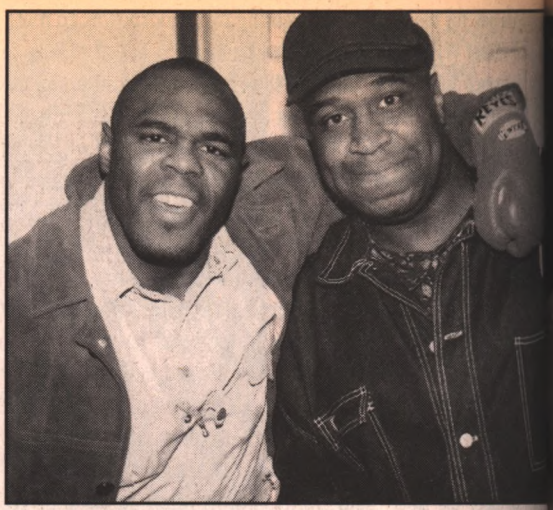
Hill earned $120,000, while Montana pocketed $25,000. The champion continues to fuel rumors about a jump to heavyweight and a challenge of 1984 Olympic teammate Evander Holyfield. However, his promoter, Cedric Kushner, is talking of attempting to unify the 175-pound crown.

The bout was televised by the USA Network.

(11-9-93)

Doug Nassif ■

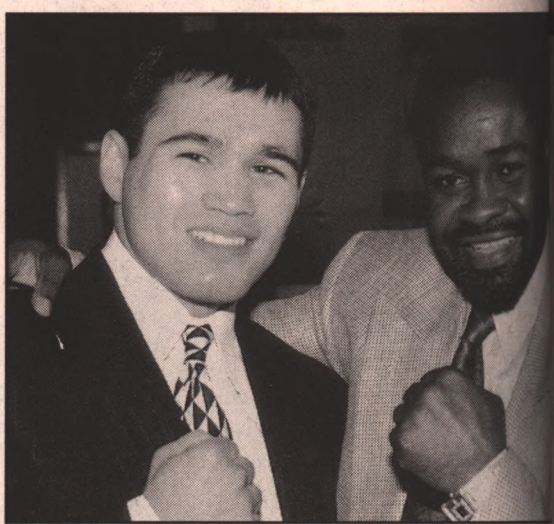
Camera Clicks



Happy heavyweights: Michael Bentt with brother Winston (a f boxer) shortly after the London-born New Yorker kayoed T Morrison in one round.

Photo by Photography Ink

Australia's Troy Waters was eager to pose for the shutterbugs at the Great Western Forum after his thrilling October kayo of Wangila Napunyi.



Jesse James Leija and WBC super featherweight champion Azu Nelson are scheduled to renew their rivalry January 29. In Septem they fought to a controversial draw.

Hector Camacho will receive one more title shot when he challenges welterweight champion Felix Trinidad at the MGM Grand Hotel in Vegas. Can the young Trinidad defend for the third time?

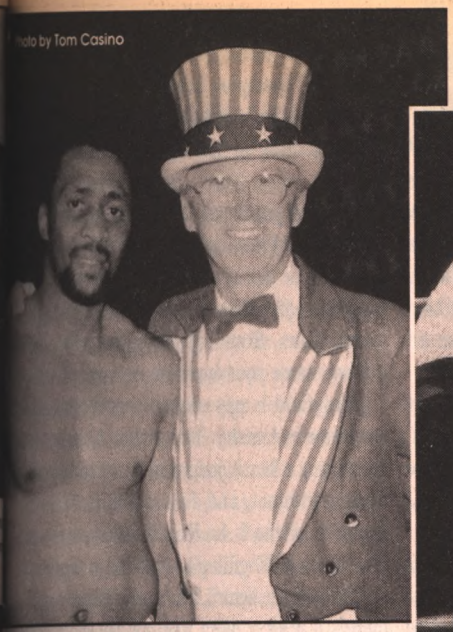


Photo by Tom Casino

If there's anyone more American than Uncle Sam it's Thomas "Hit Man" Hearns, who returned to the ring in November with a first-round kayo of Andrew Maynard.

Still swinging is Jorge Paez, who stopped Raul Franco in the 10th round at the Great Western Forum.

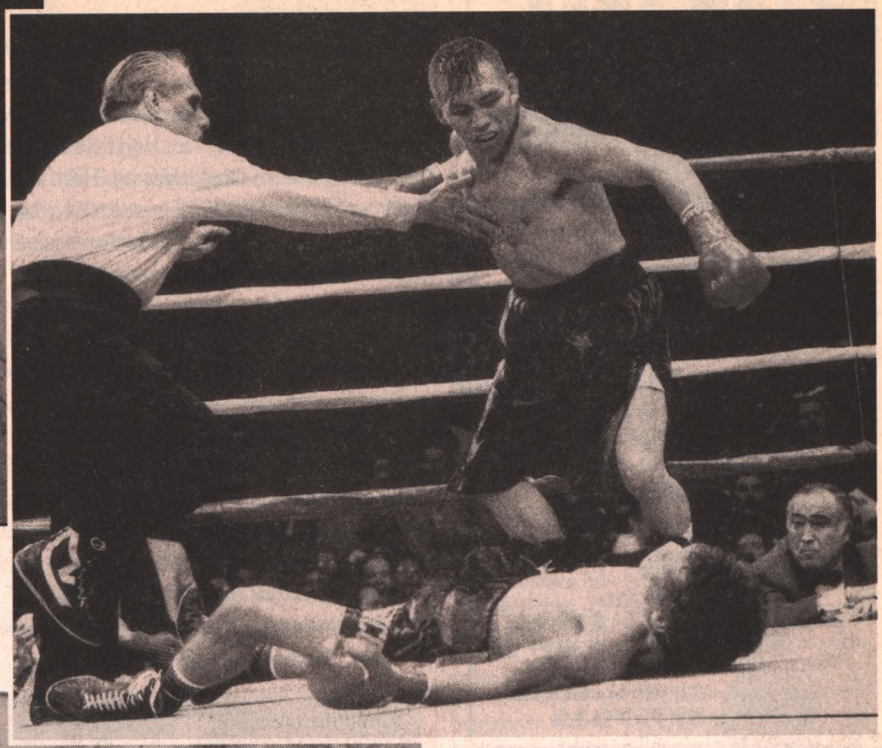


Photo by Brent Cook

Oscar De La Hoya has joined the effort to raise $10-million for the Los Angeles Unified School District high school athletic program. Pictured with De La Hoya are Prime Ticket Network President & CEO Roger L. Werner (left) and comedian Sinbad.

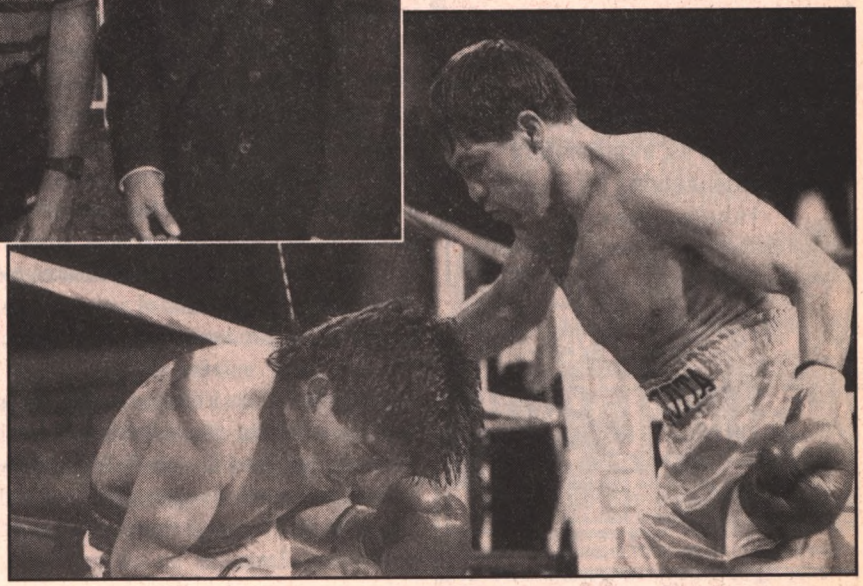


Photo by Jason Ross Lavin

Humberto Gonzalez prepped for his February rematch with Michael Carbajal by outpointing Armando Diaz in Atlantic City. "Chiquita" threw more than 1,000 punches.

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Holyfield-Bowe

(Continued from page 42)

later he added his signature right uppercut and a left hook. What better way to lure Holyfield into a brawl? But a strange thing happened: Holyfield didn't react like Holyfield. Making a statement of his own, he backed off and boxed. Twelve rounds was a long time. Hell, *three minutes* was a long time. There'd be plenty of opportunities to punch back.

"It was a rough first round, and he showed me he had the discipline," said Steward.

There has been much debate over whether the "Fan Man's" intrusion benefited Holyfield or Bowe. But there can be no argument over the fact that by the start of round seven, Holyfield had firmly seized momentum by forcing Bowe backward in segments of the fifth and sixth.

"I was just getting ready to go toe to toe with him when that guy dropped in," he told *Sports Illustrated.* "I was in a rhythm and I felt I could outgun him."

During the unsettling 21-minute delay, the fighters struggled to stay both warm and focused. When referee Mills Lane waved them back together, Holyfield resumed his attack as if rising from his stool after a standard 60-second rest. Hefought in spurts over the second half of the bout, during which his superior conditioning manifested itself. "Pressure Bowe and he'll give in," he had most assuredly told Steward. Bowe didn't really give in, but with the exception of a strong 12th round, he didn't give the judges reason to score for him, either.

Perhaps the oddest thing was that while the majority verdict was arguable (CompuBox reported that Bowe landed 100 more blows), there was almost no postfight controversy. A classy loser, Bowe quickly and quietly resigned himself to his fate. ("I look at it as a learning process," he said.) And there was none of that annoying talk about a challenger needing to overwhelm a champion, or at least down him, to earn the crown. It was almost as if the fans, boxing insiders, and media were determined not to discredit Holyfield. Kind of a nice change, because if a guy ever deserved a break ...

***

After a fighter wins a title, the first question is "who's next?" In the case of Holyfield, a better question is "will there be a next?" While it may be incomprehensible to some, there is a real chance that the 31-year-old champion will return to retirement. Remember, his sole goal was to beat Bowe. If the title doesn't mean that much to him, what is to be gained in a unification bout with WBC champion Lennox Lewis?

"It's 50-50," said Shelly Finkel, Holyfield's manager. "But my gut instinct is that he'll fight again."

"I think you'll see him again," said Steward, "but if you don't, he'll be satisfied. If he fights again it'll be because of his competitiveness. And regardless of what you want to say, the money is humongous. Some of the offers—$15- $20 million, name your opponent ... "

Holyfield is expected to announce his plans sometime in January. This time, at least, he won't be making a harsh judgment based on bitterness, disappointment, and frustration. He'll have to decide how much he likes being champion, and how much he's willing to continue to sacrifice.

"If I [fight again]," he said, "I need to know there's a reason more than money and ego. I can find that motivation to come back, I'll come back."

Talk to those in Holyfield's inner circle and they'll tell you they want for Evander whatever he wants for himself. But listen to Steward and you sense there's at least one member of Team Holyfield who hopes there's another training camp to come.

"You haven't seen anything yet," he says of his latest champion. "It's amazing what this guy can do. He can dance. he can throw five hooks at a time. He didn't do any of that with Bowe. If there's a rematch, I think he knocks Bowe out. Really, he's still just learning."

And maybe we're just starting to learn to appreciate him.

Mosley

(Continued from page 16)

the National AAU title (in 1989 and '90) and the U.S. championships (in 1991 and '92). He came close to making the Olympic Team in 1992, but lost in the semifinals of the Trials to eventual champion Vernon Forrest.

"That was the ultimate low for me in the amateurs," said Mosley. "I guess the computer [scoring system] just didn't fit my style—the judges couldn't score many of my punches because I was so quick."

As a professional, Mosley doesn't need to worry about computers or judges counting the punches of his lightning-quick combinations. In fact, during his first six fights, he hasn't had

worry about the judges at all; each of his opponents has finished on his back or in the comfort of the referee's arms.

"He performs like a confident, seasoned pro," says John Beyrooty, boxing publicist for the Great Western Forum. "He's smart, works hard, digs to the body well, hits hard, leads and counters, offers a good defense, and can adjust to his opponent."

The 5'8" Mosley has certainly adjusted to the pro ranks, recognizing that he can settle down on his punches and use his power as well as his speed. It's a positive sign for a young fighter when his only perceived weakness is a lack of professional experience. Mosley has made great strides by working with junior welterweight contender Zack Padilla. They regularly spar at the Azusa Boxing Club.

"I've learned a lot from Padilla, especially consistency," said Mosley. "Since he's a very busy fighter, I have to stay just as active; if I decide to slack up, he'll let me know."

To his credit, Mosley doesn't spend all of his time at the gym working on his own game. He has grown close to two aspiring boxers, ages 10 and 12. Mosley helps them with their homework as well as their boxing. This is one fighter who, should he become a star, won't have to be reminded of the responsibilities of a role model.

However, Team Mosley, which consists of co-manager and trainer Jack Mosley, promoter Patrick Ortiz, and co-manager Len Brutocao Jr., is concerned only with the development of one fighter. Jack Mosley feels his son is advancing at a rapid rate, but acknowledges there's always room for improvement.

"He's constantly working on his response to punches, combinations, and balance, since that's the key to a good boxer-puncher," he said.

The elder Mosley is adamant that in this case the traditionally destructive father-son boxing relationship will work.

"Shane has his own mind; I've raised him to be independent, and he knows what he wants to do," said Jack. "I told him from the beginning that this is something he has to do for himself, not for me. I have a house and I work every day, and I'm not trying to live my life through my son. This is one of the reasons we have a promotional outfit, which I think is great."

Ortiz expects to have Mosley in position for a title shot "reasonably quickly," maybe even within a year. The promoter says that will depend on "how Jack sees Shane's development, and when he gives the indications to move Shane up to the next level of opponent." Mosley's first scheduled 10-rounder will probably come in early-January.

In his most recent bout, a second-round blowout of Juan Manuel Aranda at the Great Western Forum, Mosley scaled 136½, indicating that he may soon be more comfortable as a junior welterweight. He says, however, that he wants to remain at 135 pounds at least until he wins a world title. So confident is this undefeated fighter that he feels he can beat anyone in boxing. And that includes De La Hoya.

"From a promotional standpoint, we think that one of the big fights is to line him up with Oscar," said Ortiz. "I think that's a rivalry that will be developed over the next few years, a la Leonard vs. Hearns."

As soon as Sugar Shane is stirred up with some top-10 opponents, the boxing world will realize he's the real thing and not just another artificial substitute. Look for that time to arrive more sooner than later. ■

Robert G. Rodriguez is a freelance writer based in Orange County, California

Jones

(Continued from page 21)

lions was now nowhere to be seen. The guy who used to make opponents miss had become a missing person.

Then, finally, someone left a phone number that would reach out and touch Mr. Television. It was a wrong number. But the man who answered the call said he knew the right number. Why not?

"Hello. May I speak to Ralph Jones?"

"... Speaking."

"Is this Ralph Jones? *The* Ralph Jones? ... Ralph *"Tiger"* Jones?"

"... Yes ... It is."

And the search was over. Mr. Television was back.

***

At 5'8", the stocky, muscular Jones fought as a bobbing, weaving middleweight who never stopped moving forward and never stopped swinging. At his best, he elicited comparisons with Hammerin' Henry Armstrong. At his worst, he could be plodding and slow. Either way, he made the ring a battlefield. Aided by a granite chin—he was stopped only once, on a cut—he compiled a record of 51-32-5 (13) against some of the best middleweights and welterweights of all-time.

(Continued on page 56)

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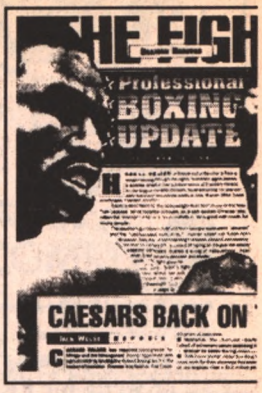

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Jones

(Continued from page 55)

From a fighter nicknamed Mr. Television, one would expect, well, *image*—some sequins, a few corny one-liners between cheeseburgers, at least a bolo punch. But Ralph Jones came with none of that. He wore plain white trunks with black trim. He never starred in a TV sitcom, although he worked a stint as a TV repairman. By turns he was called a clubfighter and a trialhorse. His personality was characterized as anything from pleasant to deadpan. Some image.

Indeed, Mr. Television's appeal arose from substance alone. When he climbed into the ring, image became irrelevant and "Tiger" was the only name that fit. Mr. Television, Ralph "Tiger" Jones, came to fight.

But on this night he came to talk. He seemed to need it, revealing that Cora, his wife of nearly 40 years, had recently died.

"She was the love of my life," he said.

Awkwardness turned the talk to boxing. His voice picked up, especially when the topic shifted to the biggest night of his ring life, the night of January 1955, when he scored a unanimous decision over Sugar Ray Robinson in Detroit.

Looking back, how did he feel about beating the man who most experts consider the greatest, pound for pound, of all-time?

"Oh, it really didn't mean that much," muses Jones. "We had Robinson's number a long time before we met him."

Jones explained that as an amateur in the Police Athletic League in New York City, his trainer, none other than Gil Clancy, who was six years his elder, prepared him years in advance for his bout with Sugar Ray.

"He taught me how to box," recalled Jones, who credits Clancy with turning him from juvenile delinquent to a solid citizen. "And he would always hook me up with fighters who tried to fight like Sugar Ray Robinson. They used a lot of fancy hand movements, but they wouldn't throw punches. All you needed was a straight jab and a right cross to beat them."

Jones was a huge underdog when matched with Robinson for the second fight of Sugar Ray's first comeback. He was to be another

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on the Sugarman's way to regaining the middleweight crown after a three-year layoff. But on that winter night in Detroit, the Tiger had a different idea.

"A couple weeks before the Robinson fight, Clancy called me up and reminded me how we used to beat those guys who tried to imitate Robinson," said Jones. "And I knew that fighters like Robinson need distance. If you stay on top of 'em, they don't get the distance."

On fight night, Jones came out as he usually did, bobbing, weaving, swinging with both hands, and moving forward, allowing Robinson no distance whatsoever. In the first round, Jones bloodied Robinson's nose with a hard left. In the second, another Jones left opened a cut over Robinson's right eye. The action continued much the same way for the remaining eight rounds; Jones came punching forward and Robinson backed away trying to counter and fend off the Tiger.

"Jones looked invincible," recalled boxing historian Angelo Prospero, who sat ringside in Detroit. "He just overwhelmed Robinson with his attack and strength. He never let up once, and Robinson didn't seem to have the strength and conditioning to keep him off. Jones won eight out of 10 rounds."

Indeed, Jones shocked the boxing world, coming away with a unanimous decision and the biggest win of his career.

The victory earned Jones another TV gig for his next fight, a non-title 10-rounder with middleweight champion Bobo Olson. Jones lost on points, afterward calling Olson the strongest fighter he had ever faced.

Soon after, Robinson got his own chance at Olson. But unlike Jones, Sugar Ray was going for the title. Robinson delivered, kayoing Olson and completing his comeback bid for the crown.

With Robinson back on the throne, Jones sought a rematch and the title. But the bout never materialized. Did Sugar Ray duck the Tiger? Teddy Brenner doesn't think so.

"Robinson had better matches; he had opportunities to make more money," he says.

But Jones tells a different story.

"It's kind of foggy, and you can judge for yourself whether you believe it or not," he says, "but my manager, Bob Melnick, was trying to get a fight with Sugar Ray Robinson. One day he comes and tells me they'll give me the fight— if I throw the fight. I say, 'You can tell him okay, and then I'll try and beat his brains out when we get in the ring.' A week or so later Melnick comes and says he decided not to take the fight with Robinson 'cause the smart money that bets on him would harm me and my family if I beat him."

Whatever the reason, Jones never got the title fight. Still, he owns a victory over the best of all-time. Oddly, Jones says many people recall his fight with Robinson incorrectly; they seem to think he lost to Sugar Ray by an unpopular, controversial decision. Undoubtedly, these fans confuse the Robinson fight with another Jones bout, his first battle with future welterweight champion Johnny Saxton.

In Jones' national television debut on October 3, 1953, he was matched with Saxton, who was 31-0. Then known as a good local clubfighter, Jones sported a record of 22-5-2, and Saxton was a heavy favorite.

Once in the ring, however, Jones took the fight to Saxton, giving him the biggest scare of his spotless career. The Tiger lost by one point on a split decision. Jones recalled the Saxton fight as one of his career-best performances. He felt Saxton was given the nod to keep the unbeaten streak going.

"I chased him all over the ring and gave him a good licking," Jones said, "but he got the decision. I didn't understand that."

Despite losing, the Tiger caught many eyes with his effort against Saxton. Mr. Television was born.

Jones was soon signed for another nationally televised bout, this one against former welterweight king Johnny Bratton at Madison Square Garden. Bratton was coming up in weight for a run at the middleweight crown and was a 4-1 favorite.

But on fight night, surprised Garden and TV fans watched Jones pound the former champion all over the ring and earn a unanimous decision.

"Bratton Suffers Upset Of Year," read the next day's headlines.

Upsets became a Jones specialty. Besides the Robinson and Bratton victories, he gained wins over favored opponents such as Joey Giardello, Kid Gavilan, Bobby Dykes, Mickey Crawford, and Rory Calhoun. In turn, he was beaten by underdogs on more than one occasion. In fact, prior to his magnificent win over Robinson, the Tiger had lost five straight. Two of those losses came against lightly regarded Jacques Royer and Pedro Gonzales.

Moreover, after an impressive sixth-round kayo of prospect Tony Baldoni in February 1956, Jones dropped two consecutive bouts in which he was the favorite, to Charley Humez and a young Gene Fullmer. Likewise, after a tough 10-round win in 1959 over the favored Giardello, the Tiger lost his next bout to underdog Paul Pender.

Upsets over big names and losses to little ones filled Jones' career. Perhaps the inconsistency is another reason he never secured a title shot.

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Jones

(Continued from page 57)

Whatever the reason, Jones never got a try at the championship, against Robinson or anyone else. But over the span of his career, he did face six different world champions on 10 different occasions. He won three of the encounters. In all, Jones tallied two losses to Saxton, one win over Bratton, one victory over Robinson, two losses and one win against Gavilan, two points losses to Fullmer, and one loss to Olson.

"He'd probably be champ today," Teddy Brenner says of the Tiger.

"With who's around today, he could have fit in with anybody; Marvin Hagler and anybody else," said Clancy, who also handled middleweight champions Emile Griffith and Rodrigo Valdes. "Valdes was a little more versatile, but Ralph was much stronger and more durable."

Late in his career, Jones became a trialhorse for young up-and-comers. As such, he derailed more than one fighter's ride on the championship express. Hopefuls such as Chico Vejar, Baldo Joe DeNucci, and Crawford found out the Ti still had bite.

But Jones lost his share of these bouts, t And more than one crowd booed a decision t put another draw or loss on the Tiger's ta sheet, while giving the win to some young fighter with a brighter future.

Near the end of his ring days, when there wa no longer a chance at the title, Jones gre cynical. The February 1962 issue of *Sport* quote him thusly: " ... When it's over, I don't eve listen to the decision. It don't matter anymore. I win, so what? If I lose, so what? People say me, 'Why don't you quit?' I'm tired of fighting but it is all that I know."

Jones retired from the ring shortly after th *Sport* article appeared, after losing a 10-rounder Hungarian Olympic hero Laszlo Papp in Marc 1962. He worked for a canning company fo about 10 years. Then he drove a cab for a while For the past 24 years he has lived quietly i Queens Village, New York, not far from forme welterweight and middleweight champion Griffith. Now 65, Jones keeps active by bowlin

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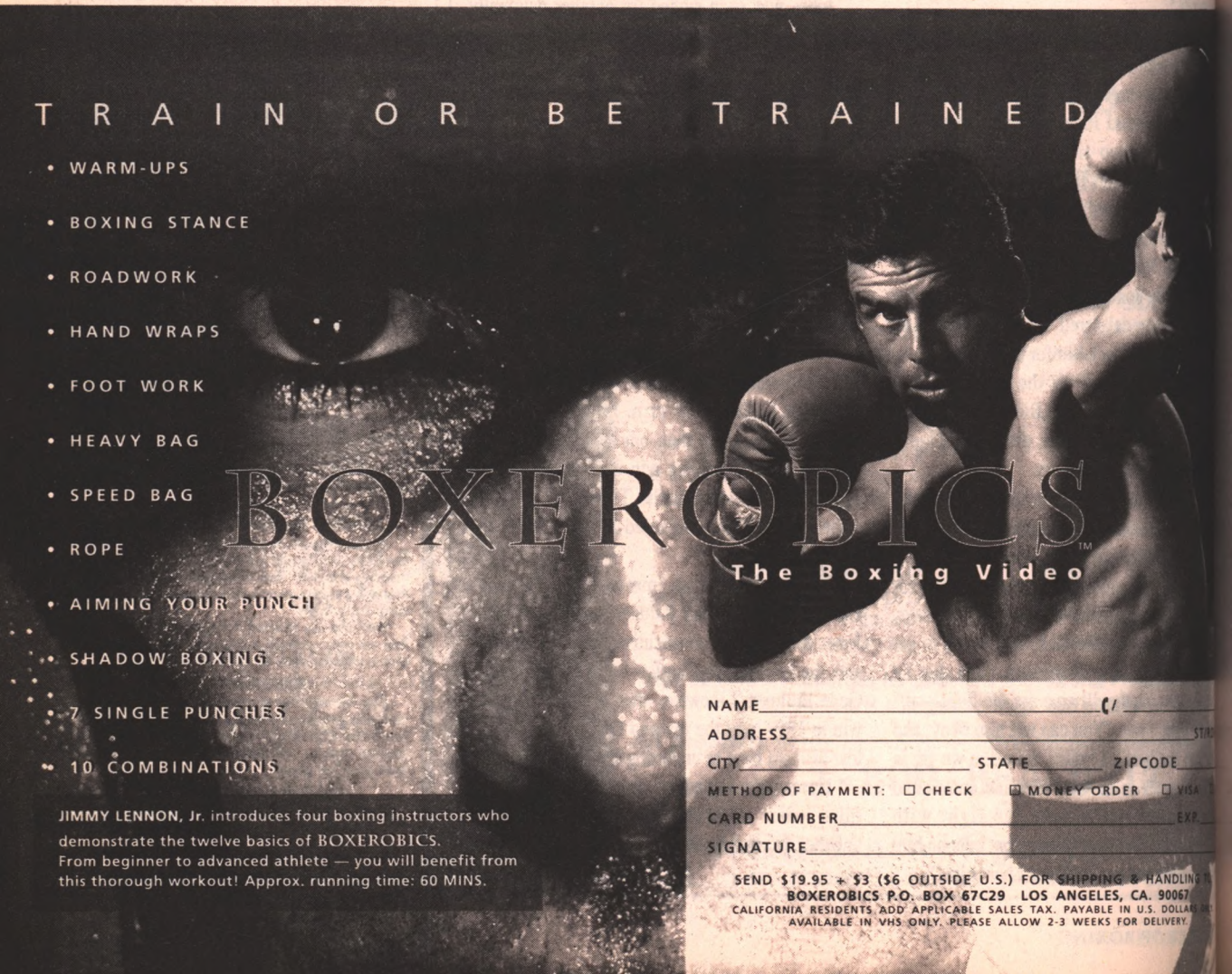

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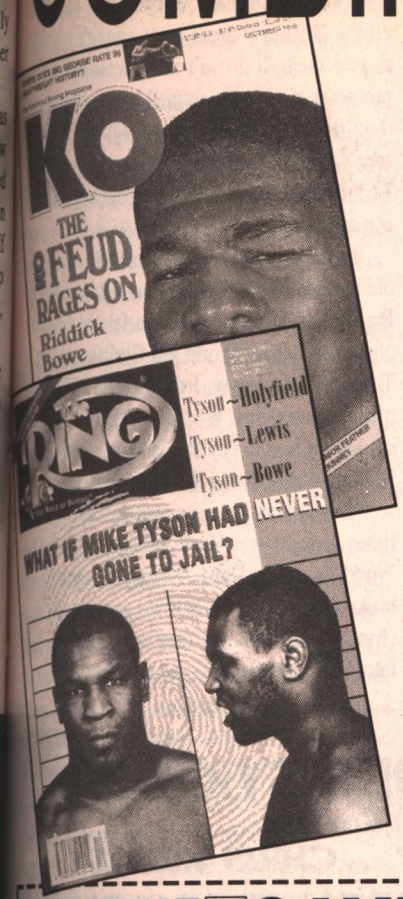

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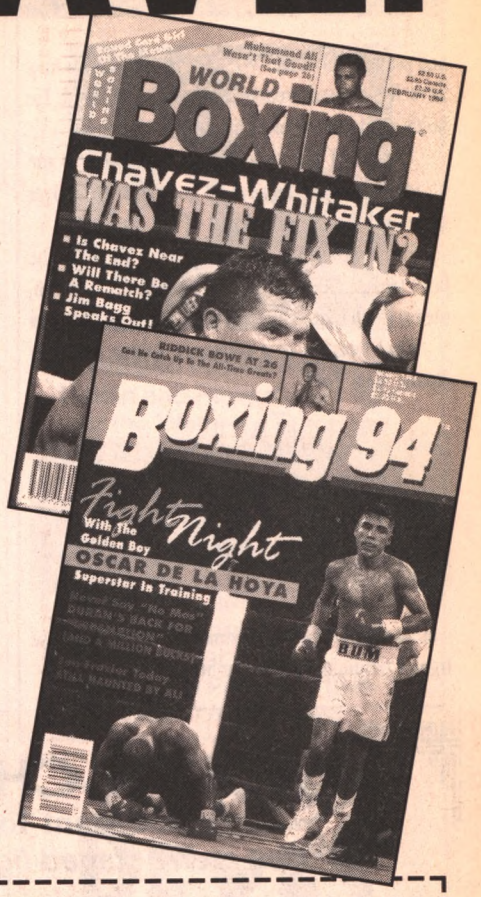

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Jones

(Continued from page 58)

and playing pinochle. Whatever bitterness he may have felt toward boxing seems to have faded. He holds fond memories of his days in the ring.

"Some of the best things happened to me during that time," he says. "I got to travel all over the world. It was a good part of my life."

For boxing fans, too, they were some of the best times. So, Mr. Television, from now on, please keep in touch. ■

Karl Swisher is a freelance writer based in Rome, New York.

Fight Clubs

(Continued from page 27)

were a series of gross mismatches with the house fighter predictably winning big.

"It used to be you knock a guy out, I knock a guy out, and we fight each other in a month," said Moore. "They don't do that anymore. Everyone has to protect their own fighter instead of making good fights. I can understand that. But it's hurting the sport."

So did television. While USA has helped Peltz the way it helped Brooklyn's Eastern Parkway Arena three decades ago, television is often described as the final blow that knocked out the small fight club.

"When there was no TV, you had to go see fights," said Moore. "But who was gonna go down and see an average fighter when you could watch Bob Satterfield on television for nothing? Even if you paid $5 to get in, $5 was a lot of money back then. That's all the promoters counted on—people coming in and buying tickets. When they put the Friday Night fights on television, it all went downhill."

Not only were ticket-buyers staying home to watch the Friday Night fights, or one of three other weekly boxing broadcasts, they were watching variety shows, news programs, and other sports. The menu got larger and boxing suffered.

But Top Rank matchmaker Ron Katz, who got his start making wars at the Westchester County Center in the early-'80s, disagrees.

"It had nothing to do with television," he said. "If there were as many kids in the gyms as there were in the '40s and '50s, we'd still have the clubs. But now there isn't enough talent to sustain them. It doesn't make sense today for a promoter to finance a small arena. Yeah, but then it was like the minor leagues. But there aren't enough local kids. You need at least 10 or 12 kids from an area who are fighting and who can sell tickets."

The last promoter to successfully exploit the old method of building up local fighters was Lou Duva (Lou's son). The Duva family promoted club shows at Ice World and Gladiators Arena in Totowa, New Jersey, from 1978 to 1983. They closed down Ice World because the owner couldn't afford to pay the liability insurance. The building was sold to a Rickel's franchise.

"If you want to epitomize a club in modern times, you have to look at what we did at Ice World," said Lou Duva. "Every other show we had broke out into a riot. But we gave these kids a chance to develop and they developed into fine fans. Before the fights, I used to go into bars and get

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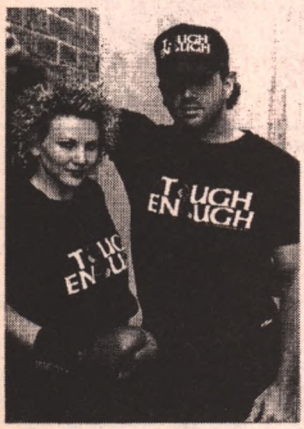

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into arguments with people about who would win."

That form of public relations worked. The 3,300-seat Ice World arena was always a packed house, and the Duvas developed world champions Bobby Czyz, Vinny Pazienza, and Rocky Lockridge, and contenders Tony Ayala Jr. and Scott Frank.

While Lockridge and Ayala weren't from the Northeast, the Duvas were still able to build a following for them in New Jersey. Still, part of the reason the clubs failed is that there are no more neighborhood fighters to cheer for. More specifically, there are no more *white* fighters, which drastically cut into ticket sales.

"There is a lack of white fighters today," said Al Braverman, the director of boxing for Don King Productions and a veteran trainer. "As a promoter you can't compete on the local level without a white kid."

"The neighborhoods are all broken up now," said Bobby Bartels, a New York City middleweight who fought at Sunnyside and St. Nick's. "That seemed to destroy a lot of the fight clubs. Today you don't have that neighborhood loyalty or that camaraderie."

As drugs and violence began their ascent, many inner-city neighborhoods became undesirable, if not unbearable. While the Blue Horizon continues to succeed despite its surroundings, urban blight is one of the reasons why the Olympic Auditorium failed in Los Angeles. And although the legendary arena is scheduled to reopen in 1994, some boxing insiders are predicting failure because of the site's troubled location.

"It was a great place to watch a fight once you got inside," said a West Coast boxing insider. "You had to stay on your toes down there 10 or 15 years ago. Now it's a death trap."

The Ridgewood Grove Arena, on the Brooklyn-Queens border, was once one of New York City's thriving fight clubs. It hosted boxing every Saturday night for three decades and featured the likes of Tony Canzoneri, Sugar Ray Robinson, Sandy Saddler, and Rocky Graziano. It closed in 1956. In 1982, Brooklyn promoters Frank and Nancy Sciaca reopened the 2,500-seat Ridgewood Grove Arena, and sporadic shows were run with little success. Part of the problem was that it sat on the border of Bedford-Stuyvesant, one of Brooklyn's most dangerous neighborhoods. One boxing writer covering the arena's return wrote, "Taking the subway to that section is only for the bravest of souls."

In 1985, neophyte promoter Richard Nappi attempted to resuscitate Ridgewood Grove by featuring comebacking former middleweight champion Vito Antuofermo. The last show at the arena was Antuofermo's third-round knockout of Nashville's Mark Allman on March 9, 1985.

Today three promoters run shows in New York's Metropolitan area. Ron Scott Stevens and partner Cary Alex run in Manhattan under the Stillman's Gym promotional banner. In Northern New Jersey, Michael and Peter DePasquale run shows largely to promote their own stable of fighters, which is a mix of New York and New Jersey kids. On the suburb of Long Island, David Meyrowitz bills his shows as "upscale and in the main ballroom." He is clearly attempting to appeal to a different breed of boxing fan.

Stevens and Alex are a throwback. Their cards are staged at the Ramada Hotel on Seventh Avenue, across the street from Madison Square Garden. They use the formula that made it possible for clubs to thrive in the Big Apple for nearly 50 years: local fighters, ethnic matchups, and, most importantly, competitive fights. The atmosphere is dark and smoky and the crowd is always loud and obnoxious. At a recent show, in which Brooklyn prospect Ishmael Sanders lost a split decision to Bronx-based Dominican Hector Acero in the main event, a full-scale brawl nearly erupted outside the ring. The fight was about half-over as Stevens took the microphone to appeal for calm. The New York City police were notified and were standing by ready to take action. Oh, how proud the proprietors of St. Nick's would have been if they were watching from above.

"I don't know if you can return to the days of yore," said Stevens. "But boxing isn't dead yet in New York. With a couple of breaks, we can revitalize it."

It may take more than a couple of breaks. The social structure and evolution of urban America just doesn't seem fertile enough to develop the seeds of Stevens' attempt at a boxing revolution. But it's nice to know someone is trying. And it's nicer to know that there are still a few places that can bring you back to boxing's Golden Age. ■

De La Hoya

(Continued from page 29)

talking about since Hernandez and the "Golden Boy" first traded blows at the Resurrection Gym. Now a lot of folks are saying something else.

"The people in the neighborhood have their own opinions," said Hernandez. "Some are calling Oscar a wimp and want me to knock him out. But

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De La Hoya

(Continued from page 61)

I don't talk trash. I know his family, his father and his uncle. They know me, and they're aware of what I can do. Anyway, I don't think it's Oscar who doesn't want to fight me. It's his people."

Isn't that always the way? The bottom-line boys spoil all the fun. But if De La Hoya's management isn't willing to risk their multimillion-dollar meal ticket at this juncture, how about further down the line?

"I don't think we'll ever fight," said Hernandez. "I hear Oscar is having a lot of trouble making 130 pounds, and I expect he'll be moving up to lightweight soon. But I'm a natural junior lightweight. My last fight [a 12-round decision over Harold Warren in October '93], I was taking off weekends to keep weight on."

But what if you do eventually fight him? What do you think would happen?

"I know De La Hoya would come forward with power and speed, and I would probably have to counterpunch. Oscar's biggest weakness is his lack of body movement, and as he's just as tall as I am [5'11"], he'll be easier to hit than the shorter guys I've fought. It would be a very hard fight which would likely go the distance. It would simply come down to whoever looked better that night."

There's little doubt who will look better on March 5, when De La Hoya challenges Bredahl, 16-0 (5), for the synthetic WBO crown. But who cares?

"What kind of recognition will De La Hoya get from beating Bredahl?" asked Rudy Hernandez. "The L.A. public is fired up because he's ducking Genaro. After this, De La Hoya has *no* credibility."

Maybe that's overstating the case. But backing out of the Hernandez bout, regardless of the reason, has certainly taken a little of the shine off the "Golden Boy's" image. ■

Books

(Continued from page 45)

The characters are wonderfully and frighteningly real, and Schulberg's look at the underside of boxing reveals as much about society as the ring. Meet ever-hustling boxing manager Harry Miniff:

"The Harry Miniffs of this world! No, that was taking in too much territory. America. Harry Miniff was American. He had an Italian name or an Irish name or a Jewish name or an English name ... You could find Miniffs everywhere, not just the fight game but show business, radio, movies, the rackets, wholesale houses, building trades, blackjack unions, advertising, politics, real estate, insurance—a disease of the American heart—successful Harry Miniffs, pushing their way to the top of steel institutes, oil combines, film studios, fight monopolies; and unsuccessful Harry Miniffs, born with the will but not the knack to catch up with the high dollar that keeps tempting them on like a mechanical rabbit which the whippet can't catch unless the machine breaks down, and can't eat if it does."

3. *The Big Man*, by William McIlvanney. Published in 1985. Thirty-three years old, with two young sons, a tenuous marriage, and an unraveling view of his own place in the world, Dan Scoular, an unemployed Scotsman from a depressed village, agrees to participate in an illegal bare-knuckle fight-to-the-finish wearing the colors of a Glascow mobster. A local hero, Scoular's "most frequently commented-on talent was a simple one. He could knock people unconscious very quickly, frequently with one punch."

This book is crammed with so much insight into fighting, people, love, marriage, and life (like the previous novels, the ring is just one of its contexts) that it requires several readings. The writing is exquisite.

The description of the fight itself is the best I've ever seen, exploring the whole psyche of a boxing match:

"Pain had found its way past the anesthesia of tension and every punch seemed to bring the aches from all the earlier punches out in chorus. He felt as if he was discovering for the first time the reality of violence. He seemed pitted against a force that was just naturally greater than his. There are no fair fights, it occurred to him. He heard the voices draw on his spilled blood. As he began to founder, he knew something with certainty and yet knew that his knowledge was discredited because of where it came from, because it would be seen as the excuse of a loser. And he was losing, he was certain. He knew he was giving as much as Cutty, the same in his own terms, that what was being demonstrated here wasn't the superiority of one but the similarity of both, that they were expressing something jointly, not individually. The voices lied. What was there was as much as anybody could offer, was the same gift whoever made it. The voices had lied, but he had accepted them and he was caught in them now."

4. *Fat City*, by Leonard Gardner. Published in 1974. Hollywood isn't always crass. When John Huston filmed this excellent novel about a rundown clubfighter from Stockton, California, the only thing he changed was Billy Tully's weight. In the book he's a lightweight, not a light heavyweight. But for one or two other very minor differences, the film is a faithful copy of the book, and the book is a cruelly accurate depiction of small-time boxing.

Tully's wife has left him, and he interrupts his skid from one flophouse to another long enough to try a ring comeback to win her back. He returns to the hole-in-the-wall gym and the pipedreaming manager who runs it, taking with him an amateur named Munger:

"On the day Billy Tully and Ernie Munger came together through the door of the Lido Gym, a new period of energy began for Ruben Luna. He had been in a slump ... With his wife and children Ruben felt such impatience that he rarely could look at them, his eyes shifting around them as though to lessen his weight of suffering. On Halloween he had been coerced into going trick-or-treating, his daughters, in masks and costumes, running on ahead to ring doorbells while he came along behind holding the hand of his sheet-draped son. From the shadows of the sidewalk he had watched their animation as they filled their paper sacks with candy, and he felt only the utter dullness of it all, the meaningless expenditure of himself that he was powerless to stop, begun imperceptibly long ago in the name of a love he could no longer feel."

If you're manic-depressive, pass on this one. The lives chronicled here are not ones of quiet desperation. The desperation screams off every page. It's an honest and riveting book.

5. *The Power Of One*, by Bryce Courtenay. Published in 1989. A small South African boy named Peekay is tortured by his classmates in boarding school because they are Boers and he is English—a "rooinek." World War II is just breaking out, and his tormentors are in a swoon over the Third Reich. Fatherless, friendless, and isolated, our picked-on little hero's life changes when he meets a railroad conductor, Hopie Croenwald, a welterweight who teaches Peekay that "the art of self-defense is the greatest art of all, and boxing is the greatest art of self-defense."

The lesson is further advanced by Geel Piet, a broken-down old recidivist in the local prison who teaches Peekay the finer points of boxing when the latter is allowed to join the boxing team. "Box, never fight," Piet says. "Fighting is for heavyweights and dumkops." Peekay is neither, having decided that he will become welterweight

(Continued on page 64)

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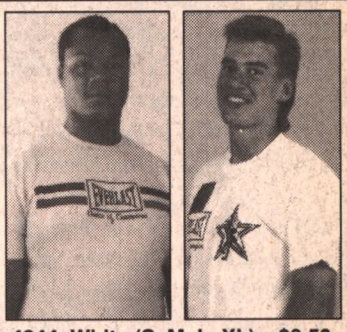

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Books

(Continued from page 62)

champion, and having been taken under the intellectual wing of Doc, an old, once-famous musician and botanist who is incarcerated for the duration of the war because he's from Germany.

This book is a statement on racism, the displays of which are stunning and sickening, and also on individualism and belief in oneself. The characters are wonderful. Producers of the fair movie made from the book erred in not casting George Foreman as Big Hattie, the gluttonous, mammoth railroad cook.

6. *The Sailor And The Fox,* by Brian Burland. Published in 1973. Sailor Saltus, 49, the white former heavyweight champion of the British Royal Navy, and Phineas Fox, the black holder of the Mid-Ocean heavyweight title, square off as the centerpiece event of Bermuda's 350th anniversary celebration. Saltus is an ironman coaxed out of retirement to earn money for a family medical emergency. Fox is Bermuda's Ali.

If you thought the fight scenes in *Rocky* and its progeny were graphic, wait till you get a load of the ones in this much more realistic depiction of the physical consequences of punches that "sounded like sledgehammers breaking open cement bags."

"The Fox came out dancing, dancing, even giving little skips. He flexed his shoulders, flexed his arm muscles, and threw shadowboxes as he approached the heavy white man. All right, Whitey, I heard: Mr. Jack Basket said you said I was yellow—and though my mother is a fine-looking yellow woman, it isn't for any white man to say—and I am brown, tough brown. He closed on Sailor dancing, and Sailor closed on him like a great rhinoceros pawing the ground, and The Fox's head felt as if it was a watermelon that had been hit by a hundred golf clubs."

7. *The Circle Home,* by Edward Hoagland. Published in 1960. Once a decent middleweight, Denny Kelly is trying for a comeback at 28, both in the ring and with his wife and the daughter he deserted. Kelly was a better fighter than family man (and kept man for his obnoxious mistress), but what he finds is that the gym isn't home to him anymore, either. Most of the action takes place in a New York gym, and its portrayals of the fighters, managers, contenders, has-beens, never-weres, and hangers-on is bravura:

"The kid was proud to be in the ring. He shoved Choop whenever he could—just to move him, by any means, was satisfying. Between rounds he dangled his mouthpiece ostentatiously out of his mouth and marched as if to music. But the licking told. The kid's rib casing showed with every breath. His trunks stuck clammy to his legs; his face was swollen in the classic shape, which soon enough it would wear in permanent fashion. An hour's time would shrink the face to normal, but there it was now, a portrait of the kid when he retired."

Even the best end up marked by the ring, such as Master Manuel, a Mexican defensive genius, "sort of a permanent ranked Number Nine":

"Face all scoured and scalded with sorrow, bleak with habitual bravery: fight crowds singing 'Let Me Call You Sweetheart' till he'd grown so flawless in his tactics that they'd had to quit; thousands upon thousands of punches he'd evaded—cripplers to the viscera, nose-mashers ... You'd see him in the middle of the hottest flurry fending with his arms and turning to the ref and asking through the mouthpiece that he please not let the other fighter punch the spine and kidneys, as the rulebook said. You'd see him touch gloves with the crummiest pug at every violation, trying to keep some decency. His perfection would be booed, fat clerks shouting, 'Hit him in the belly!' Every other boxer's face was shaped by blows only, no experience—not because they were insensible: because the blows obliterated the experience. What was left was flesh achieving the very levelings, the very bulges of a headguard. In Manuel's you saw, because he had received no blows, experience pure, the career experience of a boxer."

8. *Never Come Morning,* by Nelson Algren. Published in 1941. Bruno Lefty Bicek, a.k.a. "Lefty Biceps," "Bombshell Bicek The Cosmic Bomber," and "Powerhouse Bicek, The Modern Ketchel," is an ignorant, low-life, lower-case Chicago hoodlum and self-styled Polish White Hope who dreams of the heavyweight title. But his life is "a ceaseless series of lusts: for tobacco so good he could eat it like meat; for meat, for coffee, for bread, for sleep, for whiskey, for women, for dice games and ball games and personal triumphs in public places. Day and night, one or all of these rode him, and was never fully satisfied even for a while; they could no more be satisfied than they could be evaded." As a fighter, "Lefty could beat anyone in the world—if they went down the first time he hit them. If they got up, he didn't look so good."

Lefty looks even worse when he lets his fellow gang slobs take turns with his 17-year-old girlfriend, Steffi.

Jailed for another crime, Lefty fantasizes a wonderfully screwball championship fight involving himself and a Jew called Pinsky. He writes questions to "The Question Box," a long-ago column in THE RING, on the order of "Who invented the trick of pointing at an opponent's shoelaces and knocking him out when he look[s] down? Can this still be done?"

"God has forgotten us all," laments poor Ste[ffi]. "He has even forgotten our names." This is [the] endless theme of this dark novel. Poor Bruno Bi[cek] almost makes Billy Tully look like Dr. Norm[an] Vincent Peale.

9. *Flesh And Blood,* by Pete Ham[ill]. Published in 1977. Irish Bobby Fallon, [the] heavyweight hero of this street novel, is remind[ed] of Mike Tyson, except Tyson isn't white and nev[er], as far as has been established, slept with [his] mother. The latter development certainly gives [it a] different and bizarre twist to this otherwi[se] predictable story about a wild street kid who learn[s] how to fight in jail and hooks up with a C[us] D'Amato-like trainer who takes him up [the] heavyweight ladder.

"If you want to be a fighter, look me up," [says] Gus Caputo, the D'Amato clone, upon seeing Fallon fight in prison. "You ain't much of a human being, but who knows."

The account of Fallon's last amateur fight will tickle anyone who doesn't have much use for [the] amateur scene, with its simon purer-than-thou attitude and rulebook posturing.

A decent street-level look at modern boxing.

10. *Cashel Byron's Profession,* by George Bernard Shaw. Published in 1886. Prize fighting was illegal in Great Britain when this book was written. Its practitioners were looked at as animals by proper society, which included Miss Lydia Carew, a beautiful and shrewd heiress who is aghast upon learning that her tenant and suitor, Cashel Byron, is the best fighter in all of England. But Byron is no fumblebrain, either:

"Plenty of your friends go pigeon-shooting ..." he tells Lydia. "There's a humane and manly way of spending a Saturday afternoon. Lord Worthington, that comes to see you when he likes, though he's too much of a man or too little of a shot to kill pigeons, thinks nothing of fox-hunting. Do you think foxes like to be hunted, or that the people that hunt them have such fine feelings that they can afford to call prize fighters names?"

The debate goes on for most of the novel. It's a decent period piece exposing the commonly held down-the-nose view of boxing of the time.

So there you are. If you've been itching for a good fight, look up one or all of these excellent novels. And if you're looking for a better one, go tell a professor of modern literature that Pete Hamill just outpointed George Bernard Shaw.

Then duck. ■

Pete Ehrmann, a frequent contributor to The Ring, is a freelance writer based in West Allis, Wisconsin.

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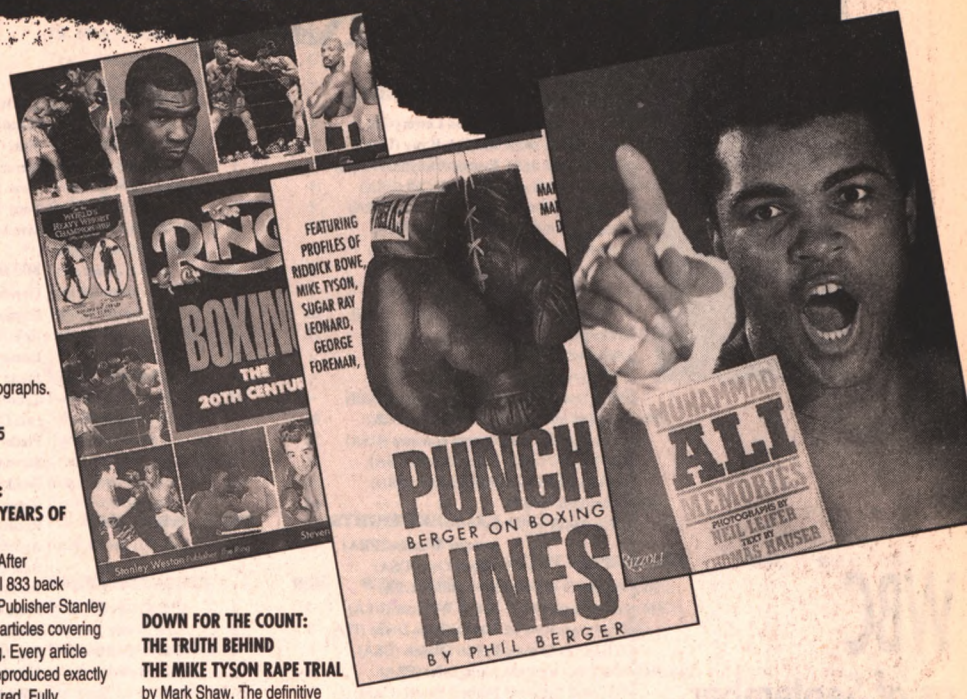

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Worldwide Ratings

WBC
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WBA
as of October

IBF
as of November

HEAVYWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Lennox Lewis (GB)	C	–	–
Riddick Bowe (USA)	–	C	C
Evander Holyfield (USA)	1	2	3
Oliver McCall (USA)	2	3	2
Michael Moorer (USA)	3	1	1
Tony Tucker (USA)	4	4	4
Lionel Butler (USA)	5	–	–
Alex Stewart (JAM)	6	8	–
Phil Jackson (USA)	7	7	–
Razor Ruddock (CAN)	8	6	–
Frank Bruno (GB)	9	9	9
Joe Hipp (USA)	10	–	–
Herbie Hide (GB)	–	5	7
Henry Akinwande (GB)	11	10	12
Bruce Seldon (USA)	14	–	5
George Foreman (USA)	–	–	6
Corrie Sanders (SA)	15	12	8
Mike Hunter (USA)	16	–	10

CRUISERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Anaclet Wamba (FRA)	C	–	–
Alfred Cole (USA)	–	–	C
Nate Miller (USA)	1	5	2
Arthur Williams (USA)	2	3	4
Massimiliano Duran (ITA)	3	11	–
Robert Daniels (USA)	4	7	10
Akim Tafer (FRA)	5	4	12
Norbert Ekassi (CAM)	6	6	8
Kenny Keene (USA)	7	9	–
Jade Scott (USA)	8	–	7
Dennis Andries (GB)	9	–	–
Art Jimmerson (USA)	10	–	–
Orlin Norris (USA)	–	1	1
Marcelo Figueroa (ARG)	–	2	6
James Warring (USA)	–	8	–
Frans Botha (SA)	–	10	–
Uriah Grant (USA)	–	–	3
Adolpho Washington (USA)	–	–	5
Richard Mason (USA)	13	–	9

LT. HEAVYWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Jeff Harding (AUSTRL)	C	–	–
Virgil Hill (USA)	–	C	–
Henry Maske (GER)	–	–	C
Randall Yonker (USA)	1	7	–
Frank Tate (USA)	2	1	4
Egerton Marcus (CAN)	3	11	3
Mike McCallum (JAM)	4	–	6
Ernie Magdaleno (USA)	5	10	1
Eddy Smulders (HOLL)	6	3	10
Eric Nicoletta (FRA)	7	6	11
Crawford Ashley (GB)	8	8	–
Charles Williams (USA)	9	–	2
Darius Michaelczewski (POL)	10	12	5
Wang Sup Lee (KOR)	26	2	–
Fabrice Tiozzo (FRA)	14	4	7
Victor Cordoba (PAN)	12	5	–
Isaias Lucero (MEX)	–	9	–
David Vedder (USA)	13	–	8
Anthony Hembrick (USA)	24	–	9

SUPER MIDDLEWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Nigel Benn (GB)	C	–	–
Michael Nunn (USA)	–	C	–
James Toney (USA)	–	–	C
Henry Wharton (GB)	1	7	7
Tim Littles (USA)	2	1	1
Mauro Galvano (ITA)	3	–	–
Frank Liles (USA)	4	2	8
Tony Byrd (USA)	5	3	3
Graciano Rocchigiani (GER)	6	–	–
Frank Nicotra (FRA)	7	4	11
James Cook (GB)	8	11	–
Nicky Piper (GB)	9	–	–
Ray Close (GB)	10	–	9
Darrin Van Horn (USA)	–	5	5
Iran Barkley (USA)	–	6	–
Mauricio Amaral (BRA)	–	8	–
Fidel Castro Smith (GB)	13	9	–
Merqui Sosa (DR)	24	10	4
Steve Little (USA)	–	–	2
Tony Thornton (USA)	–	12	6
Mwehu Beya (ITA)	25	–	10

MIDDLEWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Gerald McClellan (USA)	C	–	–
Reggie Johnson (USA)	11	C	9
Roy Jones (USA)	–	–	C
Lamar Parks (USA)	1	2	1
Julian Jackson (VI)	2	–	6
Thomas Tate (USA)	3	–	2
Otis Grant (CAN)	4	11	4
Frederic Seillier (FRA)	5	–	–
Steve Collins (IRE)	6	4	–
Frank Grant (GB)	7	–	–
Vinny Pazienza (USA)	8	–	5
Roberto Duran (PAN)	9	9	–
Agostino Cardamone (ITA)	10	–	–
John David Jackson (USA)	–	1	–
Joe Gatti (CAN)	–	3	–
Jorge Castro (ARG)	–	5	11
Bernard Hopkins (USA)	12	6	3
Segundo Mercado (ECU)	18	7	10
Shinji Takehara (JAP)	23	8	–
Mike McCallum (JAM)	–	10	–
Manuel Medina (SPA)	–	–	7
Charles Brewer (USA)	19	–	8

JR. MIDDLEWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Terry Norris (USA)	C	–	–
Julio Cesar Vasquez (ARG)	–	C	–
Gianfranco Rosi (ITA)	–	–	C
Simon Brown (USA)	1	5	–
Stephen Martinez (USA)	2	–	–
Carl Daniels (USA)	3	6	2
Vincent Pettway (USA)	4	9	1
Troy Waters (AUSTRL)	5	–	11
Yung Kil Chung (KOR)	6	2	–
Robert McCracken (GB)	7	–	–
Alain Bonnamie (CAN)	8	–	–
Ronald Wright (USA)	9	10	6
Julio C. Green (USA)	10	–	3
Vinny Pazienza (USA)	–	1	–
Aaron Davis (USA)	20	3	7
Laurent Boudouani (FRA)	17	4	–
Curtis Summit (USA)	–	7	5
Verno Phillips (USA)	–	8	–
Gilbert Dele (FRA)	12	–	4
Gilberto Barreto (COL)	–	–	8
Darrin Morris (USA)	22	–	9
Lupe Aquino (USA)	–	–	10

WELTERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Pernell Whitaker (USA)	C	–	–
Crisanto Espana (VEN)	–	C	–
Felix Trinidad (PR)	–	–	C
Santos Cardona (PR)	1	–	–
Ike Quartey (GHA)	2	1	3
Yori Boy Campas (MEX)	3	2	1
James McGirt (USA)	4	11	9
Oba Carr (USA)	5	–	4
Larry Barnes (USA)	6	7	2
Jung Oh Park (KOR)	7	4	–
Gary Jacobs (GB)	8	5	–
Meldrick Taylor (USA)	9	8	11
David Gonzalez (USA)	10	–	10
Gert Jacobsen (DEN)	–	3	–
Kevin Pompey (USA)	19	6	7
Miguel Gonzalez (MEX)	24	9	–
Donovan Boucher (CAN)	–	10	–
Andrew Murray (GUY)	15	–	5
Wilfredo Rivera (PR)	12	–	6
Stephan Johnson (USA)	18	–	8

JR. WELTERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Julio Cesar Chavez (MEX)	**C**	**–**	**–**
Juan M. Coggi (ARG)	**–**	**C**	**–**
Charles Murray (USA)	**–**	**–**	**C**
Frankie Randall (USA)	1	2	2
Valery Kayumba (ZAI)	2	1	–
David Kamau (USA)	3	–	–
Terrence Alli (USA)	4	6	–
Kostya Tszyu (RUS)	5	–	3
Andy Holligan (GB)	6	8	4
Hector Lopez (MEX)	7	9	–
Vincent Phillips (USA)	8	–	–
Angel Hernandez (PR)	9	–	8
Greg Haugen (USA)	10	–	–
Loreto Garza (USA)	–	3	–
Morris East (PHIL)	–	4	–
Alberto Cortes (ARG)	–	5	–
Eder Gonzalez (COL)	–	7	–
Jan Bergman (SA)	–	10	–
Rafael Pineda (COL)	–	–	1
Pedro Sanchez (DR)	–	–	5
Rodney Moore (USA)	–	–	6
Pedro Padilla (COL)	–	–	7
Darryll Tyson (USA)	21	–	9
Roger Mayweather (USA)	16	–	10

LIGHTWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Miguel Angel Gonzalez (MEX)	**C**	**–**	**–**
Dingaan Thobela (SA)	**–**	**C**	**9**
Fred Pendleton (USA)	**–**	**–**	**C**
Rafael Ruelas (USA)	1	6	1
Leavander Johnson (USA)	2	8	3
Sharmba Mitchell (USA)	3	3	7
Jean Baptist Mendy (FRA)	4	4	4
Wilfrido Rocha (COL)	5	–	–
Ramon Marchena (MEX)	6	–	–
Chad Broussard (USA)	7	10	–
Miguel Julio (COL)	8	9	2
David Sample (USA)	9	–	–
Joey Gamache (USA)	10	2	12
Nazarov Olzubek (JAP)	–	1	–
Fabian Tejeda (ARG)	25	5	–
Tony Lopez (USA)	–	7	11
Eduardo Molina (COL)	26	12	5
Orlando Marimon (COL)	–	–	6
Mike Evgen (USA)	–	–	8
Carl Griffith (USA)	14	–	10

JR. LIGHTWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Azumah Nelson (GHA)	**C**	**–**	**–**
Genaro Hernandez (USA)	**–**	**C**	**–**
John-John Molina (PR)	**–**	**–**	**C**
James Leija (USA)	1	–	–
Gabriel Ruelas (USA)	2	6	4
Calvin Grove (USA)	3	12	3
Jacobin Yoma (FRA)	4	7	9
Regilio Tuur (HOLL)	5	–	10
Jimmy Garcia (COL)	6	11	–
Oscar De La Hoya (USA)	7	5	5
Ed Hopson (USA)	8	–	6
Orlando Soto (PAN)	9	–	–
Eugene Speed (USA)	10	–	8
Harold Warren (USA)	–	1	–
Jesus Gutierrez (PAN)	30	2	–
Marcos Guevara (VEN)	23	3	–
Victor Hugo Paz (ARG)	12	4	–
Wilson Rodriguez (DR)	14	8	1
Eun Shik Lee (KOR)	13	9	–
Lamar Murphy (USA)	22	10	–
Moises Pedroza (COL)	–	–	2
Bernard Taylor (USA)	–	–	7

FEATHERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Gregorio Vargas (MEX)	**C**	**–**	**–**
Yung Kyun Park (KOR)	**–**	**C**	**–**
Tom Johnson (USA)	**–**	**–**	**C**
Kevin Kelley (USA)	1	2	1
Cesar Soto (MEX)	2	–	–
Paul Hodkinson (GB)	3	4	–
Miguel Arrozal (PHIL)	4	–	6
Seiji Asakawa (JAP)	5	8	–
Ever Beleno (COL)	6	7	4
Chris Saguid (PHIL)	7	9	–
Hector Lizarraga (USA)	8	–	–
Francisco Segura (USA)	9	–	3
Tony Green (USA)	10	–	5
Eloy Rojas (VEN)	24	1	–
Luis Mendoza (COL)	–	3	–
Orlando Soto (PAN)	–	5	2
James Leija (USA)	–	6	–
Jose Samabria (VEN)	–	10	–
Alejandro Gonzalez (MEX)	–	–	7
Harold Warren (USA)	–	–	8
Billy Hardy (USA)	15	–	9
Stephane Haccoun (FRA)	11	–	10

JR. FEATHERWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Tracy Patterson (USA)	**C**	**–**	**–**
Wilfredo Vasquez (PR)	**–**	**C**	**–**
Kennedy McKinney (USA)	**–**	**–**	**C**
Yuichi Kasai (JAP)	1	4	–
Daniel Zaragoza (MEX)	2	–	–
Julio Gervacio (DR)	3	–	3
Welcome Ncita (SA)	4	8	1
Freddy Cruz (DR)	5	–	–
Jesse Benavides (USA)	6	9	–
Yong Woon Park (KOR)	7	–	–
Jesus Salud (USA)	8	7	7
Jose Rincones (VEN)	9	10	6
Johnny Vasquez (USA)	10	–	–
Antonio Cermeno (VEN)	22	1	–
Jae Won Choi (KOR)	–	2	–
Hiroaki Yokota (JAP)	–	3	–
Ramon Guzman (VEN)	–	5	–
Arnulfo Romero (PAN)	16	6	–
Nurhuda (INDO)	27	–	2
Cesar Soto (MEX)	–	–	4
Maui Diaz (USA)	21	–	5
Cesar Polanco (DR)	24	–	8
Luis Mendoza (COL)	–	–	9
Rudy Zavala (USA)	11	12	10

BANTAMWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Jung Il Byun (KOR)	**C**	**–**	**–**
Eliecer Julio (COL)	**5**	**C**	**10**
Orlando Canizales (USA)	**–**	**–**	**C**
Victor Rabanales (MEX)	1	–	–
Daorung Chuvatana (THAI)	2	2	6
Yasuei Yakushiji (JAP)	3	3	–
Vincenzo Belcastro (ITA)	4	–	–
Yong Hoon Lee (KOR)	6	4	–
Dong Choon Lee (KOR)	7	–	–
Drew Docherty (GB)	8	–	–
Harold Mestre (COL)	9	10	2
Ernie Cataluna (PHIL)	10	–	–
Junior Jones (USA)	–	1	–
Eddie Cook (USA)	–	5	3
Nana Konadu (GHA)	–	6	–
Alfred Kotey (GHA)	–	7	–
Elvis Alvarez (COL)	21	8	–
In Joo Cho (KOR)	28	9	–
Juvenal Berrio (COL)	–	–	1
Lauren Ramirez (SPA)	–	–	4
Ricardo Vargas (MEX)	14	–	5
Derrick Whiteboy (SA)	–	–	7
Gerardo Martinez (USA)	–	–	8
Abraham Torres (VEN)	30	12	9

JR. BANTAMWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Sung Kil Moon (KOR)	**C**	**–**	**–**
Katsuya Onizuka (JAP)	**–**	**C**	**–**
Julio Borboa (MEX)	**–**	**–**	**C**
Marco A. Barrera (MEX)	1	–	6
Carlos Salazar (ARG)	2	10	–
Jose Luis Bueno (MEX)	3	–	–
Armando Salazar (MEX)	4	–	–
Hiroshi Kawashima (JAP)	5	9	–
Nana Konadu (GHA)	6	–	–
Alfred Kotey (GHA)	7	–	–
Cecilio Espino (MEX)	8	–	–
Seung Koo Lee (KOR)	9	6	–
Gerry Penalosa (PHIL)	10	11	–
Khaoyai Mahasarakam (THAI)	–	1	–
Hyung Chul Lee (KOR)	19	2	–
Kotaro Hayashi (JAP)	15	3	–
Cuauhtemoc Gomez (MEX)	11	4	–
Ernesto Briceno (VEN)	–	5	–
Ernie Cataluna (PHIL)	–	7	–
Lamhot Simamora (INDO)	26	8	–
San Sor Pleonchit (THAI)	–	–	1
Harold Gray (COL)	–	–	2
Robert Quiroga (USA)	22	–	3
Joel Luna (MEX)	–	–	4
Carlos Mercado (COL)	–	–	5
Rodolfo Blanco (COL)	–	–	7
Rolando Pascua (PHIL)	18	–	8
John Johnson (USA)	16	–	9
Little Guns Pumar (PHIL)	–	–	10

FLYWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Yuri Arbachakov (RUS)	**C**	**–**	**–**
David Griman (VEN)	**–**	**C**	**–**
Phichit Sithbangprachan (THAI)	**–**	**–**	**C**
Hugo Soto (ARG)	1	12	–
Alberto Jimenez (MEX)	2	–	–
Isaias Zamudio (USA)	3	–	11
Nam Hoon Cha (KOR)	4	–	–
Francisco Tejedor (COL)	5	–	3
Chatchai Elite-Gym (THAI)	6	–	–
Jesus Zuniga (COL)	7	–	–
Mark Johnson (USA)	8	–	6
San Sor Pleonchit (THAI)	9	7	–
Alvaro Mercado (COL)	10	1	–
Aquiles Guzman (VEN)	12	2	–
Evangelino Perez (PAN)	–	3	–
Yong Kang Kim (KOR)	–	4	–
Jae Kwon Chang (KOR)	–	5	–
Hiroki Ioka (JAP)	18	6	–
Jose Luis Zepeda (MEX)	–	8	1
Jose Bonilla (VEN)	–	9	–
Jesus Rojas (VEN)	17	10	–
Scotty Olson (USA)	–	–	2
Ferid Ben Jeddou (TUN)	24	–	4
Arthur Johnson (USA)	–	–	5
Abdi Pohan (INDO)	–	–	7
Robbie Regan (GB)	–	11	8
Miguel Martinez (MEX)	–	–	9
Alfred Kotey (GHA)	–	–	10

LIGHT FLYWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Michael Carbajal (USA)	**C**	**–**	**C**
Humberto Gonzalez (MEX)	1	7	5
Javier Varguez (MEX)	2	–	–
Jesus Chong (MEX)	3	10	–
Melchor Cob Castro (MEX)	4	11	10
Domingo Sosa (DR)	5	8	–
Fahlan Lukmingkwan (THAI)	6	–	2
Kwang Sun Kim (KOR)	7	12	–
Enrique Orozco (MEX)	8	–	–
Victor Villanueva (MEX)	9	–	–
Narciso Rodriguez (DR)	10	–	–
Juan A. Torres (PAN)	–	1	1
Leo Gamez (VEN)	–	2	–
Shiro Yahiro (JAP)	12	3	12
Hi Yong Choi (KOR)	–	4	–
Nam Hoon Cha (KOR)	–	5	11
Virgilio Chifundo (PAN)	19	6	–
Yong Jin Kim (KOR)	–	9	–
Eric Griffin (USA)	–	–	3
Jesus Zuniga (COL)	–	–	4
Robinson Cuesta (PAN)	–	–	6
Leon Salazar (PAN)	–	–	7
Azadin Anhar (INDO)	–	–	8
Pronchai Sithpraporom (THAI)	–	–	9

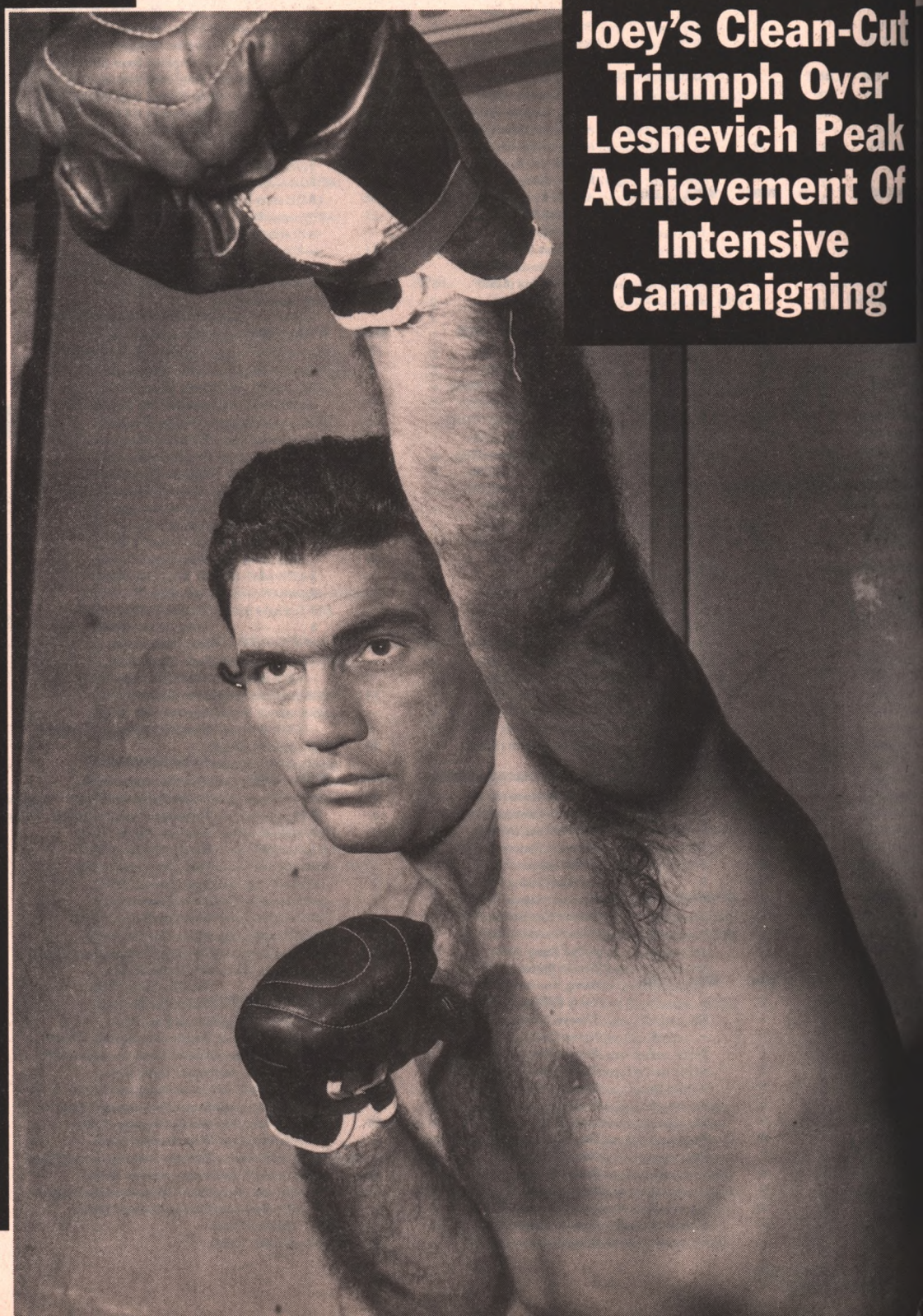
STRAWWEIGHTS	WBC	WBA	IBF
Ricardo Lopez (MEX)	**C**	**–**	**–**
Chana Porpaoin (THAI)	**–**	**C**	**–**
Ratanapol Vorapin (THAI)	**–**	**–**	**C**
Jose Luis Zepeda (MEX)	1	–	–
Kermin Guardia (COL)	2	3	–
Pretty Boy Lucas (PHIL)	3	–	–
Andy Tabanas (PHIL)	4	–	–
Ala Villamor (PHIL)	5	6	5
Marcelino Bolivar (VEN)	6	–	3
Myung Sup Park (KOR)	7	–	–
Toto Pow Phongasawang (THAI)	8	–	–
Eric Griffin (USA)	9	–	–
Seo Kjin Yang (KOR)	10	11	–
Carlos Murillo (PAN)	–	1	9
Jin Ho Kim (KOR)	13	2	–
Fahlan Lukmingkwan (THAI)	–	4	–
Miguel Angel Granados (MEX)	–	5	–
Rafael Torres (DR)	–	7	4
Carlos Rodriguez (VEN)	11	8	2
Saman Sor Jaturong (THAI)	12	9	–
Ronnie Magramo (PHIL)	–	10	–
Felix Naranjo (COL)	–	–	1
Pichitnoi Sithbangprachan (THAI)	–	–	6
Manny Melchor (PHIL)	15	–	7
Ekawit Singhchatchawal (THAI)	–	–	8
Onewin Chareon (THAI)	–	–	10

CLASSIC

From THE RING, August 1949

MAXIM CASHING IN ON DECADE'S EFFORT

Joey's Clean-Cut Triumph Over Lesnevich Peak Achievement Of Intensive Campaigning

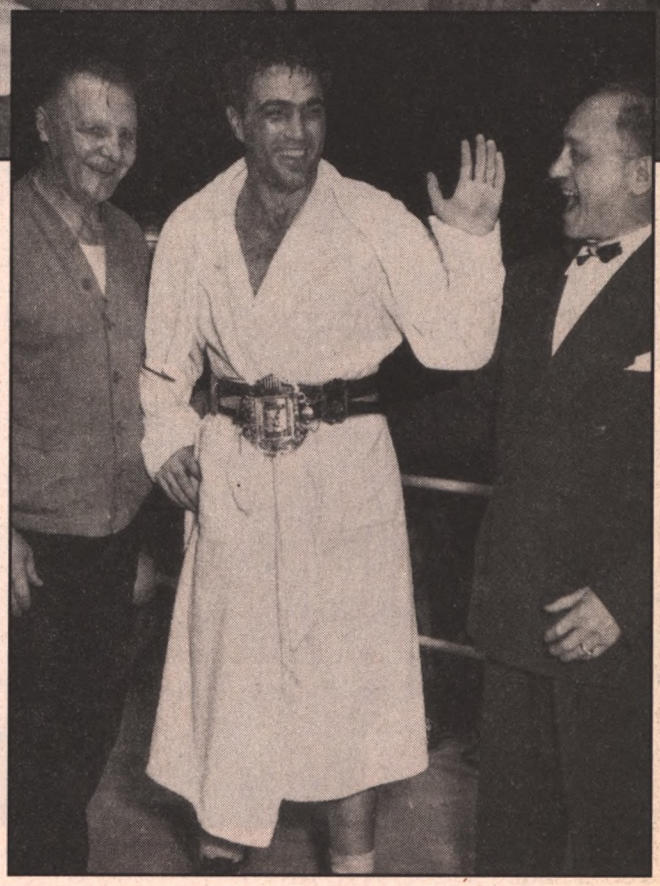


Maxim is managed by the legendary Jack "Doc" Kearns (right), who handled Jack Dempsey and Mickey Walker. Also pictured is trainer Al Belmont.

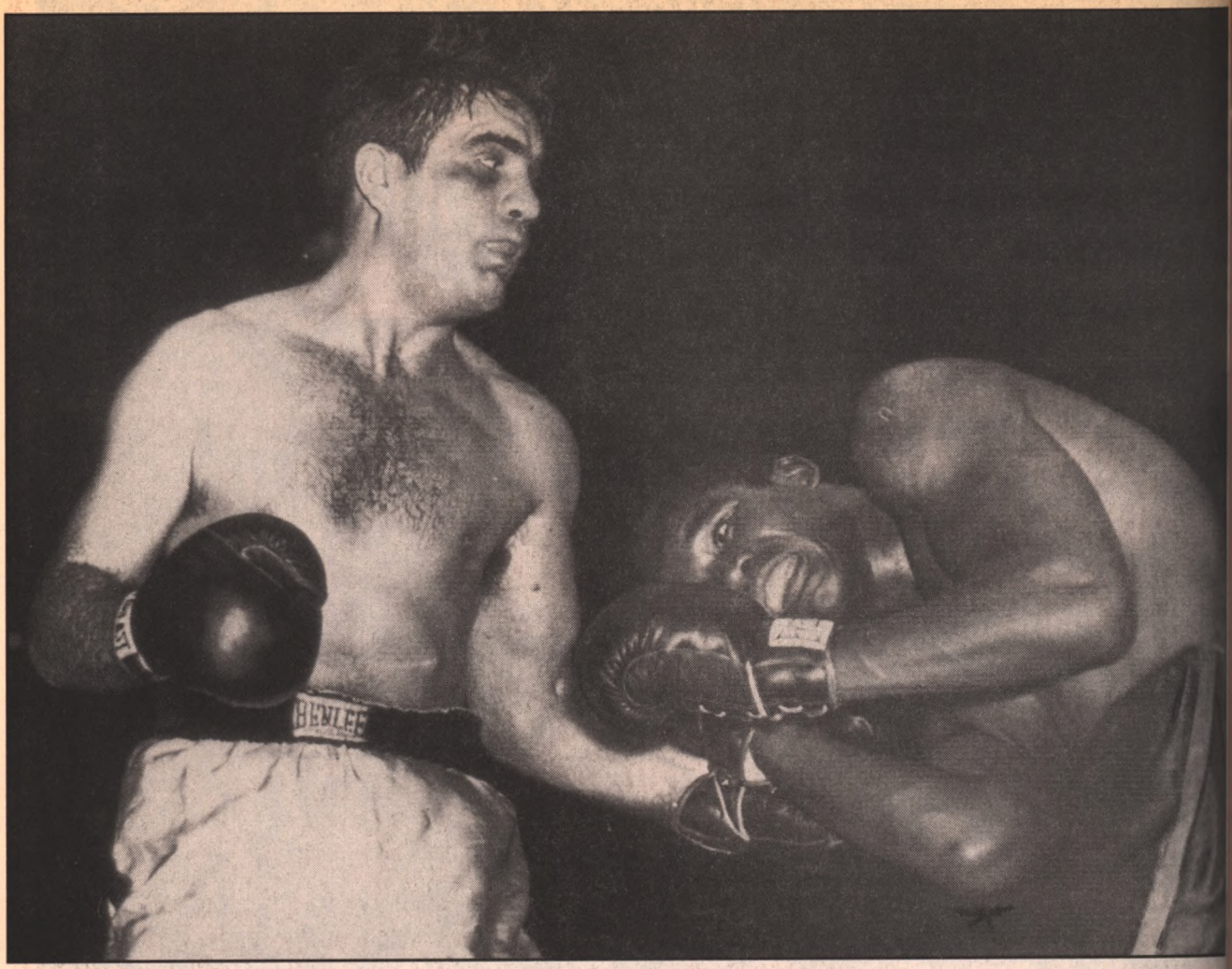
By Ted Carroll

After almost 10 years of trying, Joey Maxim at last has gained some measure of success and recognition. The road has been rough for the Cleveland Italian. His record is dotted with the names of a lot of tough nuts no one else cared to meet. His three meetings with Ezzard Charles are tipoffs on the caliber of the competition Maxim has been in there with. Maxim lost all three to Charles, but the last of these was a hairline affair, with the Cincinnati contender winning a split decision.

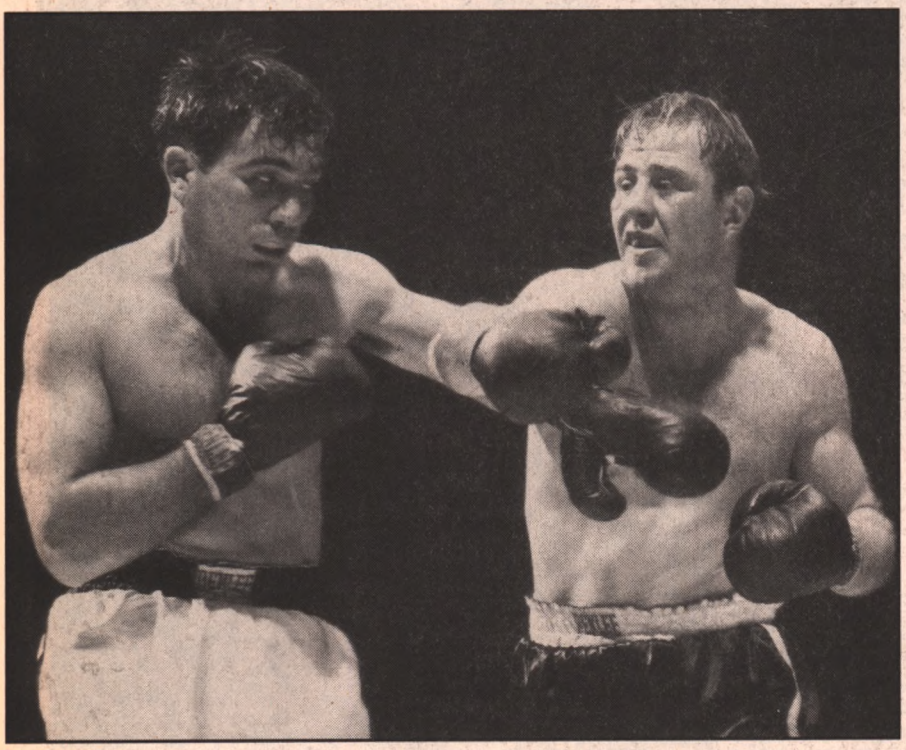
Often overlooked is the decision Maxim grabbed over Jersey Joe Walcott in the latter's hometown of Camden, New Jersey, back in 1946. Two subsequent matches took place between the Cleveland boy and the Jersey veteran. Neither was sensational but both were close, and there was little to choose between them at the finish. Walcott



Maxim's 15-round decision victory over Gus Lesnevich made him the American light heavyweight champion. On the left is trainer Ollie Downs, on the right promoter Sam Becker.



Maxim has met a who's who of opponents, including Jimmy Bivins, whom he outpointed in December 1948. The Cleveland light heavy has also rumbled with Archie Moore and Ezzard Charles.



Swedish heavyweight champion Olle Tandberg was outscored by Maxim in January 1948. Maxim has often faced heavyweights, though it's the 175-pound crown he is aiming for.

got the verdicts. Their last meeting, with crooner Frank Sinatra in the role of promoter and Joe Louis lending a hand with the ballyhoo, on June 23, 1947, convinced Frankie that there was no business like show business.

As far back as 1941 and '42, his first two years in professional boxing, Maxim was tangling with such rough characters as Lee Oma, Nat Bolden, Booker Beckwith, Jimmy Bivins, Curtis Sheppard, and Charles.

Only one "KO by" appears in his record, despite the orneriness of the men he fought. This was a one-round quickie by Sheppard, a tough puncher, back in 1943. Less than a month later, Maxim outstabbed and outsmarted this hard hitter to even matters.

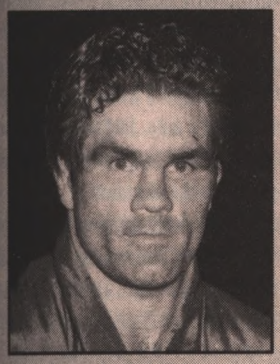
Hometown rival Bivins, then at the top of his form, was too much for Maxim in their first meeting, on June 22, 1942. Joey had to wait seven years but finally got even when he edged out his Forest City rival on December 7 of last year.

In his most recent imbroglio with Charles, Maxim was defeated but far from disgraced. In fact, one judge saw the contest as an even thing and voted accordingly. This match, held in the brand new Cincinnati Garden on February 28, set a record for attendance at a Cincinnati fight, with 14,062 customers sitting in and paying $72,818 to watch the proceedings.

The rugged quality of his opposition has forced Maxim to develop his defensive abilities up to unusual perfection for a present-day boxer. Skill such as his is pretty much a lost art today, as the public appetite has hungered for free-swinging sluggers and kayo artists these many years. Endowed with more than average skill since his amateur beginnings at the tender age of 13, Maxim, in order to survive the onslaughts of such as Charles and Bivins, has rounded out his style to the point where he is far and away the best boxing big man in the business.

Since New York fight crowds are unusually partial to rough, tough fighters, it comes as no surprise that Maxim in a couple of showings in the big town did not

THE RING RATINGS, *August 1949*



Freddie Mills

HEAVYWEIGHTS
World Champion: Title Vacant

1. Ezzard Charles
2. Joe Walcott
3. Bruce Woodcock
4. Lee Savold
5. Lee Oma
6. Pat Valentino
7. Gus Lesnevich
8. Johnny Flynn
9. Joe Baksi
10. Bernie Reynolds

LIGHT HEAVYWEIGHTS
World Champion: Freddie Mills

1. Archie Moore
2. Joey Maxim
3. Leonard Morrow
4. Tommy Yarosz
5. Bob Amos
6. Dave Sands
7. Henry Hall
8. Doc Williams
9. Harold Johnson
10. Billy Smith

MIDDLEWEIGHTS
World Champion: Jake LaMotta

1. Marcel Cerdan
2. Steve Belloise
3. Laurent Dauthuille
4. Bert Lytell
5. Tiberio Mitri
6. Robert Villemain
7. Carl Olson
8. Lee Sala
9. Jose Basora
10. Art Towne

WELTERWEIGHTS
World Champion: Ray Robinson

1. Kid Gavilan
2. Bernard Docusen
3. Gene Burton
4. Charley Fusari
5. George Costner
6. Frankie Fernandez
7. Johnny Greco
8. Tony Janiro
9. Beau Jack
10. Chico Varona

LIGHTWEIGHTS
World Champion: Ike Williams

1. Freddie Dawson
2. Enrique Bolanos
3. Arthur King
4. Maxie Docusen
5. Tommy Campbell
6. Johnny Gonsalves
7. Paddy DeMarco
8. Del Flanagan
9. Eddie Giosa
10. Orlando Zulueta

FEATHERWEIGHTS
World Champ: Willie Pep

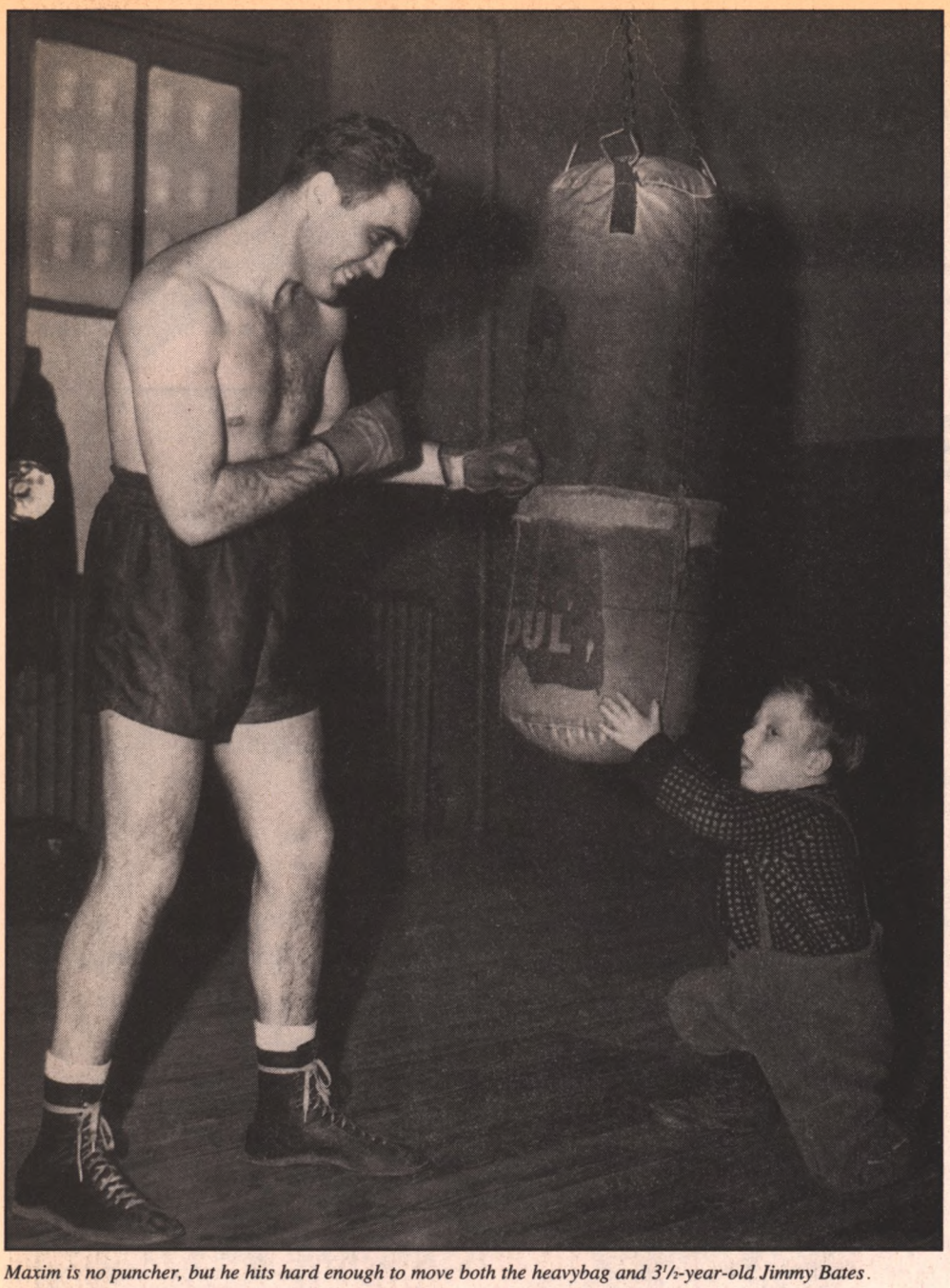
1. Sandy Saddler
2. Ray Famechon
3. Jackie Graves
4. Henry Davis
5. Elis Ask
6. Eddie Miller
7. Harold Dade
8. Percy Bassett
9. Ronnie Clayton
10. Eddie Compo

BANTAMWEIGHTS
World Champ: Manuel Ortiz

1. Luis Romero
2. Elley Bennett
3. Danny O'Sullivan
4. Memo Valero
5. Bunty Doran
6. Luis Galvani
7. Guido Ferracin
8. Louis Skena
9. Stan Rowan
10. Theo Medina

FLYWEIGHTS
World Champ: Rinty Monaghan

1. Honore Pratesi
2. Terry Allen
3. Jan Sneyers
4. Maurice Sandeyron
5. Dickie O'Sullivan
6. Norman Lewis
7. Mickey Hill
8. Emile Famechon
9. Dado Marino
10. Peter Keenan



Maxim is no puncher, but he hits hard enough to move both the heavybag and 3½-year-old Jimmy Bates.

set it on fire. This was especially true in his first big town appearance on March 11, 1946, when, showing some effects of a recently ended Army hitch, he was outfumbled by an average heavyweight, John Thomas.

***

In a subsequent scramble with the same fighter a year or so later, Maxim had regained enough of his pre-war skill to even the score via 10-round decision in Cleveland. Garden fight fans threw up their hands and hollered "enough!" following his meeting with Olle Tandberg in the big New York arena a year ago, but that wasn't entirely Maxim's fault.

The cumbersome, ungainly style of his bigger foe was hardly calculated to make anyone look good, much less a boxer who relies upon cleverness as much as Maxim does. He had little difficulty outstabbing the Continental heavyweight, even though the fight proved a dreary drag.

Perhaps his New York misfortunes should not disturb Maxim too greatly since many another world-beater out of town couldn't get over the Gotham hurdles. Jeff Smith, Tuffy Griffiths, Young Stribling, and Jackie Fields are a few who come to mind.

All eyewitnesses agree that his victory over Lesnevich on May 23, 1949, was Maxim's most impressive showing. This was a good and exciting fight, with the Clevelander a unanimous choice of the officials at the end of the match.

How much the NBA blessing as American light heavyweight champion, which was conferred on him, will amount to remains to be seen. There was a time when this particular title was taken quite seriously. This was during the period of 1920-1923, when Georges Carpentier was world ruler in the division.

It proved quite a steppingstone for Gene Tunney in his march to the heavyweight crown. Gene won the United States section of the title by outpointing the late Battling Levinsky in the old Madison Square Garden on January 23, 1922, and lost and then regained it from the great middleweight Harry Greb a year later. Both Tunney-Greb bouts created much interest. Tunney eventually outgrew the 175-pound class limit. Ol' Mike McTigue finagled Battling Siki, who had taken the world's title from Carpentier, into the famous St. Patrick's Day encounter in Dublin in 1923, and when Mike, after winning the crown, returned to his adopted America, the United States title was laid away in mothballs until the NBA dug it out this year.

***

Despite his heavyweight campaigning, Maxim has been a light heavy all along. At 174 pounds he was at his peak, according to observers. Manager Jack Kearns, while not exactly disdaining a crack at Freddie Mills' world crown, makes no bones about admitting that his big objective is a chance at the ultimate survivor of the heavyweight *fol-de-rol* involving Charles-Walcott-Savold, etc.

Long years have slipped by since old Doc Kearns got his clutches on any kind of a title. If Maxim eventually winds up as world's light heavyweight king, and this is quite possible, it will be interesting to observe the tangles that will inevitably arise between the Doc and the various commissions over the matter of title defenses. As guiding genius of Jack Dempsey, Jackie Fields, and Mickey Walker, Kearns had his own ideas about the frequency and the details surrounding title matches involving his champions.

It is no longer the simple matter of keeping the most worthy contender waiting for years and years that it once was. The Joe Louis era changed all that. Today's titleholders, unlike the old-timers, fight the good ones with the crown at stake or find themselves in hot water all over.

If Mills continues to show some reluctance to accommodate world title challengers, the United States title may take on much of its importance of 25 years ago. If this transpires, Maxim, born Joseph Antonio Berardinelli by the way, has some good challengers camping on his doorstep.

The most persevering of these perhaps is Archie Moore, who has been moving along well. Moore, whose fistic meanderings cover many years, many climes, and many managers, is off on another one of the victory tears that have marked his ring career.

Archie's kayo of heavyweight Jimmy Bivins was a standout even though the Cleveland Negro has certainly seen his best days. The performance is given added luster when contrasted with the tough time Maxim had eking out a split verdict over his hometown rival. On the other hand, Charles, who flattened Moore in their last meeting, on January 13, 1948, had to go all-out to get the verdict over Maxim.

Charley Johnston, Moore's manager, has been yelling murder over the NBA American title designation given the Maxim-Lesnevich battle. At this writing Moore has an all-winning record thus far in 1949, with a win over previously unbeaten Philadelphia heavyweight Harold Johnson highlighting, along with the Bivins accomplishment.

A Maxim-Moore fight would undoubtedly go over in Cleveland in view of Moore's win over Bivins in Maxim's hometown. But in the light of past performances, Doc Kearns will undoubtedly prove hard to corner by the Moore forces. As a smooth boxer Moore is in Maxim's class, plus being a much harder puncher. A bout between the two must be rated a tossup.

Out on the Coast, Leonard Morrow, a dynamic blaster, is again shaping up as a menace. Morrow, whose one-round knockout of Moore last year astounded the boxing world, belted over good Billy Smith in his most recent triumph and looks like a tremendous puncher. Punchers are an old story to the "cute" Maxim, however, and the Coast clouter might find the Clevelander's canniness too much for him at this time.

***

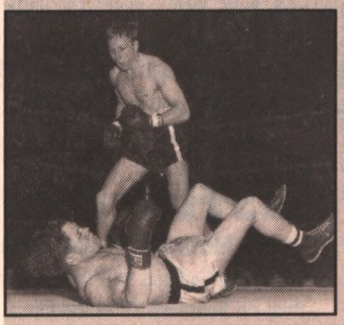
Maxim, married and the father of a little girl, has finally moved into a spot where he may at last realize something for his years of arduous campaigning. No box office sensation up to now, he deserves a better return than has been his fortune throughout his career, when his skill and the caliber of his past opponents is considered. In the Lesnevich fight Gus galloped off with $50,000, while the winner had to settle for $15,000. This will probably be the other way around when and if the two meet again. ■

THE RING, August 1949

The Cover: Take a look at the ratings: There's more talent at light heavyweight than heavyweight. Among the highly skilled 175-pounders is the fourth-rated Tommy Yarosz, a 27-year-old veteran from Pennsylvania who hasn't been stopped in 80 bouts.

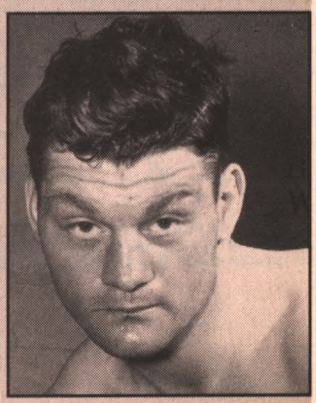
The Magnificent Nine: Recently named matchmaker for Madison Square Garden, Al Weill bemoans the fact that there are so few truly attractive fighters to work with. "There are only nine top fighters," he says. Weill names Kid Gavilan, Marcel Cerdan, Rocky Graziano, Ike Williams, Enrique Bolanos, Ray Robinson, Charley Fusari, Ezzard Charles, and Beau Jack (pictured).

Jake Takes It: Editor Nat Fleischer reports from Briggs Stadium in Detroit, where Jake LaMotta lifts the world middleweight title from Marcel Cerdan. Cerdan suffers an injury to his left shoulder, and from the fourth round until his surrender in the 10th, he can't fire any jabs or hooks.



Milking It: What's a milkman doing in the welterweight top 10? As Sid Feder writes, New Jersey's Charley Fusari is "the guy who wakes the rooster up in time to wake the chicken." Fusari's first-round kayo of Vince Foster (pictured) puts him in line for a try at the world title.

Fighter Of The Month: Bruce Woodcock just might be the heavyweight to replace recently retired world champion Joe Louis. Woodcock receives this month's honor based on his 14th-round stoppage of reigning light heavyweight champion Freddie Mills. The bout was contested for the British and Empire titles.



Looking Ahead

By Steve Farhood

Whitaker only wants the biggies

NEXT UP FOR "SWEET PEA"

Now that WBC welterweight champion Pernell Whitaker has won the title of "best fighter in boxing," he really doesn't care whether he keeps his *other* title. Whitaker's mandatory challenger, Santos Cardona, has been waiting for a shot. But according to Kathy Duva, a publicist for Main Events, Whitaker is interested only in big-time fights.

Whitaker's short list includes Julio Cesar Chavez, Buddy McGirt, Terry Norris (if Norris agrees to scale more than 147 pounds), and maybe even Zack Padilla. Chavez and Norris are promoted by Don King. "We made overtures," said Duva, "but King's not talking."

When asked about a match vs. IBF welterweight champion Felix Trinidad, Whitaker is reported to have responded, "Trinidad? I'm only fighting in the United States."

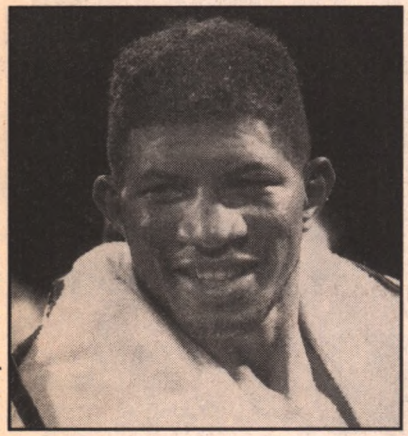


Photo by Jason Ross Lavin

Cole is trying to unify

CRUISER CONTROL

We've heard many suggestions to vitalize the cruiserweight division: Make the fighters box bare-fisted, allow them to use one foreign object per match; schedule the bouts for 30 rounds, with 30-second rest periods. Bob Arum is working on a simpler approach: a unification of the title. The only unified champion in cruiserweight history was Evander Holyfield, who reigned in the mid-'80s.

After Al Cole retained the IBF crown with a kayo of Vincent Boulware *(see "Ringside Reports" on page 48)*, Arum announced his plan. On April 9, French-based WBC champion Anaclet Wamba is to clash with newly crowned WBA king Orlin Norris. Also on the card, which will be co-promoted by ESPN, will be (the defending against an opponent to be named (perhaps Iran Barkley). The winners will meet in September. Wait, there's more: The unified champion will possibly defend against Thomas Hearns, then challenge the WBO *heavyweight* champion (currently Michael Bentt). The winner of *that* bout will challenge the reigning WBA-WBC-IBF heavyweight king.

Here's to hoping it unfolds without a glitch. But if you ask us, one foreign object per match is a whole lot less complicated.

LISTEN UP

Can **Michael Carbajal-Chiquita Gonzalez** II possibly match the original? WBC/IBF junior flyweight champion Carbajal will be rematched with his Mexican rival on February 19 at the Great Western Forum. The pick: Carbajal by kayo, and without having to climb off the floor ... The smart money says **Michael Bentt** will next face **Ray Mercer**, but in November Bentt and manager **Stan Hoffman** went to England to visit the unbeaten **Herbie Hide** ... Before WBC super middleweight champion **Nigel Benn** again faces **Chris Eubank**, he'll have to defend against countryman **Henry Wharton** ... IBF welterweight champion **Felix Trinidad's** next defense will come against a used-up **Hector Camacho**. Far more entertaining will be Trinidad's mandatory against Mexican kayo artist **Yori Boy Campas**. But Trinidad is promoted by **Don King**, and Campas by **Dan Duva**. A suggestion: Forget the fighters. It's about time the promoters squared off. ■

Camacho is next up for Trinidad

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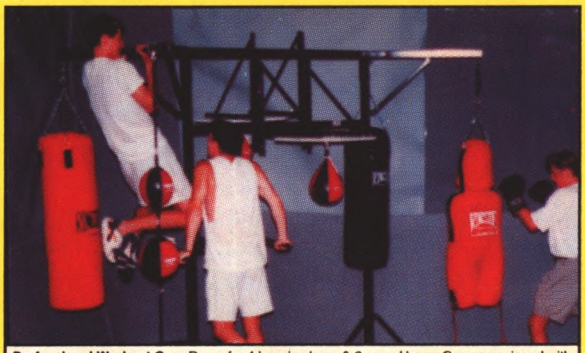

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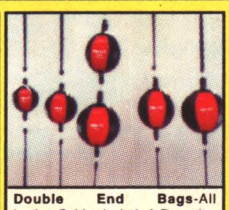

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